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TO A CITIZEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

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OUR talk last night set me to thinking. It was the first time during all the years of our acquaintance that I had ever heard you speak in a discouraged tone. You have always been healthy to a fault, and your good-humor has been contagious. Especially has it been pleasant to hear you talk about the country and its Manifest Destiny.

I remember, some years ago, how merrily you used to laugh about the 'calamity-howler,' whose habitat at that time was Kansas. The farmers of Kansas were not then as prosperous as they are now. When several bad years came together they did n't like it, and began to make complaints. Their raucous cries you found very amusing.

The calamity-howler, being ignorant of the laws of political economy and of the conditions of progress, did not take his calamities in the spirit in which they were offered to him by the rest of the country. He did not find satisfaction in the thought that other people were prosperous though he was not. Instead of acting reasonably and voting the straight ticket from motives of party loyalty, he raised all sorts of irrelevant issues. He treated Prosperity as if it were a local issue, instead of a plank in the National Platform.

Now, all this was opposed to your

good-natured philosophy of progress. You were eminently practical, and it was a part of your creed never to 'go behind the returns.' As to Prosperity, it was 'first come, first served.' In this land of opportunity the person who first sees an opportunity should take it, asking no questions as to why he came by it. It is his by right of discovery.

You were always a great believer in the good old American doctrine of Manifest Destiny. This was a big country and destined to grow bigger. To you bigness was its own excuse for being. Optimism was as natural as breathing. It was manifest destiny that cities and corporations and locomotives and armies and navies and national debts and daily newspapers with their Sunday supplements and bank clearances and tariffs and insurance companies and the price of living should go up. It was all according to a beautiful natural law, 'as fire ascending seeks the sun.' Besides these things, it was manifest destiny that other things not so good should grow bigger also, — graft and slums and foolish luxury. They were all involved in the increasing bigness of things.

Sometimes you would grumble about them, but in a good-natured way, as

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one who recognized their inevitability. Just as you said, boys will be boys, so you said, politicians will be politicians, and business is business. If one is living in a growing country he must not begrudge the cost of the incidentals.

In your talk there was a cheerful cynicism which amazed the slower-witted foreigner. You talked of the pickings and stealings of your elected officers as you would of the pranks of a precocious youngster. It was all a part of the day's growth. Yet you were really public-spirited. You would have sprung to arms in a moment if you had thought that your country was in danger or that its institutions were being undermined.

Your good-natured tolerance was a part of your philosophy of life. It was bound up in your triumphant Americanism. You were a hero-worshiper, and you delighted in 'big men.' The big men who gained the prizes were efficient and unscrupulous and unassuming; that is, they never assumed to be better than their neighbors. They looked ahead, they saw how things were going, and went with them. And on the whole, things, you believed, were going well. Though they were not scrupulously just, these big men were generous, and were willing to give away what they had acquired. Though grasping, they were not avaricious. They grasped things with the strong prehensile grasp of the infant, rather than with the clutch of the miser. They took them because they were there, and not because they had any well-defined idea as to whether they belonged to them or not.

These big men were very likeable. They were engrossed in big projects, and they were doing necessary work in the development of the country. They naturally took the easiest and most direct methods to get at results. They would not go out of the way to corrupt

a legislature any more than they would go out of the way to find a range of mountains. But if the mountain stood in the way of the railroad, they would go through it regardless of expense. If the legislature was in their way, they would deal with it as best they could. They were willing to pay what it cost to accomplish a purpose which they believed was good.

Their attitude toward the Public was one which you did not criticize, for it seemed to you to be reasonable. The Public was an abstraction, like Nature. We are all under the laws of Nature. But Nature does n't mind whether we consciously obey or not. She goes her way, and we go ours. We get all she will let us have. So with the Public. The Public was not regarded as a person or as an aggregate of persons, it was the potentiality of wealth. They never thought of the Public as being starved or stunted, or even as being seriously inconvenienced because of what they took from it, any more than they thought of Nature being the poorer because of the electricity which they induced to run along their wires. A public franchise was a plum growing on a convenient tree. A wise man would wait till it was ripe and then, when no one was looking, would pick it for himself. The whole transaction was a trial of wits between rival pickers. A special privilege, according to this view, involved no special obligations; it was a reward for special abilities. Once given, it was property to be enjoyed in perpetuity.

This was the code of ethics which you, in common with multitudes of American citizens, accepted. You have yourself prospered. Indeed things had gone so well with you in this best of all countries that any fundamental change seemed unthinkable.

But that a change has come seems evident from your conversation last

night. All that fine optimism which your friends have admired seemed to have deserted you. There was a querulous note which was strangely out of keeping with your usual disposition. It was what you have been accustomed to stigmatize as un-American. When you discussed the present state of the country you talked — you will pardon me for saying it — for all the world like a calamity-howler.

The country, you said, is in a bad way, and it must be awakened from its lethargy. After a period of unexampled prosperity and marvelous development, something has happened. Just what it is you don't really know, but it's very alarming. Instead of working together for Prosperity, the people are listening to demagogues, and trying all sorts of experiments, half of which you are sure are unconstitutional. The captains of industry who have made this the biggest country in the world are thwarted in their plans for further expansion.

There are people who are criticizing the courts, and there are courts which are criticizing business enterprises that they don't understand. There are so-called experts — mere college professors — who are tinkering the tariff. There are over-zealous executives who are currying favor with the crowd by enforcing laws which are well enough on the statute-books, but which were never meant to go further. As if matters were not bad enough already, there are demagogues who are stirring up class-feeling by proposing new laws. Party loyalty is being undermined, and the new generation does n't half understand the great issues which the two old parties have always stood for.

New and divisive issues which lead only to faction are presented, so that the voters are confused. The great principle of Representative Government, on which the Republic was

founded, is being attacked. Instead of choosing experienced men to direct public policy there is an appeal to the passions of the mob. The result of all this agitation is an unsettlement that paralyzes business. The United States is in danger of losing the race for commercial supremacy. Germany will forge ahead of us. Japan will catch us. Socialism and the Yellow Peril will be upon us. The Man on Horseback will appear, and what shall we do then?

I did not understand whether you looked for these perils to come together, or whether they were to appear in orderly succession. But I came to the conclusion that either the country is in a bad way, or you are. You will pardon me if I choose the latter alternative, for I too am an optimistic American, and I like to choose the lesser of two evils. If there is an attack of 'hysteria' I should like to think of it as somewhat localized, rather than as having suddenly attacked the whole country.

Now, my opinion is that the American people were never minding their own business more good-humoredly and imperturbably than at the present moment. They have been slowly and silently making up their minds, and now they are beginning to express a deliberate judgment. What you take to be the noise of demagogues, I consider to be the sober sense of a great people which is just finding adequate expression.

You seem to be afraid of an impending revolution, and picture it as a sort of French Revolution, a destructive overturn of all existing institutions. But may not the revolution which we are passing through be something different, — a great American revolution, which is being carried through in the characteristic American fashion?

Walt Whitman expresses the great characteristic of American history.

'Here is what moves in magnificent masses "careless of particulars."'

It is this mass movement, slow at first, but swift and irresistible when the mass has come to consciousness of its own tendency, which has always confounded astute persons who have been interested only in particulars. It is a movement like that of the Mississippi at flood-time. The great river flows within its banks as long as it can. But the time comes when the barriers are too frail to hold back the mighty waters. Then the river makes, very quickly, a new channel for itself. You cannot understand what has happened till you take into account the magnitude of the river itself.

Now, the successful man of affairs, who has been intent on the incidents of the passing day, is often strangely oblivious of the mass movements. You, for example, are disturbed by the unrest which is manifest, and you look for some one whom you can blame for the disturbance. But perhaps no one is to blame.

I think that what is happening may be traced to a sufficient cause. We are approaching the end of one great era in American history and we are preparing, as best we may, for a new era. The consciousness of the magnitude of the change has come to us rather suddenly. One big job which has absorbed the energies and stimulated the ambition of Americans for three hundred years is practically finished. Some work still remains to be done on it, but it no longer demands the highest ability. The end is in sight.

This work has been the settlement of a vast territory lying between the Atlantic and Pacific, with a population of white men. It was a task so big in itself that it fired the imagination and developed that peculiar type of character that we call American. In its outlines the task was so broad and simple

that it could be comprehended by the most ordinary intelligence. It was so inevitable that it impressed upon all those who engaged in it the belief in Manifest Destiny.

What has been treated by incompetent critics as mere boastfulness has in reality been practical sagacity and foresight. Sam Slick was only expressing a truth when he said, 'The Yankees see further than most folks.' This was not because of any innate cleverness but because of their advantage in position. Americans have had a more unobstructed view of the future than had the people of the overcrowded Old World. The settlers on the shores of the Atlantic had behind them a region which belonged to them and their children. They soon became aware of the riches of this hinterland and of its meaning for the future. This vast region must be settled. Roads must be built over the mountains, the forests must be felled, mines must be opened up, farms must be brought under the plough, great cities must be built by the rivers and lakes, there must be schools and churches and markets established where now the tribes of Indians roam. The surplus millions of Europe must be transported to this wilderness.

It was a big task and yet a simple one. The movement was as obvious as that of Niagara — Niagara is wonderful but inevitable. A great deal of water flowing over a great deal of rock, that is all there is of it. The destiny of America was equally obvious from the beginning. Here was a great deal of land which was destined to be inhabited by a great many people.

From the very first the future greatness of the land was seen by open-eyed explorers. They all were able to appreciate it. Captain John Smith does not compare Virginia with Great Britain; he compares it to the whole of Europe.

After mentioning the natural resources of each country, he declares that the new land had all these and more, and needed only men to develop them. And Captain John Smith's forecast has proved to be correct.

In the first half of the last century, a party of twenty young men from Cambridge, Massachusetts, started on what at that time was a great adventure, the overland journey to Oregon. The preface to Wyeth's *Oregon Expedition* throws light on the ideas of those who were not statesmen or captains of industry, but only plain American citizens sharing the vision which was common.

'The spot where our adventurer was born and grew up had many peculiar and desirable advantages over most others in the County of Middlesex. Besides rich pasturage, numerous dairies, and profitable orchards, it possessed the luxuries of well-cultivated gardens of all sorts of culinary vegetables, and all within three miles of Boston Market House, and two miles of the largest live-cattle market in New England.' Besides these blessings there is enumerated 'a body of water commonly called Fresh Pond.'

'But Mr. Wyeth said, "All this avail-eth me nothing, so long as I read books in which I find that by going only about four thousand miles overland, from the shore of our Atlantic to the shore of the Pacific, after we have there entrapped and killed the beavers and otters, we shall be able, after building vessels for the purpose, to carry our most valuable peltry to China and Cochin China, our sealskins to Japan, and our superfluous grain to various Asiatic ports, and lumber to the Spanish settlements on the Pacific; and to become rich by underworking and underselling the people of Hindoo-stan; and, to crown all, to extend far and wide the traffic in oil, by killing

tame whales on the spot, instead of sailing around the stormy region of Cape Horn."

'All these advantages and more were suggested to divers discontented and impatient young men. Talk to them of the great labor, toil, risk, and they would turn a deaf ear to you; argue with them and you might as well reason with a snow-storm.'

If you would understand the driving power of America you must understand 'the divers discontented and impatient young men' who in each generation have found in the American wilderness an outlet for their energies. In the rough contacts with untamed Nature they learned to be resourceful. Emerson declared that the country went on most satisfactorily, not when it was in the hands of the respectable Whigs, but when in the hands of 'these rough riders — legislators in shirt-sleeves — Hoosier, Sucker, Wolverine, Badger — or whatever hard-head Arkansas, Oregon, or Utah sends, half-orator, half-assassin, to represent its wrath and cupidity at Washington.'

The men who made America had an 'excess of virility.' 'Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herb tea, and elegies; cannot read novels and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture and the Boston Athenæum. They pine for adventure and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of the Pawnee than sit all day and every day at the counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing, and the joy of eventful living.'

In Emerson's day there was ample scope for all these varied energies on the frontier. 'There are Oregons, Californias, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw and crocodiles to eat.'

But it must have occurred to some one to ask, 'What will happen when the Oregons and Californias are filled up?' Well, the answer is, 'See what is happening now.' Instead of settling down to herb tea and elegies, Young America, having finished one big job, is looking for another. The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young fellows who are finding new opportunities. They have the same desire to do big things, the same joy in eventful living, that you had thirty years ago. Only the tasks that challenge them have taken a different form.

When you hear the words 'Conservation,' 'Social Service,' 'Social Justice,' and the like, you are apt to dismiss them as mere fads. You think of the catchwords of ineffective reformers whom you have known from your youth. But the fact is that they represent to-day the enthusiasms of a new generation. They are big things, with big men behind them. They represent the Oregons and the Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving, undeterred by obstacles.

The live questions to-day concern not the material so much as the moral development of the nation. For it is seen that the future welfare of the people depends on the creation of a finer type of civic life. Is this still to be a land of opportunity? Ninety millions of people are already here. What shall be done with the next ninety millions? That wealth is to increase goes without saying. But how is it to be distributed? Are we tending to a Plutocracy, or can a real Democracy hold its own? Powerful machinery has been invented. How can this machinery be controlled and used for truly human ends? We have learned the economies that result from organization. Who is to get the benefit of these economies?

So long as such questions were merely academic, practical persons like yourself paid little attention to them. Now they are being asked by persons as practical as yourself who are intent on 'getting results.' And what is more, they employ the instruments of precision furnished by modern science.

You have been pleased over the millions of dollars which have been lavished on education. The fruits of this are now being seen. Hosts of able young men have been studying Government and Sociology and Economics and History. These have been the most popular courses in all our colleges. And they have been studied in a new way. The old formulas and the old methods have been fearlessly criticized. New standards of efficiency have been presented. The scientific method has been extended to the sphere of moral relations. It has been demonstrated to these young men that the resources of the country may be indefinitely increased by the continuous application of trained intelligence to definite ends. The old Malthusian doctrine has given way before applied science. The population may be doubled and the standard of living increased at the same time, if we plan intelligently. The expert can serve the public as efficiently as he has served private interests, if only the public can be educated to appreciate him.

When we talk about what is more or less vaguely called the 'progressive' movement, which at the present time appears in American politics, this is what is really meant. It is the appearance in force of a generation that has turned its attention to a new set of problems, and is attempting to solve them by scientific methods. It is believed that there is a Science of Government as well as an Art of Politics. The new generation has a respect, born of experience, for the expert. It seeks

the man who knows rather than the clever manager. It demands of public servants not simply that they be honest, but that they be efficient.

Its attitude to the political boss is decidedly less respectful than that to which you were accustomed. You looked upon him as a remarkably astute character, and you attributed to him an uncanny ability to forecast the future. These young men have discovered that his ability is only a vulgar error. Remove the conditions created by public indifference and ignorance, and he vanishes. In restoring power to the people, they find that a hundred useful things can be done which the political wiseacres declared to be impossible.

When I consider the new and vigorous forces in American life I cannot agree with your apprehensions; but there is one thing which you said with which I heartily agree. You said that you wished we might settle down to sound and constructive work, and get rid of the 'muck-raker.'

I agree with you that the muck-raker stands in the way of large plans for betterment. But it might be well to refresh our minds in regard to the man with the muck-rake. His character was most admirably drawn by Bunyan: —

'The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in His hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

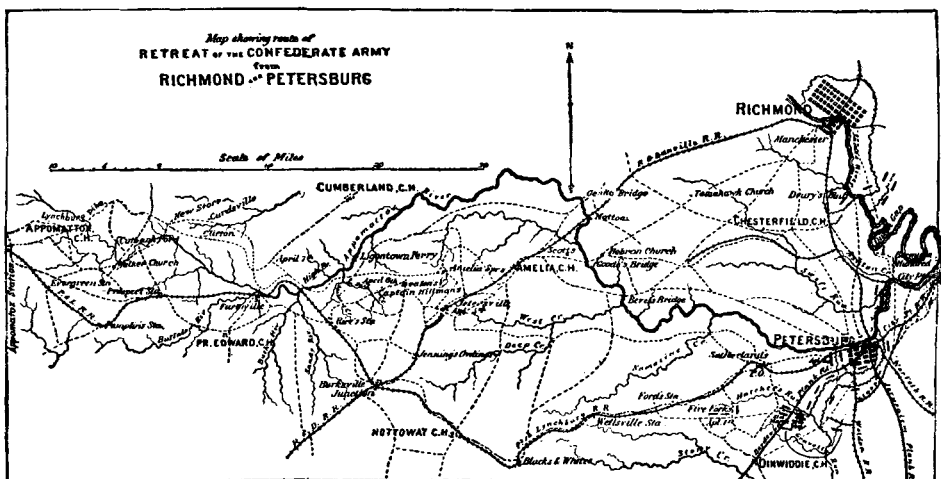
'Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man of this world, is it not, good sir?"

' "'Thou hast said right," said he. . . .

' "'Then," said Christiana, 'O deliver me from this muck-rake.'

' "'That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till it is almost rusty. 'Give me not riches,' is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand."

The man with the muck-rake, then, is one who can look no way but downward, and is so intent on collecting riches for himself that he does not see or regard any higher interests. I agree with you that if we are to have any constructive work in American politics the first thing is to get rid of the man with the muck-rake, and to put in his place the Man with a Vision.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

I

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

LONGER are the shadows, richer are the colors of the evening clouds, deeper is the feeling as the close of the day draws near and the sun goes down: so was it with the War of the Great Rebellion as its end drew near. That momentous struggle had gone on for four long years. Much gallant blood had been shed, thousands of graves had been filled; and now, Sunday, the second day of April, 1865, — a memorable month and a memorable year in the annals of our country, — had come, and the church bells of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, were ringing for the morning service.

Bright over the city was the sun in the bending sky, the jonquils were glowing in the gardens, the southern

woods were sweet with the bloom of the jessamine, and the fields were gay with the voices of birds and brooks, — but the gloom of the people was deep indeed. For an army of the North, having fought its way from the bank of the Ohio to the bank of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, a march of five or six hundred miles, had cut artery after artery of military supplies, had brought the miseries and horrors of war to the door of many a home, and had left behind it, especially in Georgia and South Carolina, a track of vast and ruthless devastation.

The Confederate armies that had contested with it so valiantly the bloody fields of Shiloh, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville, had been reduced by losses

and repeated reverses to a disorganized and desponding fragment. And on that very day Sherman's army, every flag and bit of clothing scented with burning pine, crouched like a tiger for a final, savage leap. A friend on duty in the Ordnance Office at Washington told me that it was unnecessary for the officers of that army, coming to settle their accounts after the surrender, to tell him where they had served, for before they could speak, the odor of burning southern pine had told the story.

So it may be said, and said truthfully, that on this fair Sunday morning all the territory of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi, with the exception of adjacent parts of Virginia and North Carolina, had been overrun and overpowered by the Federal forces; and although the people as individuals were unconquered, their hopes of success were fast turning to ashes. For the Confederacy — a martial embodiment of long and honestly held views of the Sovereignty of the States; a principle so sound and essential to the safety and dignity of our country, but asserted, alas! so untimely and at the cost of so much gallant blood and treasure by what we see now was a raving political delirium — had met with undreamed-of and untoward experiences. Her armies, to their surprise, had encountered forces equally valiant; and, instead of going on from victory to victory, had suffered repeated, almost mortal repulses. But keener, I am fain to believe, than the defeat at the hands of underestimated and too generally despised foes, was the disappointment and humiliation the South had met with from the aristocratic governments of the old world which had been counted on with absolute certainty to reach out warm hands of welcome. For they, with satiric politeness and despicable evasion, denied her recognition; and there was brought home the truth of what had

long ago been said: 'Put not your trust in princes.'

Again, in the administration of civil affairs all had not gone well. Finances which might have been nursed into paramount strength had been terribly bungled, practically thrown away; as a result, hunger and want had become the tent-mates of every southern soldier in the field; and, as troubles go in pairs, faction and cabal born of irritable disappointment tore the Cabinet and Congress, day in and day out.

These surprises and adversities of four years were not without profound and serious results. The dearest and warmest lover of the Confederacy had to confess, in the spring of 1865, that Fortune had turned its face away from her, and that her strength was almost gone. So it was, indeed, and having heard the cheers and beheld the joy with which she was hailed by the friends of my youth at West Point, — and alas! how many laid down their lives for her! — I am free to say that I never think of her distressful last days without a sense of pity. Eager and yearning eyes of the Confederacy, are you looking for a friend among the nations? Oh, you shall look in vain: none, none will come; for the Spirit of the Ages has written the hated word Slavery in big letters across your breast; yet, in the memories of the sons and daughters of the men who fell for you, you will dwell transfigured as an image of sweet and radiant splendor.

The South's only hope, her rock, shield, and horn of salvation, now lay in the Army of Northern Virginia, which, after four years of brilliant moves and matchless courage, had been forced back from the Rapidan by the lack of numbers, but not of spirit, to the defense of the lines of Richmond. There, under severe fire, day and night, hopeless of ever again flying their colors defiantly as of old on the banks of

the Rapidan and Rappahannock, the veterans of Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor — and every star that shines and every wind that breathes over these fields calls them fields of glory — had stood in rags and hunger through the unusually cold winter days, receiving pitiful letters daily, letters full of heart-breaking home distresses, and often blurred and dampened with the tears of loving eyes. But, notwithstanding their own sufferings and those keener ones of hearth and cradle, they remained loyally, illustriously steadfast to their colors, and for comfort and strength went to the source to which we all go. Nightly they would gather, and on bended knees, with palm to palm, tears channeling their brave faces, ask God to guard and comfort their homes and little ones and at last to own and bless the Confederacy.

Since the Christian Era, what supreme hours the believers in God have gone through! How the beseeching, conflicting prayers have threaded suns and moons and hosts of stars in their travels toward Him! And He has heard them all, and wisely ruled for the best; and to-day He blesses the Southland with peace and plenty, and night and morning fills her lap with the fruits of the field.

Such was the state of the army; and as the bells were ringing that Sunday morning the gloom was deep and dark indeed.

So it was in the spiritual world; in the natural world no look brought any relief. For all the historic region of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge, from the James to the Potomac, had been so scourged and ravaged that it was a pitiful scene. It had been one continuous battling ground. In the previous

autumn the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia's granary and gallery of beautiful views, which hitherto had been spared, was despoiled; for, after practically obliterating Early's army, — which, to weaken Grant's hold on Petersburg, had threatened Washington by way of the Shenandoah, — Sheridan laid waste with the torch that mountain-cradled, wheat-bearing, brook-singing valley.

But despite all these vicissitudes and the deepening shadows of impending disaster, the people of Richmond, suffering for the necessities of life and witnessing daily the wide-spread dying out of enthusiasm for the Confederacy, and the rapid drying up of the streams of its resources, had not given way entirely to despair; in fact, they were surprisingly hopeful; their faith in the righteousness of their cause, the genius of Lee, and the courage of his army, was firm.

II

Sunday, — and the bells were calling the people to worship. Old and noted Richmond families uncovered at the door and reverently sought their pews at St. Paul's, seven out of ten of the women in mourning. In the solemn quiet sat the aged fathers, their hair falling white, and many a mother with high-bred face, sorrowing for the boys who would never come home. There in the subdued light of the sanctuary they sat, while the bells, which had clanged so joyfully at the birth of the Confederacy, reluctantly and sadly boomed their final notes, as if they already knew, what the congregation little expected, that when they should ring again on the next Sunday, at that very hour, the Confederacy would be on its deathbed, breathing its last.

Jefferson Davis, President of the ill-fated cause, above middle height, lithe, distinguished, neatly arrayed in gray, came up the centre aisle with modest,

dignified quietude of manner, entered his pew on the right and bowed his head in prayer. His spare austere face showed the effect of four years of care, as well it might, for who ever faced a longer and fiercer tempest? but he carried with him to St. Paul's, as everywhere, his habitual atmosphere of invincible courage and the never-failing bloom of urbanity. The organ droned the last of the colorless *Venite*, and the service began.

Along the sunshiny side of the empty streets, here and there, convalescents from the hospitals sauntered, pale, some armless and some on crutches. On its staff above the roof of the nearby capitol, the flag of the Confederacy drooped in the mild sunshine, the stars of its blue saltier shining from its folds above steeple and chimney and over the spring-time gladness of the fields. Out in Holywood, where Stuart lay with so many of the best and the bravest, and where Mr. Davis's dust is now resting, the robins, sparrows, catbirds, redbirds, turtle-doves and mocking-birds were building their nests among the evergreens and native trees.

Over the rapids, at the foot of the knolls of Holywood, the stately James flowed murmuring, by the shores of Belle Isle and the baleful walls of Libby Prison, from whose drearily grated windows looked hollow-eyed, half-starved Northern prisoners of war, who, as they heard the bells of Richmond ringing, no doubt recalled the bells of home and longed for release and peace.

It was Communion Sunday, and the sacred elements covered with a white cloth were on the table. Doctor Charles Minnegerode, the rector of St. Paul's, a diminutive, fervid transplanted German, was delivering his usual tense, extempore address, when the sexton, a portly man, with ruffles at his wrists and bosom, and polished brass buttons

on a faded suit of blue, advanced up the aisle with soft but stately tread, and after touching the President on the shoulder with solemnity becoming his station and his one-day-in-the-week lofty importance, condescendingly handed him a message. Mr. Davis threw his blue-gray eyes rapidly over the fatal dispatch; he grasped his soft, creamy-white hat, rose, and withdrew calmly.

Hardly had he left the door before the sexton again marched up the aisle and, bending, spoke to General Joseph Anderson, who at once took his leave. Then followed two more grand entries — and I think the Confederacy, though wan her cheek, smiled faintly; for like everything born in America, she must have had a sense of humor. Heaven be blessed for the gift, and I hope they buried the dignified sexton in his ruffled shirt and suit of blue with brass buttons in due pomp; peace to his clay wherever it lies! At his fourth presageful march up the aisle, again with a message to a prominent official, anxiety seized the congregation, and like alarmed birds they rose at once and left the church; and not until the bewildered people cleared the door and mingled with the throng that had already gathered in the modest vestibule and on the pavement, was the purport of the message to Mr. Davis revealed. There in consternation they saw government employees of a department that occupied an opposite building frantically carrying bundles of public documents out into the middle of the street and setting them on fire. Then the appalling significance of it all broke on them, and they melted away to their homes in dread and anguish. The smoke of the burning records soon became the breath of panic, and by the time the sun went down and twilight came on, the city was in tragic confusion. Lee's lines were broken, and

Richmond was to be evacuated that night.

When I was in Richmond at the unveiling of Mr. Davis's monument, a few years ago, I went into the historic church and sat awhile. The sun was bright in the cloudless sky, the roses were fresh in the gardens, for it was June, and sweet was the silence in St. Paul's; and, thank God, sweet was the peace of the land! As I sat there in the stillness, the solemn past, as on a great and deeply shadowed river's breast, went drifting by, and it seemed to me a striking circumstance that the news of the breaking of Lee's lines, foreshadowing as it did the immediate collapse of the Confederacy, should reach its devout President in a church on a Sunday, and, remarkably enough, at the Communion service. Who knows whether, since the earnest prayers of so many had to be unanswered, it was not ordained in compensation, that the sacred place and the sacred hour should lend their serene and holy associations to this memory?

III

The lines held by Lee's army began on the north of Richmond, well out from its suburbs, and after circling them about to the east and south, led to Chaffin's Bluff on the James, some six or seven miles below the city. There they crossed to Drury's Bluff, uniting with a line of great strength that started on the bank of Swift Creek nearly opposite Petersburg, securing the railroad between it and Richmond, and barring all exit to our forces in the angle between the rivers. It was known as the Bermuda Hundred line. Those of Petersburg, the main or outer lines, began on the right bank of the Appomattox, ran eastward a while on the crest of a ravine, then bore away off southwestward to Hatcher's Run, and

after crossing it turned westward till they came to what is known as the Claiborne Road, which they followed northward to the Run again. There they ended, seven or eight miles southwest of Petersburg, and at least thirty odd miles from where they started at the Brooke Pike north of Richmond.

From Chaffin's Bluff back to Richmond, they were several deep, and consisted generally of strong, traversed breastworks, connecting what is known as detached earthworks with heavy parapets and deep ditches, all fronted with abatis and skirmish-line rifle-pits. They still can be traced; and had you, reader, seen our troops try to carry them, as I did in front of Petersburg, on a hot July morning in the battle-summer of 1864, you would have discovered how truly formidable they were, and your heart would have beaten, I know, with mine, as the column, with flags flying, white and red bands rippling in the morning sun, moved to the assault and was mowed down by the enemy's guns. The gently upward-sloping ground over which the men advanced toward the crater, for that was the action, was as blue with the bodies of the dead as a field of gentians. Yes, indeed, their line of works was strong and they had as brave men as ever lived to hold them.

Longstreet's two divisions, Field's and Kershaw's, were in the works north of the James; Mahone of Hill's corps, in the Bermuda Hundred front; while the rest of Hill's troops and a division of Ewell's old corps under Gordon, the one that struck us so hard in the Wilderness, occupied the long Petersburg lines; Lee's cavalry were veiling his right, but widely scattered, having to forage for themselves.

Richmond and its immediate defenses were under Ewell, a serious and unconsciously amusing man on account of his natural eccentricities, and yet

one of the kindest, truest-hearted and most lovable that ever lived. He had lost a leg during the War, and when mounted, had to be strapped to his horse 'Rifle,' a flea-bitten gray, and was famous for his skill in 'devil'ing' turkey-legs. When well along in years he married a Widow Brown, and always in introducing any one to her, would say, 'Mrs. Brown, allow me to present my friend so-and-so.' Ewell was the man, too, who declared that he believed Stonewall Jackson was a lunatic for claiming that he could not use red pepper on account of its giving him rheumatism in the left leg!

What I am about to say in reference to Jackson is of very little concern to my fellow men, for his star is set high and will shine on long after this narrative is forgotten and its writer turned to obscure dust. But for some reason or other, brilliant as were his military exploits, he never won my admiration as a man, like Ewell, Lee, Longstreet, Stuart, and so many others; and had he died without uttering as sweet a sentiment as ever passed the lips of a dying soldier, his career and personality would not engage this pen for a single moment. But when that cold nature, just on the point of exchanging mortality for immortality, breathes softly between its ashen lips, "Let us cross over the River and lie down in the shade of the trees," and its spirit mounts on its heavenly way, I am conscious of one of life's mysteries, and feel another proof of God's abundance in blessing the world with tender feeling. Without this utterance, Stonewall Jackson would have been nothing more to me than a belated, uninteresting Roundhead, a dull, cast-iron military hero; but with it he is transfigured; and may the last moments of us all be attended with like visions of rest.

Besides a provisional force made up of employees, clerks, convalescents, and

the like, Ewell had a small division of two brigades, chiefly heavy artillery, commanded by Custis Lee, the great general's son, to whom, while Custis was a cadet at West Point, Lee wrote as good a letter as ever father wrote to son.

Such in a general way was the extent and character of Lee's lines and the troops that occupied them just before the final campaign began. Our lines, conforming to theirs in direction, were built like theirs, and in many places were so very close to them that one could almost tell the color of a man's eyes.

What was known as the Army of the James, consisting of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth corps and a small division of cavalry under my classmate Mackenzie, — peace to his ashes! — held the lines north of the James and those of the Bermuda Hundred front. Facing Petersburg, with its right resting on the Appomattox, was the Ninth Corps, commanded by Parke; next came the Sixth, under Wright; then Humphreys with the Second, joining the Fifth, which had been led so long by the unfortunate Warren, and which now held the extreme left.

Sheridan, who had rejoined the Army of the Potomac with the First and Second divisions of his superb cavalry, having struck boldly across the country from the Shenandoah Valley, — and the ashes of its burned mills, barns, and stacks of harvested grain remember him yet, — had united them with their old comrade-division the Third, which had remained with the army, and posted them all well to the front and left of Warren.

Besides these land forces, we had also a number of war-vessels, several of them heavy iron-clads, lying with steam up in the James, off City Point. That was our base of supplies; and at the edge of the bluff overlooking the

James and Appomattox (for it is there they meet), was Grant's headquarters. I have no memory of the War more stirring than that which met the eye from that bluff by day or by night. The broad rivers at our feet, dotted with craft of all kinds: noisy, stubborn tugs, barges, steamboats, steamships, and delicately-masted sailing ships, some coming, some going, threading their way slowly and carefully through the anchored vessels; the bank lined with wharves and storehouses; the narrow space between them and the sharply-pitching, clay bluff, a swarm of army wagons, ambulances, soldiers, laborers, black and white; the deep steady rumble; the complaining screech of lifting anchors; the whistles hoarse and deep of the passing ships; and lo, plain coffins going aboard the Washington boat on the way home; all that and much more could be seen and heard from sunrise to sunset. It was pleasant when all the tumult was over and the hush of night had come, to look down on the river and see the dim red, blue, and yellow lights of the vessels, and all so still save some busy, puffing tug. It was pleasant but always half-way sad, for me, to hear the little bells on the men-of-war striking the lonely hours.

Out in the river among all those lights, at the date this narrative deals with, a trim steamboat called the Mary Martin was lying; and aboard was Abraham Lincoln. Knowing from Grant that he was about to move, the President's anxiety was so great that he could not stay in Washington, so he came down to be near his well-beloved army in its last trial.

Such then was the general character of our lines and theirs, and the forces in them at the beginning of the end.

Various figures have been given estimating the strength of Lee's army. That it was nearer fifty than forty thousand I am inclined to believe. But

however that may be, Grant had more than twice as many; and, moreover, his army had had warm clothing and food in abundance, while Lee's had had neither sufficient food nor clothing, and the winter had been one of rigorous, miserable cold.

The following letter from Lee to the Confederate Secretary of War lifts the curtain on the dismal state of the army: 'Yesterday — the most inclement day of the winter — the troops had to be maintained in line of battle, having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days and all are suffering from reduced rations, scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment.'

Although they were true of heart and their faithfulness reached to the clouds, there was something more than the lack of food and clothing that wasted the spirits of his men. Defeat had drawn near and was staring at them, and the future was growing blacker and blacker. On the other hand, for our men a sense of victory was kindling it as the sun flushes the dawn.

IV

Grant, having resolved to bring the issue to its ultimate trial, on the night of March 27 brought Ord from north of the James with three divisions of infantry, two white and one colored, and Mackenzie's cavalry. They took the positions Humphreys and Warren had occupied, these two veteran corps having been drawn out preparatory to moving for Lee's right. Leaving Parke, Wright, and Ord in the lines, Grant, with Sheridan leading, started

Humphreys and Warren on the morning of the twenty-ninth.

Lee was alert to his danger, and on the thirty-first struck Warren, who was feeling for his right, a heavy blow. Meanwhile Sheridan had gained Dinwiddie Court-House, four or five miles beyond Warren, and had moved toward Five Forks on his way to the South Side Railroad, about all of the enemy's cavalry having gathered in to head him off. Lee, realizing how important it was to check Sheridan, sent Pickett and Bushrod Johnson's divisions of infantry to the aid of his cavalry, and together on the thirty-first they drove Sheridan back to Dinwiddie, winning almost a complete victory over him. But threatened by Warren, they had to withdraw during the night to Five Forks, and there they threw up a temporary line of entrenchments.

As soon as Lee, in the course of the forenoon of April first, heard that Sheridan was likely to renew the offensive, he started several brigades to Pickett's help, for that point was vital; but before they reached him Sheridan, reinforced by Warren, had assailed Pickett and driven him with great confusion from the field, capturing thousands of prisoners and several guns, the uncaptured Confederates fleeing northward in utter confusion through the darkness, for it was just at night-fall that they met their overwhelming defeat.

Pickett's and Fitz Lee's failure to hold that position was fatal, and offered a singular instance of Fortune's bad turn of her wheel for Lee; inasmuch as, when Sheridan made his attack, the famous, long-haired Pickett, Gettysburg's hero, and the cavalry commanders, blue and gay-eyed Fitz Lee, gigantic and black-eyed Rosser, were engaged in planking shad on the north bank of Hatcher's Run, two miles or more in the rear of their resolute but

greatly outnumbered troops. Although the fire was quick and heavy, it was completely smothered by the intervening timber, and notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the gallant Munford and the infantry brigade commanders, before they got to the front the day was lost; so at least the story was told to me by my friend Rosser, who lately and in honor went to his grave.

The news of this disaster did not reach Lee till about half-past seven, whereupon he telegraphed to Longstreet, in the lines north of the James, to come to Petersburg at once with one of his divisions; while Grant, as soon as the same news reached him, — he was sitting alone before a struggling camp-fire in a thick, dripping pine wood, for it was raining hard, — ordered all the guns to open on the Petersburg lines, and the Sixth and Ninth corps to assault at daybreak.

Longstreet, in response to Lee's dispatch, started Field's division by rail, and then set off with his staff across the country for Petersburg and Lee's headquarters. To his dying day he spoke of that night's long ride. Of course, our batteries having opened in obedience to Grant's orders, theirs replied; and, as Longstreet rode on, those revengeful batteries answered each other with jarring thunder, and heavy mortar-shells rose from fort to fort, the small, trailing red lights of their burning, sputtering fuses outlining against the pitchy sky their high curving way. Sometimes one was just rising for its flight as the other, coming down with accelerated speed, exploded with surly, tremendous roar. Few men ever took a ride on a dark night toward the boom of a hundred guns, under a sky like that.

It was about dawn when he reached Lee's headquarters at the Turnbull House, several miles southwest of

Petersburg. Lee was still on his bed suffering from rheumatism, an ailment which had troubled him, and sometimes seriously, for years. He had Longstreet come to a seat at his bedside, explained what had happened the evening before at Five Forks, and told him to go, as soon as his troops arrived, to the support of Pickett's men, on whom he laid no blame or reproach as they had had to meet greatly superior numbers. But within a few hours, and long before Field of Longstreet's division got to Petersburg, the crisis had come; Hill's lines had been broken, and it was no longer a question of regaining Five Forks, but of holding on to Petersburg itself.

The Sixth and Ninth corps made their assaults just as the gray light of morning was sifting in. They carried their points of attack, a mile or so apart, with great valor but with great loss, for the enemy defended their lines with uncommon bravery.

Not long since, toward the close of a lazy October day, I stood on the ground they won. The field, over which they advanced so firmly, sloped away to the east, and lay beautifully still in its autumn dream. The shadows were long, and a herd of cows at the lower edge of the pasture were feeding toward the gate, while some bare-footed boys were approaching to let them go home through the bars for the evening milking. Here were no flags, no roar of guns or crash of bursting shells, no dead and bayoneted Confederates (for they stood to the very last), no wild cheers or trumpets pealing; but I thought I heard the mellow notes of a distant harp, and if I were asked whence they came I should guess that the harp was resting against the breast of Glory, and with swimming eyes her hands were sweeping the strings softly for the dead of both armies.

As soon as A. P. Hill heard of the

Sixth Corps' successful assault he left his headquarters, which was not far from Lee's, to go to his disrupted lines. Accompanied by a single courier, he came suddenly, at the edge of a wood, upon two of our men belonging to Wright's Corps, who had pushed on through the breach. Hill drew his pistol and demanded their immediate surrender, whereupon they skipped behind a big tree and resting their guns one above the other against it, fired, killing him instantly. Soon his body was found, taken to Petersburg, and placed in an ambulance which started for Richmond, arriving at the south end of Mayo's Bridge about midnight. There the ambulance had to wait an hour or more owing to the tide of troops and flight of citizens pouring over the bridge out of the city. Once across, the men drove to an undertaker's shop whose doors had been demolished by the mob, and after groping awhile in the darkness their hands fell on a coffin. They washed the face of the punctilious and ever gallant man, and on pulling off his gauntlets found that the fatal shot had cut off the thumb of his left hand and passed directly through his heart, coming out at the back. Closing the lid tenderly over him, they put the casket into the ambulance, recrossed the bridge and wended their way up the south side of the island-dotted, royal James; and about two o'clock on Monday afternoon they buried him in the old Winston family graveyard. Many fields, as well they may, treasure his name; and when Lee was breathing his last, Hill's image with Stonewall Jackson's was in his dying eye.

That portion of Hill's corps to the left, as they faced their own works, of the point the Sixth Corps carried, fell backward and then rallied behind Gordon, who, although he had lost the right of his lines, was holding the

Ninth Corps under Parke from making further headway. Hill's other brigades, among them Cooke's, Scales's, Lane's, McRae's, and McGowan's, — cut off from falling back on Petersburg by the advance of the Sixth Corps through the gate it had opened with such high valor, — followed what are known as the Cox and the River roads up the south side of the Appomattox. Humphreys, who was nearest to them, pursued with Miles's division, which, after noon, gave them battle and defeat at Sutherland Station, the broken forces fleeing westward and joining those which, the night before, had set out to support Pickett. Owing to a wreck on the railroad Field's first brigade did not get to Petersburg till two o'clock, and it was sunset when the last arrived.

By ten o'clock all the outer lines of Petersburg, except those valiantly held by Gordon on the north side, were in our hands. Lee's situation was now exceedingly grave, and although his men were responding with great steadiness to the defense of the inner lines, the chances were barely even that he could hold on till night; and in case he could not, it was manifestly clear that the long-dreaded hour had come when both Petersburg and Richmond would have to be given up.

In view of the end which we now so clearly see was inevitable, I have sometimes thought it would have been better, sparing lives and days of suffering, had Lee asked terms then and there of Grant. For Mr. Lincoln who, like Solomon, had 'wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart,' was at City Point, only a few miles away; and, knowing his sagacity and his longing for peace, we can be sure that he would have dealt wisely and been abundantly generous. Besides, it might have proved a stroke on Lee's part attended with far-reaching

and beneficent political results that would have stamped a fitting obverse to his military fame, inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln's terms, backed as they would have been by the honor and good faith of the veteran Army of the Potomac, might have outlined a policy so merciful and practical for bringing the states once more into harmony that, notwithstanding his cruel and awful death, the politicians would not have dared to repudiate it.

But, like Grant, Lee had been educated at West Point, and that stern national school so inculcates the theory of the subordination of the military to the civil authority that the thought of encroaching upon, much less assuming, the prerogative of the Confederate Congress and Executive, never entered his mind, however convinced he may have been of the lean chance of success.

And while I believe that he longed for peace with just as much holy eagerness as did Mr. Lincoln, yet we must bear in mind that only a few months earlier he had made overtures to Grant, and that Grant's response, dictated from Washington, shut the door with a slam on everything short of unconditional surrender. Meeting such a rebuff he had, as we all have, a natural unwillingness to beg for peace at the hands of a cold enemy; and this unwillingness was the stronger because of his belief in the righteousness of his cause.

However, is there real doubt that Mr. Lincoln would have let the South resume its rights of statehood under the conditions that now prevailed? I think not, for he knew, as we all know, that the brains and character of a state must be intrusted with the duties of carrying it on.

But Lee did not know, nor did the bulk of Mr. Lincoln's northern contemporaries know, the wisdom, depth, and natural warmth of Mr. Lincoln's heart;

much less did they dream of the way in which he would tower above the common level of his age; so, although it might have been a stroke of large and merciful consequence for Lee to have pocketed his rebuff and asked for terms, that he did not do it is not to be wondered at. Surely not, if we lift our eyes from this misty, transitory life up to that undistracted power called Destiny and see her looms all busy, their shuttles flying back and forth ceaseless till the fullness of time is come.

But let this conjecture engage attention as it may, Lee, after sending his dispatch to Mr. Davis, notified his corps commanders to get ready for withdrawal that night.

And now while the afternoon wanes, while Gordon holds his line, and Gibbon of our army after terrific slaughter carries two detached works in front of the inner line south of Petersburg; and while the heads of departments of Lee's army are getting their trains ready to withdraw as soon as night falls, the narrative will, before going further, avail itself of the pause to acquaint the reader with a general outline of the country through which both armies will be moving on the morrow. And I wish he could ride over the roads they took from Petersburg to Appomattox and see them with his own eyes; for I am sure the long-since-dead event would become alive again, and, at many a turn, roads and fields would speak to him, and tenderly too, of the past.

v

If any one has any particular interest in the movements, the map now will be of great help. But let me say that the scene of them all is the basin of the Appomattox, which rises well up toward Lynchburg and not far from the James. Its birthplace is in some broken hills covered with oak timber within

sight of Appomattox Court-House, and from there it sets off for the rising sun. It curves often, has many stretches through woods where venerable trees on the opposite banks almost mingle their tops, their shadows dreaming below in the moving stream; it receives the waters of a number of deep-winding, tree-roofed, wood-duck-nesting creeks, and many a run with glittering ripples and sober pools, the homes of dace, minnows, and chub. Finally, it comes in sight of Petersburg, where it tumbles over some rapids between low bluffs, and then on to the James, which it enters at City Point, ten or twelve miles below Richmond (but only as the crow flies, for the stately river has many bends). It was up the territory between the rivers that the first marches were made by Lee's Petersburg forces; those in Richmond and the forts along the James moved southward to meet them on lines of march converging at Goode's Bridge across the Appomattox.

That river's biggest town is Petersburg, which is connected with Richmond by the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and with Lynchburg by what, in the days of the War, was called the South Side road, on account of its following the south bank of the Appomattox. It will be borne in mind that Lee depended at last wholly on those two railways for his supplies.

From Richmond a railroad runs southward to Danville, the point at which Lee hoped to unite his army with Johnston's, then trying feebly to head off Sherman, — whose animated face gave me more the idea of a blazing meteor when he talked than any face I ever met. This railroad crosses the Appomattox at Mattoax, twenty-seven miles from Richmond, and soon thereafter — nine or ten miles it is — reaches the old and now famous village of Amelia Court-

House, where Lee directed all of his scattered forces to assemble. It intersects the South Side Railroad at Burkeville, fifty-one miles from Petersburg and forty-eight from Richmond. It was by this road that Mr. Davis's train, leading several others, fled on that Sunday night.

There are Bevil's, Goode's, and Genito bridges over the Appomattox. The first one, Bevil's, upon which Lee relied to carry his forces across the river, is about thirty-five miles above Petersburg. On the south side of the Appomattox there are two country roads known as the Cox and the River roads, which lead up to Amelia; and on the north is another River Road which runs thither by way of Bevil's Bridge. This, as well as the Hickory and the Woodpecker roads, sets out from Petersburg up the divide between the Appomattox and the James. The Hickory joins the River Road after a while, but the Woodpecker wends aimlessly westward and loses itself at last in roads much like itself, which mingle, some to go to sleep in Chesterfield Court-House, some in Richmond. From Richmond there is an historic highway known as the Genito, which leads finally to a bridge of that name across the Appomattox. These, then, are the main roads, and I think the only ones that remember the two armies well; they wind through much deep and pondering forest, cross many creeks and pleasant runs, and smile back on many old friends, fields of wheat, tobacco, and blading corn. It is all truly Virginian, the home and burial place of more than one distinguished family, whose venerable mansions, once the abodes of culture and warm hospitality, look at you now with saddened, pleading eyes.

Mysteriously enough, besides the towering event on the upper Appomattox, this region witnessed another which cast the heaviest shadow that

ever fell on any land, — the introduction of slavery by a Dutch man-of-war against the humane remonstrances of the first settlers at Jamestown. And lo! after two hundred and fifty years, — years of brave and high-minded effort to found a republic, and years blessed with sweet peace, prosperity, and fraternal brotherhood, — it witnessed the deadly struggle which grew mainly out of the slavery forced upon it in its infancy. These two waters, the James and Appomattox, draining the country which is the scene of this narrative, saw slavery's coming, and the Appomattox saw its ending; and both rivers will tell you now that they are glad it is gone.

In view of the fact that the names of officers, Confederate and Federal, will appear and reappear so often in the course of my story, I have wondered whether or not it would be of advantage to the reader to throw a rushlight as it were upon their personalities; but most of them are of such renown, especially Grant and Lee and Meade, and they have all been dealt with in so much detail by numerous writers, — including myself in *The Battle of the Wilderness*, — that it would be carrying coals to Newcastle to enlarge upon them here. Moreover, I have a dread of repeating myself, and although I served with, saw, and knew most of them, I shall trust to the reader's imagination to portray them duly in the light of their deeds.

On second thought, perchance the reader, like myself, is pleased if not aided by having as a side-light on great deeds the distinctive features of the actor's face, and so I will devote a line or two to Gordon and Parke who, when I digressed, were contending so fiercely, one to hold, the other to carry, the lines at Petersburg.

Gordon, to whom more than to any one Lee owed the salvation of Peters-

burg that day, was a man of natural eminence. Above medium height, he had a soldier's port, raven-black hair, a scar across his face, and as fierce and nearly as cruelly blue an eye as I ever looked into. When the Confederacy fell, he rose chivalrously to his reunited country's call. In his indomitable courage he was like Humphreys, who commanded our Second Corps; and if there were ever hearths on this green earth at which valor and honor felt at home, they were theirs.

Parke had smiling brown eyes and a heavy jaw, and wore side-whiskers; and about him was somewhat of the subdued air of scholarship, clothing his address and bearing in simple good manners.

VI

But to return to the action: Lee's troops at Petersburg, Longstreet's corps leading, began to withdraw as soon as night had fully set in; Mahone in the Bermuda Hundred lines, too, set off early. It was well on toward midnight before those in the field-works on the bluffs of the James and those in the lines around Richmond were under way. The delivery and promulgation of the general orders for these movements at one of the posts on the James that Sunday night, well deserve mention; and may the spirit of the occasion, signalized by reverence and recognition of a Power above all powers, breathe, God willing, on this narrative to the end.

Major Stiles, commanding a battalion of artillery at Chaffin's Bluff, had stood, so he tells us in his sterling *Four Years Under Marse Robert*, a greater part of the day on the parapets of his works, listening to the guns at Petersburg. Their dull reverberations, rapid and continual, so foreboded adversity that, before going to meet with his men for worship at nightfall, in a dimly

lighted little chapel which they had built during the winter, he told his adjutant to remain in the office, and if any orders came to bring them to him at once. 'I read with the men,' says the major, 'the Soldier Psalm, the Ninety-first, and exhorted them in any special pressure that might come upon us in the near future, the "terror by night" or the "destruction at noonday," to abide with entire confidence in that "stronghold," to appropriate that "strength."'

The major says that, as he uttered these last words, a lad's open face with brimming eyes caught his attention and checked his speech momentarily. Just then the door opened, and there stood the adjutant with an official communication in his hand. Stiles asked him to stand for a moment where he was, and proceeded to tell the men what, he was satisfied, was the purport of the adjutant's message. The young major, for he was scarcely twenty-five years of age, then led them in prayer, imploring the 'realization of what David had expressed in the psalm—for faith, for strength, for protection.' After Amen had been said, all on bended knees and heads bowed,—deep must have been its holy pause,—the major rose and read Lee's orders. Softly, at the appointed hour, for our sentinels were within speaking distance, his men stole out of their works and, leaving their hollow tents standing, took up the march. Daylight, when it broke, found them miles away in Chesterfield; and there they lay down and fell asleep in a grove. And I hope their slumber was sweet, and that the lad's eyes, if he had dreams, saw home or heaven.

The abandonment of Richmond by the Confederate and State authorities, and by many of its prominent citizens, was marked by no such orderly and solemnly uplifting detail as distinguished

the conduct of Major Stiles and his command. For some strange reason, little or no fortitude and self-possession were displayed. On the contrary, as soon as it was learned that the troops were to evacuate the lines that night, frantic with disappointment or dread, they began to pour toward the railway stations and the canal, packing themselves and their belongings into the cars or on the sleepy boats, and by sundown all the roads leading south and west into the country, then veiling with twilight, were filled with groups of anxious travelers, some on foot, some on horseback, and many in vehicles, often hired at fabulous prices.

In all seriousness, how can this humiliating flight from the doomed city be accounted for? Was it because they feared that our troops (those who entered were under the firm hand of the mild and upright Weitzel) would turn barbarians and disgrace themselves and their country by outrages on persons and property? Or was it because there had been dreams of trials for treason and visions of gallows? Let the answer be what it may, the scene was not heroic, and was unbecoming in its contrast with the fame of Richmond, the valor of the Wilderness, the desperate stand at Antietam, the glorious charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, or the duel in Holywood. Let us not forget, however, that it was a day of panic, and be charitable; above all to the hundreds of minor officials, clerks, and employees in the various state and military departments, drawn from all over the South. For all of them I have nothing but pity in their distress; many were poor, far from home, and had only done their humble, tread-mill duties. But for all those who by hook or by crook had managed to keep out of the ranks, and especially for the oratorical, passion-inflaming politicians, of whom there were a goodly number, I have

nothing, and they deserve nothing, but contempt. Who knows how much of the mutual rage and cruelty of individuals in both armies — for cruelty begets cruelty — is attributable to the blistering, wounding speech, the habitual, unmitigated abuse of the entire North, accompanied by taunting, boastful, and sneering arrogance, of that class before and during the War?

Let there be no mistake: to arrogance alone, in the final analysis, the South owed the North's resolution to conquer or die. And who can say whether, in some measure at least, the atrocities that disgraced Sherman's march and the spirit of vindictiveness which for a moment swept the North after Mr. Lincoln's assassination, may not be laid at the doors of these frenzied declaimers?

I offer no veiled or surreptitious excuse for our armies in burning houses and barns of rich and poor, or pillaging and ruthlessly destroying the property of those whose only offense was that their sons had dared to fight for honestly held principles and their homes. Nor do I exculpate the authorities, Northern or Southern, for the needless suffering of prisoners, or for the lack of care and humanity which made Andersonville a gruesome horror and filled row after row of graves at Elmira, Chicago, and Rock Island. To the very end of our country's history those graves will be a disgrace to South and North. No; the class I have in mind are the shrill, rabid, tongue-lashing, notoriety-craving and woe-breeding demagogues, whether born in the Northland or the Southland, who, by their rancorous, malignant speech, kindled the fires of our War. Read what appeared almost daily in the Southern press, consult the files of Congress, and mark the provocations and sometimes slanderous language in the proceedings of Abolition conventions.

So, then, fire-eaters, in dread of retributive justice for your malicious abuse of heaven-born speech; contractors, leeches, who had bled the Confederacy; and you, too, loudly-dressed hangers-on and gamblers, who infested Richmond but who had not the manliness to shoulder a gun, — catch the departing trains if you can and disappear for good and all! You made the evacuation of Richmond what it was, a disgraceful scene of terror; and when the Confederacy looks back, as I know it does, over those four troubled years, its eyes do not seek nor does its heart yearn for you, but for those self-possessed men of moral life, quiet demeanor, respectful speech, and honest convictions of the paramount rights of the state, and for the young men in the ranks who stood by its colors to the end. On them, as on the fathers and mothers whose prayers night and morning went up for the Confederacy, will it look through the misting past, with justly proud and affectionate eyes.

An occurrence is related as having taken place that Sunday night at the Danville station, which had and still has significance, — so at any rate it seems to me. And that we may note it, I will ask the reader to fancy that together we have crowded or wormed our way through the feverish multitude, till we are close to the cars in the dim, lamp-lit station. What a sea of distressed and needlessly alarmed men and women, — children are actually crying aloud, — swarming this way and that, are we in! The train, bearing Mr. Davis, the majority of his Cabinet, a car with a small amount of specie belonging to the Confederate treasury, and several coaches filled with Congressmen, distinguished personages, a clergyman or two, — think of shepherds abandoning their flocks under such circumstances! — and a few pale, sick and wounded officers and privates, has just left.

Other trains to follow are made up, their locomotives hoarsely sputtering, bursting into an impatient roar at times that drowns the babel of voices. The sinewy, middle-aged engineer, bare-headed, is leaning out of his cab, one hand on the lever, watching for the signal to be off; the young, smooth-faced fireman is ringing the bell, and sentinels, with bayonets fixed, are holding the eager, pressing mob back from the car-steps, letting only those enter who are properly authorized by superior officers.

But let us take a good look at that intent, flinty-faced, and sordid man, followed by a gang of slaves, who is forcing his way through the crowd into the presence of a sentinel. He represents the last of those creatures who dealt in his fellow mortals — at any rate that we have any knowledge of. Yes; take a good look at him, as at one of the wonders in an age of modern Christianity. His sorrowful-eyed slaves, male and female, left over from his last auction, — I hope for humanity's sake that there was not a little black child among them, clutching nervously its mother's hand, — are halted, and look around bewildered while he demands passage for himself and them.

The sentinel, a young man clad in gray, with that scornful and condemning look which the vocation of dealing in slaves naturally kindles, has brought his gun down, saying firmly as he bars approach to the cars, 'Lumpkin' (for that is a dealer's name), 'there is no room in these cars for you and your gang.' The slave-dealer remonstrates in vain, his eyes shooting flames of anger into the face of the stern, manly youth, and, at last, shamefully muttering oaths, leads off his gang. Lumpkin having gone, — gone to this world's scrap-heap, — now scan the boy-sentinel's face well, for in the

spirit of those words and that gesture he has made the last and by far the best argument before history's jury that the cause he loved and was willing to die for was not slavery. I do not know where fate led him, nor the number of

years that fell on him, but I will guarantee that when death overtook him, his spirit on its upward flight was met by a noble company, and that in the reveries of the Confederacy his memory is green and dear.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITTLE GRAY GHOST

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN'S STORY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I'M Dennyson — Dr. Dennyson — and this is my only ghost-story. As a scientific man, I suppose I have no right even to a very little ghost, but this one came to me in the way of business.

Personally, I did n't want a ghost. I don't go in for anything of the kind, not even to the extent of reading the occult articles in the magazines. I see the thing this way. We're here to hold down the job — the long, long job of living — and it's enough to keep us busy. 'Functioning on this plane' is sufficiently stiff work for me. I've no time to waste thinking about other planes, and I don't believe anybody else has.

Besides, there is one thing I know — for I've seen it. The people who are really next to this 'functioning on the next plane' business are n't the ones who make a fuss about it. Spiritualism repels them. They don't go to séances. They don't conduct investigations. They don't even join the Psychical

Researchers, but, by the Lord Harry, *they know*. And they don't care very much, either. They take it for granted. They've always known. But they don't want people to think them queer; they don't want to get into the newspapers. Usually it's only when they think you're another that they will discuss it at all. They are n't what you'd pick out for the spooky kind. Plump and sensible and easy-going, mostly. You'd never in the world spot one by the way he looked or talked.

There was Carruthers. He talked to me more freely than any of the others. A little Canadian traveling-man from Vancouver. Scotch blood. Sandy, stocky, sane. A good jollier, and sold big bills of goods. It would n't have added to his popularity at the head-office, though, if they'd known he had the Eyes that See. So, naturally, he did n't tell them. He would n't have told me, only, that night I came across him at Calgary, he was threatened with pneumonia and pretty ill. And

he was worried just then by the Little Gray One, and did n't know what to do about her. So he asked my professional advice, put himself in my hands, if you please, and I got interested and told him what I'd do in his place.

No, it was n't delirium, and Carruthers was n't any ordinary crank. Understand, I don't pronounce at all upon the value of his experiences as a basis for theorizing about the Beyond. I don't say they were n't hallucinations. I don't say they were. I suspend my judgment. So, by the way, did he. He did n't philosophize about them, himself. That attracted me.

We were snow-bound together at that hotel for three days. The first night he came in from a train that had been caught in the drifts for eighteen hours, and he slept in damp sheets on top of that. I wonder he escaped severe illness, but he knew enough to ask for a doctor, and my room happened to be next door to his, so I watched him pretty closely that night and it turned out all right. He escaped pneumonia — and I met my ghost.

Odd thought, is n't it, that perhaps — just perhaps, you know — the outer darkness a bit beyond our radiant, comfortable world of sense-perception, is full of pitiful, groping, bodiless folks? We take it from the scientists that there are colors we can't see and sounds we can't hear, but we're shy of believing there are people we can't touch. I like flesh and blood best, myself, but when I think about those possible Others, I feel sorry, the way one does about sick children or hurt animals. There is something in me that understands what being a maimed or naked soul might feel like.

Well, Carruthers and I talked for hours, and I think the man emptied his soul before me. What it all simmers down to, is this: those who have the Eyes claim that they begin to see

queer things in childhood and get used to it. They learn early not to talk about it, too, for of course people call them little liars. It does n't seem, essentially, to be a very thrilling experience or a very interesting one. Carruthers knew no more about the ways of God to man than you or I. And he did n't pretend to, either. He said seeing spirits was n't a bit more interesting than seeing anything else, when you were used to it. The faculty shed no particular light on his own path and, apparently, was n't designed to give him personally any form of help: Rather, it was the other way about. the benefactions were on his side.

I asked Carruthers a lot of questions. Did n't it worry him terribly, I wanted to know, this moving in the middle of a cloud of unseen witnesses? He said not at all, not any more than the hundreds of faces we pass on a crowded city street worry the rest of us; really, it was an effect almost identical with that. Occasionally one face would show with increased distinctness against the crowded background and he would see it oftener. If it finally became as definite to him as flesh and blood, he would accost it. I did n't get a very clear idea of their methods of communication. Carruthers used human speech to them, but usually 'heard in his consciousness' what they had to say. You may make what you please of that.

Considered as spirits, I should regard Carruthers's friends as an amœbæ-like bunch. There seemed to be hordes of them unable to move on. 'Earth-bound' is the spiritualistic slang for the condition, I believe, but Carruthers did n't use any cant terms — that was another thing I liked about him. He simply said most of them are just dazed, dumb, helpless — amorphous Things that have slipped out of this world and have n't yet grasped the

conditions of living elsewhere. They are like jellyfish rocking in a tide-deserted pool. They have to be helped to deeper water. His idea of his own relation to them, so far as he could be said to have an idea, was that he was a missionary of a sort, a kind of Little Brother to the Lost. Curious contravention of our accepted notions, is n't it? Yet it is n't hard to understand when you look about and see how many people there are right around us who could n't draw living breath in anything like a spiritual atmosphere.

There are a few, however, who are different. If you love enough or hate enough it will keep you alive anywhere, — even in a world of shades.

I demanded some of his characteristic experiences. He told me lots of incidents, but he was curiously indifferent about them. After all, they were just what you might call the ghost-story of commerce, and rather a bore, you know. For instance, a man he had known came to him so vivid of aspect that he thought the creature still in the flesh, he was so actual. And, indeed, his death had only occurred a month before. But it was the flame of hate that gave him that glow. He was, as you might say, incandescent with the desire for revenge. He told Carruthers that his wife and the doctor conspired to poison him when he was ill, and that they were to be married. He wanted Carruthers to take it up — to frighten them; at least, to make their union impossible. But the traveling man refused to investigate. He said, sensibly enough, that it was n't up to him; that if he had a part to play toward these people, it was n't to execute their vengeance. He was willing to help them, but not to be played upon by them, nor taken possession of by their desires. So the man did not come to him any more.

He was shy of explaining what he

said to his People. He called it giving them good advice. After he had once talked to one in this way, he seldom saw that one again. If they accepted his advice, they would mostly pass on out of his vision into farther and, he hoped, more blessed fields.

That's the gist of the situation as I got it from Carruthers. He did n't know the answers to most of the questions I asked, and, as I said, he did n't find any of these experiences very absorbing — until the one I am telling you about.

Mind you, now, I'm not pretending to give you a good ghost-story. This is n't that, at all. Carruthers was a matter-of-fact soul, and I'm another. This is just a plain account of what he told me, and what I experienced myself.

It began down in California in the early spring. He went down from Vancouver to San Francisco on some business for the firm, and a man he knew asked him out to one of the big ranches over Sunday. It was an old-fashioned estate — they are mostly cut up now — big enough for a principality. On it grew everything a son of Adam the Gardener could desire. In particular, there was a whole square mile of blossoming cherry-trees, their shining masses of white interspersed here and there with dashes of pink almond-boughs.

I could live without California myself, and so, he said, could he. There's something about it too positive, too magnetic, fertile, golden. It overwhelms you and wearies you with its gigantic beauty. But the pink-and-white glory of a square mile of cherry-and almond-boughs blooming in the spring sunshine — well, it's worth seeing once in a lifetime, just to know that it can be true. It overwhelmed Carruthers, Scotchman from the North though he was. They're used to big

things in British Columbia, too, but there was something about the lavish beauty of that orchard that upset him. He wanted to walk there alone, and accordingly went out to do so.

What he thought, what he felt, was after this fashion: here, at last, was something that satisfied, — something as big and beautiful as we dream the mercy of the Merciful may be. In this bounteous, fertile spot, men had not beaten their brothers down, or fought like beasts for pitiful advantage. It was an untainted place where restless spirits would not come, a place where he might breathe deep and throw off the oppression which he sometimes felt his peculiar vision to be. In such an orchard one might be as free as the first man in Eden.

As he was thinking this, he turned his head suddenly and saw moving beside him, timidly, but with determination, a small, gray, insubstantial figure, woe-begone and desolate, yet full, in some curious way, of vital fire.

He described her to me over and over. Out of the things he said, a picture of her built itself up in my mind at last. I think of her as having been a girl with deep-set gray eyes, a small, square face, clean-cut chin, and a slight figure so charged with what we call temperament and personality, that even death spared something of its mutinous charm. You know the type. Carruthers said her very wraith had a glowing, passionate quality, like the leaping of the flame in the chimney-throat, but, even so, was unobtrusive. She was not alive as flesh is alive, heavily, almost rebelliously, but rather as fire is — *all* living, do you see? Her garments were gray, the color of a mist that the sun is about to pierce, wavering, luminous. Faint rose-color seemed to tremble on her cheeks, but it might have been reflected from the almond-blossoms. When she faced him with a

bird's quick movement her gaze was wide but steady, like the stare of a child at bay.

'What are you doing here?' he demanded abruptly, almost harshly. Her coming disturbed his joy in the Sunday peace of the orchard. He resented her presence, for he had felt himself free from all obsession.

She shook her head, but made no answer. He looked at her again, more closely.

'What are you doing here?' he repeated, more gently. 'You are not one of the stupid, helpless ones. You don't need me. You ought to be away — far away, in some better place than this.'

She evaded his question, then, by asking another.

'How is it,' she demanded, 'that you see me and speak to me? The people I have known all my life pass me by and look as though I were not there and had said nothing — and yet I have cried and cried to them.'

'I'm just made that way,' said Carruthers vaguely. 'Most other people are n't. That's all. Tell me, what are you doing here?'

Already she began to look less indistinct, less woe-begone. The flush deepened on her cheek; there seemed to come a light in her eyes. It was as if she glowed all over with joy at being understood. It brought her into closer touch with earth.

'I have tried so hard to make them hear!' she cried, 'so hard and so long! But now I have found you it will be easy. You will help me! You will put it right for me! You will go fetch Teresita and take care of her. Then I can go — everywhere!'

Of all the apparitions he had ever encountered, Carruthers affirmed, she was the only one who had pronounced personality and the gift of beguilement. He felt like telling her at once that he would help her in whatever way she

desired; then he remembered that this was not only unwise, but contrary to his fixed principles in such matters. He was vexed at himself for his instinct toward compliance, and so pressed his own side of the matter.

'Why,' he asked, 'have you not gone already?'

She looked at him in open wonder. 'You must know — if you know anything,' she said. 'I cannot go on while I hate. I must do my uttermost, my very uttermost, to set it right, and I must forgive.'

'Why have you not forgiven?'

The answer he received flashed into his consciousness as lightning flashes across the eyeball, as vivid, as intense as that.

'I cannot forgive Josefa — nor will I try — until Teresita is safe — with people who are good. Josefa took Teresita from me, and *that* is sin. There are things one must hate, and sins like that are of them. Sometimes to hate is almost sweet!'

Her eyes were on his face, but there was in them nothing evil, nothing malign. They were so limpid, childlike, and pure as she announced this transgression of the law of love, that Carruthers was puzzled and taken aback. So far as he knew, there is no exception to the rule that hate is Hell.

As he looked at her something recurred to him. Josefa — Teresita — where had he heard those names associated before? Suddenly he remembered. The remembrance was a horror. 'Are you Kitty Dundas?' he asked sharply. As he asked, he felt the stubbly hair rise slowly at the back of his neck; the scalp tightened upon his head, while his spine turned cold.

The Little Gray One nodded almost gayly, and with one small finger made an airy gesture toward a faint red line he now perceived about her neck.

'Good Lord!' Sandy Carruthers

said. He was a gritty Scotchman, but he shivered, and fell back to think it over.

The name won't convey anything to most Easterners, but it did to me, for I was on the Pacific Coast when the region rang, briefly, with the case of Kitty Dundas. It was one of those things you can't get away from. Even in that land of outrageous crimes, there have n't been many stories so pitiful and terrible.

The facts were these: Kitty Dundas was the young daughter of a Scotch rancher in California. She had fallen in love with one of her father's workmen, a Spaniard named Pedro Rivara. Forbidden to have anything to do with him, she ran away and married him. Her father cast her off with curses for contaminating his blood. The girl and her husband struggled along until the birth of her child. She was ailing a long time, and absorbed in the baby, Teresita. Pedro neglected them both and became entangled with a Mexican woman, Josefa Josatti. When he disappeared with her, he most unnecessarily stole the child and took it along. The young mother worked with her hands until she had saved enough to follow them to San Francisco, where she believed they had gone. She had not been there long before, one day, in the street, she came upon Josefa carrying the baby, which was thin and ill. Kitty leaped for the child, but the other woman fought her off, and in the struggle, the Scotch girl stabbed her rival with the latter's own knife and killed her.

She was tried for murder and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, — that was a foregone conclusion, — but that was not the end of it. In some fierce revulsion of her hereditary conscience, the child proceeded to hang herself, leaving a note which said, baldly, that Josefa's blood was on her

hands, and she found proper repentance impossible; so she refused to live.

She executed judgment on herself. Her father had come forward and stood by her during the trial, and she left the child to him. She said it would be better off without her. But that was a mistake. What really happened was that Rivara disappeared, old Dundas died of apoplexy on hearing of his daughter's suicide, leaving a will made after Kitty's marriage which consigned his property to charities, and the child was taken to an orphan asylum.

Think of living and dying in such a tangle of fierce passions and brutal deeds, such stark, gross tragedy as that! Carruthers said it took away his breath even to imagine it, and he watched the Little Gray One with fascinated eyes. She had come through so much, that scrap of a pale thing flitting just ahead of him. Save for that faint red line about her throat — where were her scars?

Twenty years old when she died, just a child herself, yet she had experienced everything. She knew lawless passion, mother-love, the agony of separation from her own, jealousy, hatred, the red rage that murders. Last of all, she knew the terrible self-revulsion of a being endowed with conscience and with character — revulsion against herself as all this heaped-up tragedy had made her. Evidently it had made her something alien to her inmost fibre. She had spirit; she would pay an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, even though that meant surrendering her life for the base life she had taken.

Kitty Dundas had known and suffered all these things in her childish flesh. Yet, here, her spirit moved serenely in the Sabbath sunshine, under white cherry-boughs, with lifted head. She looked angelic, almost holy. Sandy Carruthers said it was beyond him.

I suppose he ought to have known the explanation. It was very simple. Everything in her earthly life had fallen away from Kitty Dundas, save one.

Carruthers had lagged behind her in his shocked bewilderment. She turned and waited for him to join her. If her last statement had been to him like a flash of lightning, what followed was a whole electrical storm. Literally, he staggered at the invasion of his consciousness by great waves of passionate pleading, of insistence, of assertion. He must get the child, she said, and take care of it, bring it up in the way it should go — the Scotch way. Tere-sita was Scotch, not Spanish, in her nature, her mother insisted; little, and plastic, and Scotch! And Teresita must be taken from the orphanage and reared in a home, as a girl should be, by people who were good. Carruthers was good, and he understood her. Simply, he must take the child. Not until this was done could she forgive Josefa and float free of earth. The thing *must be*.

She spoke as if it were all the simplest matter in the world, and as clear and desirable to him as to her. She was as direct, he said, as the Gospels, and as disconcerting.

The idea she proposed startled and repelled the man. As it happened, he was a married man, and childless. Thus, the thing she desired was possible to do, perhaps even natural. But he had never told his wife of his visions, and did not wish to tell her. Also, he resented deeply any suggestions as to his conduct in the world of sense from this other world with which he had been born entangled. It was his pride that his normal, natural life had never been affected by his second-sight. Furthermore, he had no desire to take a Pedro Rivara's child into his house or his heart.

'I'll not do it, indeed,' said Carru-

thers doggedly, squaring his shoulders and setting his lips.

He stalked along stiffly. The glorious morning was spoiled for him, and those wonderful aisles of bloom. He was as resentful and vexed as we all are when the call of practical philanthropy catches us in that mood of vague uplift. The Little Gray One drooped beside him, woe-begone again and fading, as though she had taken a mortal hurt. He felt himself brutal, and could not bear to look at her. It was a peculiarly unpleasant thought that he was adding the last touch to the cruelties that had been heaped upon her, and she such a slip of a thing! But he felt no further impulse to do her bidding.

'I wish you would go away,' he said shortly. 'You worry me.'

It seemed as if she were going to obey. She hesitated, wavered. Her garments grew fainter, her face indistinct. He found himself drawing a deep inhalation of triumph and relief. And then, sharply, distinctly, like the clashing of drawn swords, he felt the crossing of her will with his. The sense of opposition was so strong and sudden that he fairly gasped as he realized that of the two her weapon was not the weaker.

Looking at her, he saw that her radiant aspect had returned, stronger than before. She was more glowing, more vital. Her mutinous charm was more apparent. He dropped his lids uneasily, fairly dazzled by the sight of her. She said with her whole being, —

'No! No! I cannot go. Don't you see? There is no one but you whom I can make understand — and I must stay until you do my will!'

This was her explanation and her ultimatum. When he lifted his eyes she had disappeared, indeed, for the hour, but she had left with him an oppression of spirit that he was not to

shake off. His heart felt as if some one had taken it and squeezed it in two hands. He was wretchedly unsure of himself. He could not dismiss the incident from his mind as he had learned, in the course of years, to dismiss other happenings of a super-normal nature.

To cut the story short, from that time forward Sandy Carruthers was hag-ridden, if you can apply such a term to such a visitation. The Little Gray Ghost haunted him, definitely, deliberately, persistently. She drifted beside him when he walked the streets; she took the vacant seat next him in the cars; she was visible against the plush cushions of his Pullman section; he saw her in restaurants, houses, theatres, even in church, where she seemed quite as much at home as himself. She followed him into offices and places of business. She came between him and his sales.

He ceased to see other apparitions. She had driven them away, perhaps. Instead, he was aware of a vast vacancy around him compared to which his previous world had been a cheerful, homelike place. He saw only her, and saw her constantly. Always he felt his spirit besieged; sometimes it was assaulted and shaken by the storms of pleading I have tried to describe. But Sandy Carruthers continued to go up and down the Canadian country and to and fro in it, selling goods for the firm at Vancouver, and smoking his old pipe between set lips. His grit was good.

He was an obstinate man and a hard-headed one, but grit is not everything. In time this pursuit got on his nerves. He had always taken his relations with the occult cheerfully and sensibly before this. He was 'born so,' that was all, and it was as much a matter of course as bread and butter, and as little to be dreaded. He found it impossible to take this in that way. He

had controlled all other wraiths within his vision. He could neither control nor influence her. He argued, begged, commanded, but she came and went as if she did not hear.

For the first time in his life he was afraid. Yield he would not, and yet, if he persisted, what might not happen to him in this strange contest of wills? Who knew what yet unused weapon she might not have that she could turn against him? That she seemed gentle was no argument. She had seemed so when living, until the hour came for her to use the knife. Living, she had feared nothing for herself or others: Was she to be less daring, dead?

Carruthers mulled over these things until he felt his nerve begin to break. He found himself dreaming strange dreams which made his bed hideous. In them he roamed a universe of undreamed-of and terrible colors; he listened to unimagined and awful sounds. He seemed to be viewing the wrong side of creation; to be hearing the discords of a groaning and laboring universe; to be seeing the frightful shadows cast by life.

Words failed him when he tried to tell me how these things moved him, but it was easy to understand. He asked me flatly if there was imminent danger to his mind in his condition. I was forced to admit that, even if I respected his account of himself and did not classify him with other victims of hallucination, he was, nevertheless, in a desperate way. I thought very badly, not so much of the fact of his obsession, since that was really a condition normal to his organization, as of the fact that he was bearing that obsession ill. I considered that he might see as many ghosts as he pleased, if only he were not afraid of those that he saw! Fear plays the mischief with us all. After this admission from me, he put himself in my hands.

We discussed these matters the second night I was with him at Calgary. The first night he was too sick a man to speak of anything. The next morning he was better, and we talked most of that day and evening over the fire in his bedroom. There was a blizzard on, I remember, and I did not go out all day long. The howling wind, the driving crystals of the snow, the whiteness and impenetrability of the world outside the windows seemed, somehow, to isolate me from everyday life and shut me into Carruthers's world alone with him. Thus, I listened more patiently and sympathetically than I could have done in my office, or anywhere else. I put aside my natural impulse to say, 'Nonsense!' I tried to understand and accept. I ended by talking to him as if he were sane and sincere, — quite a feat for a man of my training! — but I told him frankly he was in as bad a way as a man can be, and he grimly acquiesced.

Turning his case over in my mind that night, I reached a definite, if unusual, conclusion at last. Accepting the data he had given me simply, just as he did himself, there was an obvious method of getting rid of his present trouble, and I resolved to try the experiment of advocating it as a therapeutic measure. It was worth trying, though I smiled to myself as I reflected what some of my colleagues would say to me if they knew it. Fortunately, we don't have to publish all our experiments! Anybody but a stubborn Scotchman would have thought of this one for himself.

The next morning dawned sharply cold, clear, radiant, a day to put fresh life into the dying. It was thirty degrees below, the sun was bright, the world was white and glittering. When I came up from my breakfast, I found Carruthers sitting over a bright fire, comfortably drinking his coffee. He was quite him-

self in every way, said that he had slept well and was waiting to hear my advice.

I sat down across the fireplace.

'Well, Carruthers,' I said, 'I'm ready to prescribe for you, but I'm afraid you won't like the prescription.'

'I'm going to take it just the same,' he answered.

'To me,' I said, 'it looks this way. I might recommend a rest-cure, feeding, massage, electricity, and all that, for you, and try to work on your mind by healthful suggestion. That would be the right procedure with a person who saw apparitions because his nerves were out of order. But if I am to act as if I believed you — and somehow I am tempted to do it — I must prescribe as if your nerves are out of order because you have been seeing apparitions — which would appear to be a different matter and call for different treatment. This apparition makes one request of you, and states that her disappearance is contingent upon its being granted. It is a simple request. Why don't you just grant it and see what happens? Go find her child. See what it is like and take it to your wife.'

In spite of the agonies he had been through, the man stared at me with absolute incredulity.

'And do you mean to say you would *give in* to the creature?' he demanded, with a whole-souled scorn of me and my faint-heartedness.

This was putting it rather crudely, and I hesitated. I was about to tell him that it was merely a matter of therapeutics, and I wished him to make the experiment — but when I spoke it was to utter words that shaped themselves, without my volition, on my lips.

'Give in to the logic of the situation!' I found myself urging. 'Give in to the impulse of humanity! Why, Carruthers, you yourself have made me see

the pity of the thing! Here are we, in the bright, actual, comfortable world; yonder is that bit of a Thing you have described to me, roaming the outer darkness in unrest because her child is here, neglected and unhelped. And the blame for it is her very own, her fault, her grievous fault. She took herself away and left the child to others. Remember that — for *that* is her deadly sin!

'Take it home to yourself, man! If you were in the place of Kitty Dundas and by some miracle you found at last a human being you could appeal to, pray to, argue with, somebody in the same world with that child and able to help it, would n't you be fairly wild with joy at getting into touch with him? You or I would do just what you say that little Thing is doing. It seems to me it is inhuman not to help her out. You could n't treat a living woman so. And the little Ghost is more helpless and more pitiful than any mother of flesh and blood. You are her only hope. Don't turn her down!

'Don't you see how it is? She was thinking about herself, her own soul, when she deserted the child. She was proud-spirited, going to pay with her life for her crime. But her right to do it was gone. Her life was mortgaged to the child. This business of being a parent is something you don't forget nor get away from — not in Heaven or in Hell! It is the tie that holds forever. It is the thing that binds His duties on the shoulders of God Himself!'

Carruthers looked at me blankly. The thing had not presented itself to him in that aspect. He communed with his Caledonian conscience, and his face softened.

'Man, there may be something in what you say,' he admitted. 'I promise you I'll see about it.'

I was silent. To tell you the truth,

I was utterly staggered, both at what I had said and at its effect on myself. Those words seemed put into my mouth from without. I believed what I said while I was saying it. I was convinced as by another mind. As I realized this, I, too, felt the grip of fear. For the instant the wraith of Kitty Dundas was as real a thing to me as it was to him — and I felt myself merely her mouthpiece!

'I promise you,' I heard him repeating, but in an altered voice, *'that I will see about the child.'*

He was not looking at me or speaking to me. His eyes were fixed on the open door between our rooms. His seamed, red face was awed and pitiful, as if he looked upon and sorrowed for a passion of pleading that was beyond all speech. His sturdy features were twisted and his very mouth writhed with his pity.

I can't tell you how acutely this affected me. The air of that room was charged with something I had never felt before. My blood raced in my veins. I heard the drumming of my heart. A door opened before me, and I, too, looked beyond the actual. It was as though the wind that blows between the worlds had caught me and lifted me up — up —. It was the strangest sensation — the most wonderful.

My gaze followed his. Did I see an outline of palpitant gray like a mist that the sun is about to pierce, wavering, luminous? Did I catch a glimpse of a face with deep-set eyes, more agonized and pitiful than any human face I ever saw?

'I promise you!' Carruthers cried again hoarsely.

Did I hear a sound like a sob of joy? A wonderful cry that was half farewell to the burdens of this world of sense, half welcome to the new emprises of the world of spirit? I would have sworn it then, by all the gods! Now, after years and in cold blood, I do not know. But I know this — that I fell on my knees in that place, shaken to the very soul, for the room seemed full of light, of cries, and I had a sudden consciousness of prayer and praise ineffable.

Sometimes I hear in my dreams a cry like that of hers. Always when I dream that death has set me free at last, I wake with that sound ringing in my ears as if it came from my own lips and were the breath of utter joy.

Well, that is all — quite all — except that Carruthers recovered quickly, and his wife doted upon the child. With his recovery vanished his dubious gift of second-sight.

As I told you, it is my only ghost-story. And even of it, you see, I am not sure. A man like me never is, and most men are like me. *'Neither will they be persuaded though one come from the dead.'* For me, the Little Gray One walked in vain.

Thinking it over in my quiet hours, I say to myself that the Christ always knew whereof He spoke. There are no ghost-stories that are believed. There never will be, to the end of Time. I take it that there are not meant to be. For is it not the long anguish of walking by faith, and not by sight, that makes and keeps us men?

A DREAM

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

I dreamed — that God appeared to me,
And beckoned. Forth, in night, we went
To where a tall and lonely tree
With ropes of yew-dark bough was bent.
And, crowned by fiery sky of stars,
God said: 'Thou man! confess thy faith!
The word thou speakest saves or bars,
For here are gallows of thy death!'

II

Then staring at that gallows yew,
And all the starry witness, I
With ague shuddered, well I knew
That I must speak, and tell no lie;
For if in cowardice I fled
The clean confession of my hope,
God would not spare, but hang me dead
Within that twine of yew-dark rope.

III

Yet even while I strove to find
Breath for my words, to make them live,
There stabbed such pity thro' my mind
That I my happy life must give,
Give up my little day, my all,
With this my unrepentant breath,
And watch my choking body fall
Condemned by my own words to death.

IV

For surely what I had to tell,
The doubting story of my trust,
Denying faith in Heaven or Hell,
Would make me very gallows-dust
To this dark God stark standing there,
So like a tall black shadow flung
Up high on misty midnight air
By lighted lanthorn lowly swung.

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V

And all my days of past delight,
As to a drowning man came by —
And all the litanies of night —
And prayed, and spoke me tenderly.
And all the perfume and the grace,
The stealing beauty of this earth,
Put out its fingers to my face,
And softly murmured me its worth.

VI

I saw my love with tender eyes,
And unbound hair, and girdle free;
I watched her darken with surprise,
And cry: 'Dost thou abandon me?'
And what could I but answer then:
'My flower, my pearl, my summer sky,
When God requires their faith of men,
What can they do, save speak and die?'

VII

I saw the pageantry of noon
Once more with gold and music pass;
I saw the silvery cold moon
Spill her last glamour on the grass,
I saw my dark leaf-gilded stream —
Whose twining waters draw me down
And down from gazing, till I seem
Myself to be that water brown.

VIII

I felt the last sweet wind creep up
To tell his tale from tree to tree,
And steal his last from honey-cup
And shake the fragrance over me.
I heard once more the cuckoo's call —
And ah! the misery of pain,
To know that once was once for all,
And I 'd not hear my bird again.

IX

I heard a last proud battle-cry,
And felt my pulses leap once more,
And saw the lances pierce the sky
And all the wizardry of war.
I felt once more the wings of sleep
Soft closing round my drowsy head,
And all my languid being deep
Within the snowdrift of my bed.

X

And as I choked, and manned my soul
For death, two stars came flying low,
As might some disembodied owl,
Circling unsighted, but for glow
Of its twin yellow eyes; then all
The owlish stars came clustering near;
And from its horrid grandeur tall
That gallows-yew bent down to hear.

XI

Then faint I spoke: 'I know my faith
But shadows that required of men;
And yet, O God! if only wraith
Of creed I hold, 't is all I can.
For well I know that it is base
To hide in gray hypocrisy,
And glib pretend, to save my face,
And say "I see" — who do not see.

XII

'This then, O God! is all my creed: —
In the beginning there was still
What there is now, no less, no more;
And at the end of all there will
Be just as much. There is no score
Of final judgment. Wonder's tale
Will never, never all be told.
There will be none without the pale,
No saint elect within the fold.

XIII

'If then this mighty magic world
Has always been, will ever be,
There must be laws within it curled
That spin it thro' Eternity.
I see twin equal laws obey
A sovran, never-captured Law —
For all this world would melt away
If Heart of Mystery we saw.

XIV

'And first of these twin equal laws
Is that dynamic force which flows
In life, — of every birth the cause, —
Replumes the tree, and swells the rose;
Inflames and clouds the violet Spring,
Inhabits all the mighty flood,
The breezes' lightest whispering,
The every impulse of our blood.

XV

'The spirit force that cannot tire
Of franchisement, and keeps no troth,
Nor ever rests from building spire
And painting colors on the moth.
A quenchless flame that licks all air,
And lights and drives the wandering star,
And dyes with gold the maiden's hair,
And rives with frost the granite spar.

XVI

'The second equal law is this:
Implicit deep in all increase
And stir of living things, there is
A nothingness, a fate of peace,
A night, a death, an ebbing down,
A fading out of life. The bush
That bourgeons dons a funeral gown,
And every tune contains its hush.

XVII

'All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own stilly death draws near.

XVIII

'And there 's between these Laws the leap,
And drive, and stir of endless war;
The sway from rage of lust to Sleep,
And all the cosmic whims that mar
Perfection. Out of Strife is born
All variance of shape and flight —
As clouds of mountain-sunset torn
From slumber gray by flare of light.

XIX

'Yet these two laws so fixed apart
As day and night, are brought to fold
Within that one and Sovran Heart
Whose secret never shall be told,
Yet shall thro' time, and thro' all space,
With mystery pervade the world,
And make it holy, like the face
Of dawn, that sun and mist have pearled.

XX

'That Sovran Heart is Harmony!
Its face unseen, its ways unknown.
'T is utter Justice; boundless Sea
Of Unity; and Secret Throne
Of Love; a spirit Meeting-Place
Of vital dust and mortal breath,
That needs no point of time or space
To bind together Life and Death.

XXI

'T is thus, O God! I see the Vast —
Self-fashioned, and Self-wonderful.
A jewel infinite, so fast
With secret light, can never dull.
It is all Space, so cannot fall,
It is all Motion, may not move,
It is of Time the very all,
And has within itself all Love.

XXII

'And that brief gathering of dust
And breath — myself — doth bear this All
Resemblance, both of outer crust
And inner fire, perpetual.
I, too, a battlefield of laws,
And rhymed with Harmony Divine;
I bear within myself the cause
Of me, the end of me is mine.

XXIII

'Yea, I am nothing but a gleam
Of mystery — a tiny pearl
Of sunlit water, but a dream
Immune from waking. Through the whirl
Of ages I shall never earn
Reality; and if I might,
I would not. Wherefore should I yearn
To darken joy, and strip delight.

XXIV

'The rush and stab of pain bemuse,
And snakes of evil coil me round
With slimy torment; dark with hues
Of Mystery, Grief and Pity hound
Me to rebel with aching heart —
Rebel, rebel until I die!
But, in my secret soul apart,
That all is rhymèd — that know I!

XXV

'If through our night stalk comrades Pain
And Wrong — 't is but the dipping half
Of Equipoise. This life again
I shall not live, and I would have
My living self in flower with love
Of Harmony — that so my death
Shall be no fall, and no remove,
But reconciliation's very breath.'

XXVI

I ceased. Then that dark, tall-up Thing
Of terror, that great shadow flung
On curtained Night, black-menacing,
Stretched hand to where the gallows hung.
And all the owlish stars abased
Their staring; and the yew-ropes twined
And caught me, where I desperate faced
It — all my vanished life behind.

XXVII

Then, in that bravery of soul
Which flames in icy clutching death,
I bade my parching tongue outroll
A last defiance of my breath:
'Thou art not Him I know! Thou hast
No part in all my vision. Thou
Art Dissonance and Hatred. Fast
Is my God throned. No God art Thou!'

XXVIII

Then all the firmament gave groan
Of death. And lo! *That* was not there!
The curious stars had winged, and gone
To their far glitter; all the air
Was crystal. Swift, that gallows-yew,
Unbinding all her branches, meshed
My face with shade; and sudden dew
With frost my nightmared soul refreshed.

XXIX

And there around me dark had flowered
 With day; and summer moths as bright
 As amethysts uprose, and towered
 To gem with color all the night.
 The blossoms smelled like noon, and shone
 In crimson patines on the dark.
 And — wonder! Caroling alone
 In sky of night, I heard a lark.

XXX

A silent music — grass and leaf,
 And stream, and whispered morning — blew
 Around me; and a burning sheaf
 Of Sun, in darkness, glistened thro'.

The breathless wind, of fire and frost,
 Flew to the leaves, yet stirred not one.
 And round me all the happy host
 Of life was there, and yet was gone.

XXXI

No more were death and life apart,
 No more the winter longed for June.
 And oh! the marriage in my heart
 Of sun and shadow, hush and tune!

It still was night, and yet was day!
 O magic dream of God revealed,
 Of waking sleep, and golden-gray —
 O Utter Mystery unsealed!

EAST AND WEST

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

EVEN now they resound in my ears, those long, murmuring surges of the Indian Ocean, breaking in white tumultuous thunder on the palm-fringed strand below Madras. And ever with the voice of the breakers comes some echo of the Indian wisdom, high, masterful, insistent, as we pondered over it on a certain evening, when the moon made a golden road across the waves and painted pearl-shell rainbows in the white of the spray.

Mem-Sahib and I were paying a visit during the cold season, in one of the suburbs of Madras, at a huge, old-fashioned bungalow daubed with red stucco, in a big, park-like compound along the ocean. The wide, lazy river

came down to meet the breakers, under banks laden with exotic greenery; a long bridge, beautifully arched, spanned the river, weather-stained in ochre and red; and in the evenings there were such sunsets as I have never seen elsewhere: heaped-up treasures of purple and crimson, with sheaves of golden rays, the deep upper sky flooded with transparent violet or green.

We were delighted with the glitter and the color of it, the rich green of the big forest trees, the golden midribs of the cocoanut-palms, the warm red of the fertile earth, the glow of birds and flowers and butterflies, in striking contrast with the barren rocks of the Deccan we had passed in coming

thither. But the supreme beauty was the ocean, the vast, sun-steeped carpet of blue, stretching away eastward and southward to mystery-laden, unknown realms, fringed with those musically thunderous surges that gleamed and broke, and gleamed and broke again, in the rhythmic breathing of Varuna's mighty life.

We picked up strange shells along the strand, wet with salt spray, winged and fluted, moulded to quaint forms by fairy fingers, tinged with elfin dyes, whispering of rare beauties beneath the shimmering plain of the sea. But most notable of the treasures gleaned on that far Eastern shore is the memory of a certain moonlit evening when we sat on the rocks beneath the palm-trees near an old shrine of Mahadeva, with the deep undersong of the surges filling the warm dusk, and talked of the wisdom of old days, as the Indian sages knew it.

We were a company of six, out there in the moonlight,—three natives of India and three Europeans: Ragunath Rao, former premier of a Mahratta state; Shreenivas Rao, a judge of the High Court; and Subha Rao, in his external capacity a pleader of the courts, but as to the interior man a disciple of the great Shankaracarya, supreme master and sage of Southern India, and local deputy of the present Shankaracarya of Shringeri, the great college of Vedantin learning in Mysore. Add two Englishmen, from the University of Madras, and, as sixth of the company, the writer of this epistle.

Ragunath Rao, short and supple, was a man of power, and with power's finest efflorescence, a warm and cordial sense of humor; his eyes were bright blue, a thing rare among natives of India, but now and then found among the best Brahmans of the Mahratta country or Kashmir. Shreenivas Rao was graver and more ascetic, but full of

sweetness and gentle wisdom. But by far the most notable of the three was Subha Rao, the disciple of Shankara; his inward endowment outshone his outward seeming; one felt that on his brow rested the burden of a mighty tradition of wisdom, that through his lips there spoke the greater voices of old days. His training as a lawyer made him keen and analytic, but ever and anon the old echoes of things divine swept him from modern moorings and carried him forward on a full tide of inspiration.

As we sat there under the palms in the warm moonlight, the disciple of Shankara began to speak, in answer to a question from one of the Englishmen, a teacher of philosophic theory.

'I think,' he said, 'that one may best describe the Indian wisdom in this way: your modern Western science has been chiefly busy with two things, Matter and Force, the *Kraft und Stoff* of Büchner. From experimenting with various materials and elements, your science has gradually risen to the thought of universal Matter; and from handling different forces, mechanical and chemical, heat or electricity, you have gained the general idea of Force. And you perceive that Matter, in a certain sense, is one, continuous, infinite, eternal. Every atom is bound to every atom, to the great All of Matter throughout the universe. And so of Force. Men of wild imagination used to search for perpetual motion. We know now that the only kind of motion you cannot find, is motion which is not perpetual. All motion goes on forever: rivers, tides, winds, comets, worlds, stars. Every small particle of Force is but a temporary borrowing from the All of Force. Force, like Matter, is one, continuous, eternal, infinite. So your Western science has these two great generalizations: indestructibility of Matter and Conservation of Energy,

the eternity of Force. That is, indeed, the sum of Western science, in the larger view.

'Now we have our basis of comparison for our ancient Eastern science, which had, and still has, its masters. We are most concerned, we have always been most concerned, not with Matter or Force, but with Consciousness; and we say that, of the trinity, Matter, Force, Consciousness, the last is the greatest, since through it, and through it alone, we know the other two.'

"Hypothetical names for our states of consciousness"?' quoted the English philosopher.

'Exactly,' the Madrasí answered. 'Matter can be known only through the activity of Force, causing phenomena, things knowable, as when an object reflects light to the eyes, and is seen; Force can only be known through its action on Matter, as when the power in the magnet lifts iron; but neither Force nor Matter, thus interdependent, can be known at all except through Consciousness. That is the father; they are the twin children.'

'How would you define Consciousness?' asked the Englishman.

'A definition of Consciousness?' answered the disciple of Shankara. 'Yes; here is one. Matter, say your textbooks, is that which is capable of manifesting phenomena. Force, I suppose, is that which is capable of causing phenomena. Then Consciousness is that which is capable of perceiving phenomena. The very word phenomena is idiotic, unless in relation to Consciousness. It means 'things appearing'; but appearing to whom? How can things be perceived without a perceiver? So Consciousness is the primary, these are secondary.'

'Again: your materialists say that Consciousness is a product of Matter, because Consciousness is never mani-

festated except through Matter, especially the matter of the brain. Therefore, they say, Consciousness is but a state of Matter, like heat or chemical action, a mere effervescence in the brain-pan. But consider. Force, too, is never manifested except through Matter. Is Force, then, also a product of Matter? Surely no one would say that. Matter is only the necessary condition for the manifestation of the activity of Force to us. Or conversely, as Faraday put it, Matter is never manifested except through Force; the atom may, indeed, be but the place of action of Force, and may, as he said, have no solid nucleus at all. Neither can manifest without the other. Yes, and we Indians add: Matter and Force cannot manifest except through Consciousness. So to your dogmas, the eternity of Matter and the Conservation of Energy, we add a third great generalization, the continuity of Consciousness. Consciousness, too, is continuous, infinite, eternal.'

'Subha Rao, you are talking like a professor of physics,' interrupted the Mahratta statesman; and from his tone one could divine the humorous sparkle in his blue eyes. 'Now go on, and speak as a Vedantin.'

'Very well,' the disciple of Shankara answered, 'our sages began with Consciousness; began, like the wise men they were, with the one thing they really knew, the one thing any one really knows. They began with Consciousness as they found it in themselves, as it is in each one of us, in you or me: the active consciousness of the waking, personal man. And they catalogued its manifestations: seeing, hearing, taste, touch, smell, feeling, thinking; ranging with them the forces that arouse them: light, sound, and the rest; also ranging beside them the active powers of man: speech, movement, will; the latter always inseparable from

Consciousness, as Force is inseparable from Matter in your Western theory.

'And they traced the consciousness of the personal man from morn till night: so much seeing, so much hearing, so much feeling, thinking, willing; from morn till night, from birth till death; with its outlook on men and women, fields and streams, ocean and sky.

'Here is the strength of the Eastern wisdom, the door of immortality. They traced consciousness from morn till night, from sensation up to feeling, thought; but they did not stop there, at the boundary. They found, indeed, that there is no boundary — that Consciousness is continuous upward and inward.

'Your science traces the light of the candle or the heat of the ember back to the sun. Ours traced the light of the mind, the warmth of the heart, back to its sun, Divinity. Not in theory, but in practice, by going thither. Let me try to tell you what they discovered.'

Ragunath Rao, our statesman, moved in his seat, leaned forward, and patted Subha Rao on the shoulder, encouragingly. One could feel his deep satisfaction in the words of his friend.

Our Vedantin went on: 'The Indian sages traced consciousness from morn till night, from waking to sleep. But they did not drop the thread there. When we sink into sleep, we do not cease to be conscious. We dream, and that, too, is a kind of consciousness. Our dreams are made up of a jumble of images and impressions. Things seen in waking, we see again in dream. Things heard, we hear again, as the *Upanishad* says. Thus I, at the moment of sinking to sleep after a day in court, hear a turmoil of loud voices. The mind-images of the day are viewed again, confusedly, in dream.

'Now we come to the great discovery of our sages. Dream is not the end. It is but the ante-room of a deeper con-

sciousness beyond dream. And that deeper consciousness sometimes floods back into dreams, and makes them prophetic, visions of things to come, things already visible from the height of that inner consciousness. This third state we call *sushupti*, the state beyond waking and dream, which we call *jagrat* and *swapna*. And we know the consciousness of *sushupti* by attending to it. You, too, attend to it, and you will learn it.

'To describe its content? Yes, I can try. But first let me say that *swapna* and *sushupti*, dream and what lies beyond dream, are not reached in sleep only. In sleep, they are known apart from waking consciousness, in their distinct, separate character. But they may also be present in waking, as inner, deeper layers of consciousness. For we have day-dreams as well as dreams by night. We see the trees and the sky, but at the same time we are watching the images in our minds of the stuff of dreams, our thoughts and feelings. This may be voluntary, as in the conscious, will-driven act of recalling a fact or a name; or it may be involuntary, as a rush of feelings or memories floods our minds.

'So of *sushupti*, the third state, the consciousness that lies beyond dream. That, too, may be present as the background of our waking, though in most men it is quite unregarded, unheeded, and therefore unknown. But it breathes through the higher layers of dream-consciousness, of thoughts and feelings, both in waking and in sleep. In sleep, it reveals prophetic dreams. In waking, it inspires poetry, truth, religion. It is spiritual consciousness, consciousness of spiritual law, spiritual life. It is mirrored in the mind as the feeling for beauty, truth, righteousness.

'But to return to earth. In the daily waking consciousness of the personal man, things perceived are outward,

separate—if you wish, hostile; just as, among savages, all not of one's tribe are one's enemies. The realm of waking consciousness is the realm of separateness, contest, antagonism. We learn men by fighting them; nature, by fighting it. In waking, things are either present to our consciousness, or absent from it, as they are in the consciousness of a cat.

'In the next layer, *swapna*,—that which in sleep makes dreams and in waking makes feeling and thought,—things are no longer to the same degree outward; they are more inward; they float, as it were, in the inner sea of feeling; the things of feeling are loved or hated, desired or feared. So we think of people as lovers or enemies, not as merely present or absent, for our consciousness of people is largely in the second layer. So, through the second layer of Consciousness, we come into emotional and mental touch with other men; we hold their images before our inner eyes, ponder on them, love them, hate them, understand them, or misunderstand them, as it too often is. But in general we approach them through feeling and thought. And all that realm of life is two-sided; we love or we hate, we desire or we fear, we are ambitious or we despise.

'Then the third realm of Consciousness descends brooding upon that; its words are: unity, life, immortality. When it descends upon the mind, that begins to see oneness, law, the great sweep of forces, universal generalizations; true science and philosophy arise. When it descends upon feeling, bringing with it the word of beauty, it kindles feeling into poetry, aspiration, religion. When it descends upon the images we have made of men in our thoughts, it breathes love, unity, speaks of the oneness of the soul. When it touches the will, it tells of righteousness and immortality.

'When we have gone thus far in the consciousness which we have during daylight, it is a sign that we are growing ready to know the same consciousness in its purity, at the other side of sleep. I have read that Charles Lamb used to say, "Young man, tell me your dreams, and I will tell you if you are a poet." That is the clue. You enter into sleep. Through the consciousness of dream you rise to the consciousness beyond dream. That consciousness is joyful. It is dominated by three intuitions: the realization of one's own spiritual being, one's immortality; the intuition of other souls; the intuition of the One Soul, in which all souls rest, as men walk in the sunshine. It is a deep, strong consciousness, full of love, joy, peace; a consciousness of spiritual forces rather than of images, a consciousness of the immortal; in a word, in the third state, the soul realizes its own spiritual being, it realizes its brothers, the souls of others, it realizes the Father, the One Self of all beings. You can understand this third consciousness by entering it. You can enter it by attending to it. Attention is the key of spiritual life, as it is the key of scientific discovery. And spiritual life is the greatest of all discoveries.

'In this third state, the soul feels itself, its kin, its source. That is the great discovery of the East. You can verify it. You can pass through the door. But you must give your whole heart to this, as you do to your discoveries, your explorations, your adventures. This is the great adventure, worth all the others. It needs courage, keenness, love, will, as do all adventures. Try it.

'In this third consciousness, the soul stands on its feet, knows its own life as spiritual and immortal, thrills with the sense of spiritual power, rejoices in its spiritual kin, the souls of others, the immortals. We say that all souls enter

into this spiritual consciousness night by night, and come forth from it in the morning. That is what gives us life and strength each morning to take up the burden of the new day. If we fail of our draught of *amrita*, of nectar, we go mad and die. That is the fountain of life, the living water springing up in the heart, of which your Master speaks. The soul knows itself as immortal, joyful, divine.

‘Even in the West, where this third consciousness is as yet little recognized or heeded, it is nevertheless abundantly present, coloring the upper layer of feeling and thought, as the sunshine colors the upper layer of the clouds, or as the moon there is gilding the upper layer of the waves. But, falling into the second layer of Consciousness, the layer of emotions and thoughts, this ray shares the nature of these; it takes the form of hopes and fears concerning spiritual life and immortality; for you cannot even doubt that of which you have no consciousness, so doubt itself is but the deflected light of the soul. Therefore that spiritual light is falling on the upper layer of your feelings and thoughts, begetting poetry, aspiration, genuine humanity, which is the recognition of others as souls, as our immortal kin, to be loved with the soul.

‘Falling on the upper layer of your minds, that light from above finds itself in contest against the things which come from beneath: the world-view built up of images of outer things. Spirituality wars with materialism, and the battlefield is the mind. When the earth-images conquer, you call it scientific materialism. When the spiritual rays conquer, you call it religion. It is, in reality, all a question of states of consciousness.’

Subha Rao grew silent, evidently following an inner thought. In the deep quiet, we became conscious of the

shrilling of innumerable cicalas, the tiny orchestra of Indian night, whirring and strumming in the darkness. Then Shreenivas Rao spoke, in that even, gentle voice of his:—

‘Listen to the whirr of the crickets, the voices of the world, that fill our ears. But listen, too, to the sound of the ocean, the voice of eternity. We can hear it by listening to it.’

The disciple of Shankara began again, summing up what he had said:—

‘That is the content of sushupti, the third consciousness; it is spiritual being, where the soul stands forth in the sunlight, with joy realizing his immortality; with love recognizing his spiritual kin; with awe bowing down before his Father, the One Divine Life.

‘Think not that this sublime condition is the end. A glorious consummation surely, but the beginning only of true spiritual life. It is not Nirvana. Far from it. It is rather the first step on the ladder that leads to Nirvana.

‘For our masters recognized beyond these three — *jaग्रat*, *swapna*, *sushupti*, which we may call physical, psychical, and spiritual — a fourth, the truly divine consciousness. In that, the man shares the consciousness of God Himself, viewing life from the standpoint of God. He no longer looks upward to God; he looks outward from the heart of God, and is one with other souls there. The three are now one: God, my neighbor, myself; all made perfect in the Divine, the Eternal. This is the end, if the Infinite is an end; this is the Brahma-Nirvana of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the complete conscious oneness with the Divine Being, which Krishna holds before Arjuna as his goal. That is our ideal of immortality — no mere continuation of a personal existence after the death of the body, but the consummation of all being, where man finds his true immortal individuality in God.

'Now we come to a cardinal part of our teaching, the consideration of the soul's state after death. We hold that the clue through this labyrinth is the study of the deeper states of consciousness during life. Consider the man who sinks to sleep. From waking, he passes first to dreaming, a disturbed consciousness, in part made up of impressions of waking life, in part drawn from above. From dream, he passes into the third consciousness — for the sage a high spiritual state of fully conscious soul-life; but for the most, a state from which they return with the sense of refreshment, but with no clear memory. Then, through the margin of morning dreams, the man returns to waking consciousness.

'So is it with death and birth. There is, first, the realm of dreams, painted by the imagination during life, so that they who return from temporary death describe conventional heavens and hells, or, as the mediums, describe their "summerland." But this is only the ante-room. The soul then passes on to a state, answering to the third consciousness, of spiritual refreshment and communion, where the inner nature grows, as the outer nature grows in this life; this is the true heaven, the soul's resting-place. Not a final rest, however, not permanent. When the impulse of aspiration which carried it thither is exhausted, the soul "is re-born through the impulses latent in mind," as the *Upanishad* says; it returns through the realm of dreams. And, just as, on waking in the morning, the man has no memory of the spiritual life he has rested in, even though he brings with him its refreshment, so the soul, coming to rebirth, brings with it no clear memory of heaven, yet carries with it the sweet freshness of childhood, the eager willingness to begin life again. But just as, on waking in the morning, the clear-eyed sage remem-

bers the life of the soul which he has known in the realm beyond dream, so, on waking in a new birth, he remembers the heaven he has left, and the long past that his soul has experienced. Both Krishna and Buddha spoke of their memories, and others also remember: "Before Abraham was, I am," as your Master said.

'Thus, with continuity of Consciousness as our clue, we pass by sure steps from personal Consciousness to Divine Consciousness, one, continuous, infinite. It is all a question of seeking. 'Seek and ye shall find.' Go inward, far enough and long enough, with the steady enthusiasm with which you go outward. You are chasing the reflection of the soul; go in the opposite direction, and seek the soul itself. Consciousness is a wedge, of which you know only the thin edge. Begin with that; follow it up, see how it opens, onward and upward, into the being of God.

'Now there is another law, of great moment. We have spoken of Consciousness alone, and of states of Consciousness. That was for convenience and clearness. To be accurate, we should have spoken of states of Consciousness and Will, for they go together, like your Matter and Force. Take a few illustrations. When in Baber the consciousness of ambition invaded the will, he came down on the plains of India and founded a new empire. When Shah Jehan grieved for his dead wife, the Taj Mahal rose into being. When Buddha's love for all mankind worked through his will, he opened the wide pathway to Nirvana. Will builds the house for Consciousness. Consciousness first makes the plan, and then inhabits the house.

'It is so with our evolution. All that Darwin has described is the making of better and higher vestures for individual consciousness. The Will is operative along with Consciousness from

the beginning. That is the driving power which raises the amœba and carries it along the road to manhood. It is this which makes protoplasm live, and no chemical change. Chemical change runs downhill, from unstable to stable compounds; life climbs uphill, and continually produces finer forms.

'Will builds the vesture for Consciousness. So you have the physical body built for waking Consciousness. And when Consciousness and Will are withdrawn, the building falls. Withdrawn whither? Into nothingness? No, but into a finer vesture built by the will, of etheric elements, just as the physical body is built of chemical elements. Your scientists already divine these etheric elements, going after them from without. We discovered them long ages ago, going after them from within. So we are familiar with the psychic body, which Saint Paul speaks of, the vesture of the second consciousness. And we also know the spiritual body, the fine, immortal vesture of the third consciousness. There is the fourth, the radiant robe of Nirvana, the "glorious body," the garment of righteousness. Each is built up, in due season, by the creative power of the Will, always inseparably united with Consciousness.

'This, then, you may say, is the proper field of our Eastern science:

Consciousness and Will, directly experienced, and the deeper, higher layers of Consciousness, continued upward from waking life through the psychic and spiritual worlds toward the Divine. We have our rewards; not mechanical furniture of life, but life itself; not the fattened mortal, ready for the slaughter, but the immortal man, rising toward full divinity, entering more and more into the being of God, into the consciousness and will of God, growing in power, in bliss, in everlastingness.'

The disciple of Shankara ceased. The moon, which at first had strewn broad gold over the waves, had now passed the zenith, and was descending toward the feathered crowns of the palm trees. On the ghostly shore, the long surges were still thundering with their everlasting voices. While we had been talking, they had not been silent, though we had paid no heed to them; had, indeed, heard them not at all. Now, suddenly, we heard them once more.

An eloquent symbol. The long breakers were thundering there upon the strand, crowned with white spray in the moonlight. So are the voices of eternity breaking tumultuously upon our hearts, bearing their great message of immortal life, waiting for the divine moment when, outward voices ceasing, we shall give ear to them, and awake out of sleep.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PERSIAN QUESTION

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE appeal of Persia to the United States for assistance has given the American people as a whole an interest in the problem of the Middle East which they have hitherto lacked, but has at the same time presented to them a distorted view of the situation. The spectacle of a devoted band of patriots struggling to preserve their independence, must rouse the Americans' hatred of oppression, and appeal to their belief in the right of all peoples to govern themselves. If the only issue were Persia's independence, if the only factors in the situation were Russia and Persia, then indeed we might look with sympathy upon this appeal to us, if not with crusading fervor. The glories of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyrus and Xerxes, still cluster round the peoples living in the valleys of the mighty Tigris and Euphrates, and stir the blood of westerners whose own history is in comparison recent and prosaic. But sympathy is not comprehension, and the American people cannot well be blamed for not understanding what even Europeans as a whole seem to be slow to grasp — the fact that Persia, Morocco, Tripoli, are only three sides of the same question, each representing one movement of the pawns in the great international game of chess whose object is the control of the world.

The old Eastern question, as it looked to our fathers in the days when Disraeli and Gladstone were thundering at St. Stephen's, was concerned principally with Turkey in Europe, and to that fact the world in time be-

came accustomed. We grew up on the knowledge that England and France considered their interests in the Mediterranean paramount over those of any other powers, and were prepared at all costs to maintain an autonomous Turkey which should, in turn, keep the Russians behind the Bosphorus. The victorious twain secretly divided the spoils of the Crimean War, Egypt to England, Morocco to France, and took possession, — not, indeed, by the crude method of annexation, but by the infinitely subtler ways of 'peaceful penetration' and high finance. Each was to recognize the dominant commercial and political interests of the other, and was to guarantee them against all comers. To their ally, Italy, the two *promised in time* similar 'rights' in Tripoli. There was, however, no apparent breach with the past; all these states retained their autonomy and their nominal allegiance to the Sick Man whom the Allies kept alive at Constantinople.

Then, with the building of the Suez Canal a new road to India was opened for England, and the reason for her interest in Egypt became clearer. She invested vast sums in Egyptian cotton and other industries, and undertook at enormous expense the construction of the dam at Assouan, which has largely increased the arable area of Egypt and been of great benefit to her population. Up the Nile pushed the English, toward the land they already possessed in Central Africa, and at last the projection of the Cape-to-Cairo railway made apparent the full amount that

England had at stake in Egypt. Egypt is more than a tributary state with a valuable export trade: it is the gate to India and the East, the spot where all English interests converge. At Gibraltar, England holds the mouth of the Mediterranean; in Malta she has the strategic point where all the commercial and naval roads up and down that narrow sea must pass; Suez and the Canal give her a unique control of the short passage to the East; Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, with British Somaliland, holds safe the approaches to the Canal, and, as the English fondly believe, those to India, to the golden East, and that trade on which so many English fortunes are founded.

In the northern Mediterranean England has felt safe. Italy is friendly, and controls in Sicily and the heel of the boot the other side of the passage whose centre Malta holds; besides, Italy owns the Adriatic. An independent Greece, wholly of English creation and supported now against Turkey by English prestige, has in its grip the Ægean Sea and its islands, and furnishes a determined barrier to the extension of Turkish power. The island of Rhodes at the entrance to the Ægean, and the island of Cyprus in the extreme northeastern corner of the Mediterranean, both in English hands, give that country complete naval supremacy in that quarter. To the north of Turkey, in the very teeth of the advancing Cerberus, English money and diplomacy created and nursed through infancy the Balkan States, as buffers between the weak Turk and the strong Russian, which should thus postpone indefinitely the fulfillment of the Russian ambition, the control of the Dardanelles and the Ægean and a share of the Mediterranean trade.

On the north, then, as on the south, England felt safe. The pawns were well placed: it would not be necessary

for the queens and knights to take the offensive.

But it very soon became apparent to the English that the Red Sea route was by no means the only road to India. Napoleon at one time surveyed the roads and investigated the feasibility of leading an army to India through Russia, down the Caspian, overland through Turkestan and Persia, and thence by sea down the Persian Gulf. His officers reported that, while arduous, it was perfectly practicable. As Alexander had used it before, so others (in their own conceit as able as either of the great conquerors) have been mindful of it since. Gradually Russia came to see that Persia alone stood in the way of her egress to the Eastern seas at what might be a most valuable spot for purposes of commerce, as well as a most significant spot for purposes of war upon the English dominion in India.

Already by audacity and diplomacy the Russian territory had been pushed to the very gateway of India in the Himalayas, to the doors of Afghanistan, where she found the wild tribesmen friendly, and ready apparently to aid her in an assault on India by the historic road thus far trodden by all India's conquerors save one. But the Persian route was simpler and less dangerous, and an attack from both sides at once should be crushing indeed. England saw herself circumvented, with Russia in possession of a water-route protected by the desert of Arabia from land assault and debouching into the sea much nearer to India than her own water-route through the Red Sea. Not only might the invading Cossacks pour down the valley of the Indus, in the footsteps of Alexander and Aurungzebe, but England's own sea-route might actually be blocked by Russian fleets operating from the Gulf of Oman. Promptly she 'came to the

rescue' of the Shah and extended her sphere of influence over southern Persia, only to be compelled, willy nilly, to recognize the Russian influence in northern Persia. Again, as in Africa, 'peaceful penetration' was the motto of both countries. Each was willing to bide its time for a more favorable moment.

Now, however, came a complete change in the game of chess, brought about by the alteration of the position of one very important piece on the board. Germany entered the lists with the selfsame plea of justification on her lips which the contestants already on the ground had originally put forward, and one, therefore, hard for them to deny, — the plea of might. To their excited outcries against such a trespass, she ironically replied that they, too, were trespassing without permission upon territory already occupied and owned for many centuries by Moroccans, Egyptians, Persians. The astute diplomatists of the Wilhelmsstrasse, who played the game with the utmost secrecy and finesse and with a splendid and indeed tangible object in view, succeeded in rearranging the whole scheme of international alliances. They saw nothing less than a Germano-Turkish alliance controlling a great belt of country stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, including half of Europe and the whole of Asia Minor, and so situated as to be an effectual bulwark against the Slav on the one side, and the English and the French on the other. Such a solid phalanx of interests might soon take Egypt, cut the English cord binding India to her, and thus carry off the capital prizes of the centuries. Moreover, India and Egypt, both conquered countries, trained to obey alien rulers for more than two thousand years, would bow before German efficiency as they had before Anglo-Saxon determination.

But to make feasible such a plan would demand the union of all German stocks under the banner of Prussia. Austria and Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria, all must aid. Turkey must be revived and reorganized, and proper transportation facilities furnished to tie together an empire capable of holding fast in its grip the connection between East and West, the destinies of Europe and Asia. Slowly, secretly, but surely, the various preliminaries were arranged. The German Emperor, filled suddenly with a desire to travel in the Holy Land, visited Constantinople, Syria, and the territories he hoped to use, spying out the land by a Pisgah glimpse, as it seems. A working alliance was made with Turkey, but it soon became apparent that the Sultan was bound by iron-clad agreements to France and England which his government could not in honor disregard. To rid the Turk of these hampering leading-strings, the Young Turk party, eager patriots, anxious to strengthen their country and throw off the shackles of England and France, was helped into the saddle, and the fetters on its hands were stricken off by the making of a new constitution.

General Von der Goltz, one of the ablest officers of the German army, was 'allowed' to spend several years in Turkey, in the pay of the Turkish government, building up a new and efficient army, trained in the latest methods and armed with the most recent equipment. And he has succeeded. The foreign military attachés, who witnessed the last Turkish manœuvres, have confessed that the new troops are as fine a body of men as any in Europe. Nor was the navy forgotten. Nevertheless, the understanding of the allies was that Austria should undertake the building of a navy and create suitable ports on the Adriatic as her share, and should act in concert

with the new Turkish fleet when 'the day' arrived.

From every point of view, the Adriatic—long, narrow, protected from the English and French fleets by the Italian peninsula, and allowing a fleet to operate against Egypt without the necessity of passing the impregnable Malta—would be an admirable asset of the allies. Without that asset, they could not hope in the end to prevail, unless the impossible should happen and a German fleet should fight its way through the Channel, past Gibraltar and the other numerous obstacles strewn by England in the path of her enemies. Moreover, with the French fleet on the ground, and aid certain from Italy, alarmed at the idea of Austrian dominance in the Adriatic, the Turkish fleet and harbors would be too far from the scene of action to furnish an adequate base from which to contest even for a time the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean. Great dockyards, complete machinery for repairing and outfitting modern fleets, excellent communication with the sources of supply at the Krupp factories, would also be essential, not only to win, but to maintain in after years that supremacy of the Mediterranean once won. Nor could there be any doubt that the utmost forethought and ability would be needed to consummate this part of the plan.

And most important of all, Turkey should undertake, under German direction, and with German capital, the building of an efficient trunk-line railway from Constantinople to Bagdad, which should become the great artery linking Berlin and Vienna with the Orient. This, too, would be a difficult and expensive task. Over mountains and rivers, through deserts and plains, the roadbed must be constructed with materials brought often from a great distance. The initial expense would be

huge; the operating expenses could not fail to be large; the income, from a sparsely-populated country, chiefly given over to grazing and agriculture, must be small. The road would be palpably a military highway whose purpose could hardly be concealed or denied. Yet it was a necessity of the first importance: without it, the great scheme would fail; and when the scheme should succeed, the railway would be precisely the artery along which the trade of the East would flow through Vienna and Berlin to European markets; so that the ultimate profits on the investment could not fail to be enormous.

Meanwhile, the Wilhelmsstrasse had not been idle in Europe. Austria was thoroughly pledged to the new naval programme, and had a dozen first-class battleships in commission in 1911. An important step toward the realization of a better connection with the Adriatic had been insured by the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. Thus the complete control of a most important section of the eastern side of the Adriatic was gained, which is practically supplemented by the excellent harbors of Montenegro because of the very favorable relations between the newly-made king of the latter country and Austria. Certainly the Austrians will not scruple to rob him of crown and kingdom when 'the day' comes.

In Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, and Macedonia, the German and Austrian agents have been busy, with excellent success. The military attachés of one or the other are drilling troops in all of them, and the fortifications are being strengthened where necessary to insure the control of the roads and to allay the fears of the loss of independence by any one of the Balkan States; for the latter do not trust their allies even when they come bearing gifts. They realize, however, that in this case they are an

integral part of the scheme and are almost in a position to dictate terms.

When all should be ready the steps to take would be simple. Persia would give the allies the road to India, and the railway would not only convey troops to the front, but bring the spoils — the Eastern trade — to Europe. Persia would also place the allies in a position to attack Egypt on the one side, while Tripoli, already owned by Turkey, would allow a flank attack on the Nile and Red Sea from any point on its long eastern frontier. On the west it would open to attack the French in Tunis and Algeria. In Egypt, the Young Egyptian party would be a tool ready to do its utmost to knife its English 'protector' in hope of finding the hand of the Young Turk, guided by Germany, easier to evade. Above all, the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan throughout the Mediterranean world, and the tie of blood and religion binding the natives to him, would furnish in every case ample justification for any operations that expediency might dictate. Egypt, Tunis, and Morocco could be 'rescued' from the Infidel by the new Turkish army; Tripoli, Syria, and Macedonia could be 'subdued,' and thus a real control of the Turkish Empire gained simply through the enforcement of the Sultan's traditional rights. The Turkish and Austrian fleets, operating from the Adriatic *behind* the line of English naval stations, ought to prevent interference with the army on the mainland until too late. In India, the Young Hindus would be awaiting with open arms the arrival of a new champion, filled with the hope, already so often disappointed, that he would restore their independence.

England would not or could not send aid because, before the outbreak of war in the Mediterranean, the German fleet would have menaced England itself and roused the fears of

starvation should the Channel fall for a fortnight into hostile hands, which ought to be sufficient to keep the Channel fleet at home. Indeed, without fighting a battle or incurring any considerable risk, the German fleet might so alarm the Admiralty as to cause them to weaken the Mediterranean squadron enough to give the Austro-Turkish flotilla a chance to fight a decisive battle which might leave the strategic points in their hands. Meanwhile, the mobilization of the German army, destination undisclosed by any of its movements, and the spreading of rumors of its immediate use against either France or Russia, would effectually occupy those countries at home and prevent their interference with the execution of the real object of the great scheme in the Mediterranean. It would not be necessary for Germany to do much openly, for the real movements would be ostensibly in other hands: her strategic position on the French and Russian frontiers, her great fleet, the realization of what she might do, ought to be sufficient to paralyze Europe until the real work should have been accomplished. The enterprise was difficult, hazardous perhaps, but feasible and, above all, glorious.

The late Moroccan incident seems to have been a blind, a feint, to mislead the foe as to the quarter from whence the assault might be expected. Of the great scheme, much had been begun but little finished. The new constitution was in operation in Turkey, and the administration was being remodeled, and the finances rescued from the condition of chronic bankruptcy which had always delivered the Sultan bound hand and foot to the English and French bankers, whose governments always insisted upon awkward 'arrangements' to insure payment of principal and interest. Independence of England and France was thus assured.

Moreover, the form of self-government instituted would have the sympathies of the western world with it and not against it in its struggles for efficiency, and so would be far less likely to furnish foreign governments with excuses for interference than had been the old so-called absolute rule. 'A free Turkey' is already proving itself a talismanic phrase to conjure with.

The army, however, was not yet large enough; the railroad only partially constructed; the Austrian navy not yet large enough to think of taking the offensive; the Balkans not yet fully Germanized; the moment had not come, and yet the enemy was restive and curious. Something ought therefore to be done, and the financial prostration of Russia seemed to make it likely that an aggressive movement against France could be undertaken without danger at home. It might win the territory asked for, and would at the very least compel England and France to reveal the well-kept secret of their relations. It would be well to find out, if it could be done without risk, whether the English promises to the French really would be kept. From England, laden with domestic troubles, no danger was anticipated. Nor would there be anything improbable in a German policy to extend the Cameroons to the Congo. No interest would be threatened except Belgium's, and that unfortunate country could not well resist. Advances to Spain had also revealed a willingness in that quarter to assist in robbing the French of some of their monopoly in Morocco, while the position of Spain at the mouth of the Mediterranean could not fail to be useful to the great scheme.

But the stroke at Agadir had most unexpected results. To the amazement of the Wilhelmsstrasse France was supported by England, which at once hinted at her cognizance of the

larger issues involved. To the astonishment of the world — with the exception of a few astute bankers in London and Paris — a financial crisis of the first magnitude was precipitated in Germany by the recall of the French and English loans, and it became apparent that the vast business of the Fatherland was being done on credit, and that the country was without the ready money to begin a war, much less carry one on. Germany was practically in the hands of the foreign bankers, who refused to relieve the situation unless assurances of peace were given.

The financial condition of Russia had caused the Germans to move; so the crumbling of Germany's credit-structure showed England, France, and Russia, — the new Triple Entente, — that the moment had come to checkmate the great scheme itself. Hence the firm stand of France and England on the question of Morocco, the settlement of all doubts as to the readiness of England to support her ally, and the consequent retreat of Germany, at any rate for the time being. Then, to prevent the utilization of Tripoli against Egypt by the Germano-Turkish alliance, Italy was allowed to take possession. Tripoli, independent save for a nominal allegiance to Constantinople, would be always a menace, and must be placed in hands which would possess a definite personal interest in keeping it out of the hands of Germany, Austria, or Turkey. In addition, Lord Kitchener, England's most active and able soldier, was sent to Egypt, to organize the defense and prepare for any eventualities whatever.

If any proof were needed of the serious nature of the crisis which the English believe to be at hand, the appointment of this distinguished man would afford it. To strengthen the fleet in the Indian Ocean and protect India and the colonies without weakening the home

fleet, the colonies will build and maintain battleships. To quiet the discontent supposed to be seething in India, and at any rate remove its specious justification, the King has just announced at the Durbar the granting of a new constitution which will give the educated Hindus some of that share in the government of their country for which they have been clamoring.

In addition, an independent Persia, with a constitutional government and an American treasurer, means the complete destruction of English and Russian influence at precisely the moment when circumstances make it most essential. Such a Persia would be simply a plum ready to be picked by the owner of the Bagdad Railway at his own convenience. To checkmate Germany, a more definite control of Persia will be necessary than any independent state could possibly countenance. Persia for the Persians became unthinkable when it involved the dismissal by Mr. Shuster, for financial reasons, of most of the English and Russian secret agents, and the entire destruction of the system of underground wires by which the two powers had so long controlled the Shah's government. Neither England nor Russia can believe that the Persians themselves are really responsible for this movement for independence. They see Germany instigating and subsidizing it. The hands may be the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob.

Moreover, the establishment by Mr. Shuster of an efficient administration, the collection of a regular revenue, the training of an army, the education of the Persians in self-government, would at once remove the plausible excuse which England and Russia had given for interference in Persia in the first place. The English commercial commissions had reported that no civilization existed in Persia; that the Persians

were incapable of self-government; and that the powers ought, therefore, to take control. To prove the falsity of this specious plea, to show the world that Persians could establish and maintain a model state according to the most approved western notions, was the prime object of the recent revolutions. The nationalist movement aimed at the cessation of foreign influence altogether, — whether from Russia, England, or Germany mattered little to the Persians, — and at the creation of a state capable of holding them all at bay. If the leaders are in league with Germany, the people certainly are not. The very degree of Mr. Shuster's success in providing a revenue; the steady and enthusiastic support accorded him by the officials, the Mejliss, and the populace; the manifest hatred of England and Russia evidenced by mass-meetings and processions, by violent denunciations of the foreigner by orators on street corners and priests in the mosques, only convinced the two powers that German influence was even stronger than they thought.

Accordingly, to Russia was assigned the active part in upsetting the new state. She quickly found that Mr. Shuster had committed 'grave' offenses against her citizens and consuls, and demanded his dismissal and the payment of indemnity. The determination of the Persians not to yield only showed the powers that they had not gone far enough; the troops were at once ordered forward; and the final ultimatum from the two powers, to which Persia at last acceded, demanded practically the definite recognition of the right of England and Russia to control Persia's destiny. As a guarantee, the Persians must sign away their financial independence. The allies are demanding heavy money 'indemnities' which they will take good care to make large

enough to preclude the possibility of their payment without recourse to a large foreign loan. This in turn will be furnished the unfortunate Persians only on such conditions as will effectually mortgage for years to come as many of their resources as can be found not already assigned to foreign syndicates. The powers will do their best to leave no money for future Shusters to collect. The Persians, poor wretches, cannot be allowed to govern themselves well or ill; they are misguided enough to live in a country possessed of strategic importance, and they must take the consequences.

The outcome does not seem at present to admit of much doubt. France will secure absolute control of Morocco; Italy will keep Tripoli; Russia and England will restore something like the old inefficient rule in Persia unless the Persians themselves force an annexation and partition which England certainly is anxious to avoid. Then the weak link in the German chain, the Balkans, can perhaps be severed by judicious promises, coupled to assurances from Russia of pacific intentions. Austria-Hungary is far from invulnerable. The Magyars have been planning for years a separation of the nations; the Czechs in Bohemia have been in potential revolt for centuries, and only await an opportunity; the Croatian peoples are more than anxious to assert their independence. The death of the present Emperor, likely to occur at any moment, is believed to be the signal for which the malcontents are waiting. Nor is it by any means clear that race-hatred and traditional dislike of Austrian rule would not be the strongest forces in those countries and lead them to take advantage of a state of European war to obtain the objects of national ambition jealously nourished for centuries.

Prussia is by no means popular in

southern Germany; the Social-Democrats are vehemently opposed to war; and to carry the German Empire itself solidly for the great scheme, when its main objects should have been made public, might be no easy task even for the self-confident Wilhelm. At best the great scheme rested upon a coalition of many divergent interests which have oftener opposed each other in the past than worked in unison. To sow suspicion, to create discord, to rouse the 'national' spirit, and thus to weaken, if not destroy, the *entente* so carefully built up by Prussia, should be no difficult task.

And there will be plenty of time in which to win such battles with the pen. The German plans are so far from finished, the danger of financial depression, if not of national bankruptcy, is so great, that the German diplomats have felt it to be imperative to take every possible precaution against the outbreak of hostilities at present. To this end the Imperial Chancellor has made the most emphatic disclaimers in the Reichstag of any intention on the part of Germany to take hostile action against either England or France within the last six months, and practically pledged his nation to peace for some time to come.

His speech was greeted by incredulous shouts of boisterous merriment from the Conservatives, and by open gestures of disapproval from the Crown Prince. It will be no easy task for the warlike Wilhelm and his aides to restrain the Frankenstein they have been so industriously putting together for the last fifteen years. But it must be done. War of any kind is expensive to-day, and the great scheme means that Germany must finance not only herself but Turkey and the Balkans. After all, as the *Saturday Review* reminded the English some months ago, 'We still hold our trump-

card, money; and that for the completion of Turkish plans is absolutely necessary, and can in the end only be obtained on reasonable terms, if at all, from France and Great Britain.' Until

the domination of England, France, and America in the financial world can be decisively offset by German capital, little of the great scheme can be executed.

THE WILDCAT TRAIL

BY RICHARD RICE, JR.

HAVE you ever invested in a company to get amber out of the Aral Sea, or were you one of the enthusiastic victims of the 'Salt-Water Gold-Extract' swindle, managed some twenty years ago by a Baptist clergyman at Narragansett Pier? Do you happen to own, as I do, single shares in the trust that is going to put a dumb-waiter to the top of Mont Blanc, in the Seattle-Honolulu Aeroplane Projected Company, Limited, or in the Tunis and Timbuctoo Wireless Telegraph, with the right to send one thousand words, yourself, free of charge? If you are concerned in any of these great enterprises, you will have experienced that peculiar thrill of high adventure and old romance which alone inspires a man to participate (more than once) in the glorious deeds of our friend, the wildcat. But if you have never gone in for anything nobler than a steel bond, or if you have at most herded with the bulls and the bears and the shorn lambs, and have not followed the wildcat trail into the grander parts of the jungle, then I have a message for you.

But should there be a moral to my tale, I must beg you to add that for yourself; or else go to those steady

financiers who never speculate, who only buy and sell securities: they can point the moral for you. And after hearing their fable of sugar and tobacco and oil and coal and beef, you may take your choice between becoming rich and buying another government bond. I can't help you there, for I am no more interested in becoming rich, or buying a government bond, or pointing a moral, than is the wildcat himself. Like the wildcat, I am interested only in adventure and in philosophy; hence I will have nothing to do with morals and securities. They are dull and unenlightening affairs. My message is the delight of a good honest risk. Now you have my point of view about both money and life, if you are one of those who distinguish between them.

But, you say, this is so impractical, so absurdly romantic! Are you sure? Take your wife and children, for instance: were they not once a good honest risk? What are you trying to make of them now, — securities! My dear sir, that is just what accounts for your present domestic *malaise*. You have been applying a financial system to romance. The trouble is not that your financial system did not apply; the real

trouble has been all along that your financial system itself is thoroughly unsound. Of course, the very fact that it did not apply to romance should settle that point. It is only a fear that you have forgotten what romance really is that bids me continue.

What the romanticist is always looking for is a good honest risk. Sometimes they come in the mail. You very likely know how that is yourself, but you probably throw them all into the wastebasket. I have learned, however, to distinguish between the specious and hypocritical prospectus, that argues, on grounds of plausibility, the honesty of its intentions, and the circular which merely announces to you the existence of a *bona fide risk*, offering, at the most, a few entirely extraneous inducements to join in.

I got one of the latter sort this morning. It came in a perfectly plain, unpretentious envelope from Portland, Maine. The heading was, 'THE LATIN-AMERICAN PEANUT COMPANY.' I always know these things instinctively, and as I read these first fine words, 'THE LATIN-AMERICAN PEANUT COMPANY, OPERATING THE BONGO RIVER PLANTATIONS IN YUCATAN,' with every syllable my enthusiasm rose. The romance of the thing! 'Capital, so and so,' — these little details are always unimportant. 'Directors, so and so,' — mysterious and alluring as figures at a masked ball. 'COME IN NOW BEFORE WE GO UP!' — this in red ink, rather ominous. 'ONE DOLLAR MAKES YOU A SHAREHOLDER. ONE HUNDRED SHARES PURCHASED NOW *may mean a fortune* WITHIN A YEAR! HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT PEANUTS ARE THE GREAT AMERICAN FOOD? NAME ANOTHER GROCERY AS COMMON! COMMON, BUT NOT COMMONPLACE! (Read *The Romance of the Peanut*, sent free to every subscriber for one share of our stock.) REMEMBER! NO CLIMATE

FOR PEANUTS LIKE YUCATAN — NO CLIMATE IN YUCATAN LIKE THE BONGO BASIN — WE OWN THE BONGO — ALL WE NEED IS DEVELOPMENT!!'

Is not the art of advertising the great American art? Does this not itself show that we are really more interested in mind than in matter, if we only knew it? Like a good American, then, I was about to tear off the coupon, and invest — one dollar, — when my wife came in.

'Here is the milk-bill,' she said, 'it's eight dollars.'

'Wait!' I cried. 'We are about to make our fortune, we can pay it then. Listen to this.'

My wife listened, and as usual at once proceeded to moralize the matter. Of course, she concluded, if I only wanted to invest in a little financial dissipation, there was certainly as small a chance here as anywhere of getting anything else back; but the baby had to have milk, fifteen-cent milk.

'Let him be brought up on peanuts!' I cried, beginning to fill out the yellow blank. 'You always miss the point; who wants anything back? Is n't it enough to be operating on the Bongo! Is n't it more than enough to have such a circular to read aloud every morning before breakfast, like a collect for eternal hope! Ah, glorious peanuts! National food! What whiffs of memory you bring! The pathos of the street-corner, the glamour of the grand-stand! And besides all these practical inducements,' I continued, 'listen to this: — "WE INVITE all original holders of five hundred shares of our stock to make the voyage from New Orleans to Bongo AS OUR GUESTS, in the new steamship-yacht Filopena, to inspect for themselves these PROMISING PEANUT PLANTATIONS."''

The alliteration here seemed to me so fine that I looked up for applause.

My wife held out the milk-bill. 'The man is waiting,' she said.

Of course, if we are bound to be prosaic creatures bringing up a lot of milk-fed children, who will in turn settle down to a life of sheer health and success, put their money into sugar or pig-iron, and die softly on a fat bank account, we may feel that there is a fundamental fallacy in all the projects of the wildcat. I admit that, judged by our standards of success and pig-iron, the wildcat often appears to be a trifle eccentric. In fact, he sometimes will not measure up at all. But that is largely because our point of view ignores the fact that, without some original wildcat, long ago, we should have no pig-iron and no consequent success to judge him by to-day. The wildcat's habits are adapted to his own peculiar aims; we must judge him and them together.

Let us look a little closer, then, at this creature. In the first place, he never herds; he is alone in the jungle. To the rest of us herded animals, therefore, he looks fearsome and fanatical. Yet, after he has blazed out the wild strange trails, and we have seen his eye, aglow with their wonders, gleaming with possibility, do not we, dull minions of success, follow cautiously after, when the danger and the glamour are passed, and the heroic wildcat, the pioneer, has roamed further, alone? Without him, the epic hero and true Titan of modern progress, should not the rest of us poor miserable tenderfeet still be hiding our talents in the proverbial napkin, and would not Calumet and Trinity be only as valuable as so many unburrowed rabbit-holes?

The wildcat has always been a lonely being, 'a lonely thinker.' From the day when Hercules set out to gather the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides, to the day when Sandy Nugget tramped over the Yu-

kon Trail, he has wandered the wildernesses alone. No sociable three per cent comforts for him! With gigantic conceptions of possibility, he strides a continent for a shovelful of sand, he dives into the deeps for an oyster-shell. And what if, occasionally scattering his sand in our faces, he swears that it glitters like gold; and what if, rising with his oyster-shell, he cries, 'Behold my pearl without price!' — what sort of *success* have we to prove the contrary?

The true wildcat appeals to the heroic side of all of us; for he fascinates us, not with fraudulent plausibility, but with the lure of the barely possible. He talks little of the security, much of the risk; and, as he speaks, it is not the flush of success but the gleam of the venture that lights his eye. So did Raleigh fascinate the court of Elizabeth, he who began by risking his cloak in the mire for the golden favor of her smile. What did he know of El Dorado? What did any of them *know*? They were not looking for a security, — those were the days when a bit of gossip about a painted Indian and a name like Orinoco could launch a fleet. Those wild days, you say, are well passed; if you heard of a venture like that to-day, you would buy another steel bond and hurriedly take out more life insurance. 'Think of our wives and children!' Think, says the wildcat, of getting your dividends in Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight! Think, you careful ones, who bury your dollars in the dust of Pittsburg and float them in the gas of Barre-town, think of the sensations of the man with a share in those old ventures on the Spanish Main!

The speculative philosophy of the wildcat is not to be dismissed too quickly. Three per cent is prosaic, not because it is small, but because it is certain. This was the motto of Dick Whittington's fine animal, and he

handed it down to all his progeny. Was it certainty that made a Dutch burgher, in the year 1634, pay fifty-five hundred florins for a single tulip bulb, and watch its growth and its color as a gambler watches the red and the black at Monte Carlo? When it was perfect, a child broke the stem. What would your memory be if Barreldown burned to-morrow?

Occasionally, some one still understands this matter; and, though you say romance has vanished, it was scarcely yesterday that we proved the contrary. Up from the Caribbean to Wall Street there came a deep-sea diver, a man with a vision of gold scattered on a coral-reef, a man with an old story of the sea, such as you will always listen to, a story of treasure-ships, buccaneers of Tortuga, laden with the plunder of Mexican mines, and wrecked sometime in the days of Captain Teach on the Banner Reef off Jamaica. All this is history, of a sort; and the diver, having found the reef, came to New York to flash doubloons and pieces of eight, picked up on the sea-floor, in the eyes of respectable brokers and other philanthropists.

The reason he had not pocketed the whole treasure himself was twofold: first, he was a true wildcat; and, secondly, he had a theory that the enormous bulk of the treasure, in bar-silver, had become imbedded in the coral, which in two hundred and fifty years had grown over it. But with a small vessel, a daring crew, some dynamite, and a grand-stand of awe-struck stockholders, the matter might be exploited. Thirty thousand dollars, say, as against a possible three millions; one to a hundred; and about as many chances of success. Still, bar-silver from Tortuga buccaneers, and Spanish doubloons! Security? — not a mite; but possibility — unlimited! There were still men enough on Wall Street

to see such a venture through. And, just to enhance the affair, they bought the old cup-defender, *Mayflower*; for though she herself might be as rotten as the ark, her name and fame were part of the romance of the sea. Also the name of the commander, Guy Scull, — now by the bones of Captain Kidd, could it have been better! No wonder they took their money out of leather, and soap, and glue, and storage beef, and put it into this venture, — their one venture untarnished by thoughts of dross and calculations of plausibility.

To add a special zest to the expedition, it started in the hurricane season, since, *between hurricanes*, the sea is of all times the quietest and most favorable for diving. Before long came the first reports, accompanied by a photograph. The photograph was taken from the main hatch of the *Mayflower*, and it showed Commander Scull gripping with his legs the ten-foot stump of the foremast, the highest thing above decks, while he signaled for help with his shirt. Behind him, an enormous sea, which had left the deck awash, rolled to the top of the picture. That was off Hatteras. But just before she sank, they were saved by a Swede, and in Savannah they fitted out again, — this time in a brigantine. ‘*A brigantine!*’ cried the awe-struck stockholders, ‘we should never have thought of that!’ And so, by February, they had passed Florida Straits and the Windward Passage into the blue Caribbean.

The Caribbean! with its trackless memories of ancient navigators: Columbus and Cortez; Pizarro, De Soto, and Ponce de Leon; Drake, Raleigh, and Granville; explorers and filibusters; the buccaneering crews of Morgan and Montbar, of Blackbeard Teach and Captain Kidd, whose flags, flying from St. Kitts and Tortuga, terrorized

the Spanish Main from the Orinoco to Darien. The great commanders and their ships: Nelson in the Victory, Rodney in the Formidable, Tom Truxton in the unconquerable Constellation; discoverers, pirates, admirals; men of vision and action. So who cared how it all ended?

Yes, you say, the thing sounds well enough written up, and in a book it would — and so forth. That is just the trouble. You think of romance only as something unreal, or at least unsafe, except in books, in the past, in history. You do not perceive that it is the vitalizing part of progress which you look askance at in this spirit of romance, — but very likely you are regarded as a pillar of society for your solid, blind opinions. Your social fortune was dug out of Calumet, after the wildcat had broken the sod; it blossomed with the sugar-cane, after Raleigh and the rest of them died poor. A hundred years ago, or more, you were a part of history. To-day you are what? — a success.

You still feel, however, do you not, that there is something very unsound in all this, — unless, perchance, it is all only meant for laughter? Well, I admit it. There is something wrong with the wildcat. You see, his roman-

tic philosophy, being the quintessence of all philosophy, could not well be like your financial system. Philosophy, heaven knows, has got nowhere as yet, compared with money. You can't count on philosophy; it assumes no civic burdens; it has no reality.

Toward the end of the last century, a romanticist, one born out of due time, came to this country on an emigrant ship. He had seen Americans before; in fact, he was coming to marry an American woman in California. On the ship he met a man who appeared to him like a symbol, a personification, of something that had long been looming up with horrible ominousness. All the romanticist said about him was that, 'His eyes were sealed by a cheap school-book materialism. He could see nothing in the world but money and steam-engines. He believed in production, that useful figment of economy, as if it had been real, like laughter.'

You may imagine that the romanticist did not accomplish very much in America with these ideas. He laughed a great deal, and wept, too, and before long he disappeared over the edge of the known world in his yacht, Casco. He was not one of us; he belonged to history. From out the past his philosophy sounds more and more like laughter.

THE PROSPECTS OF ANGLO-SAXON DEMOCRACY

BY L. T. HOBHOUSE

ENGLISH opponents of democracy have long been accustomed to quote American experiences in support of their case. 'The Government of the people by the people,' they tell us, 'is a pretty phrase. But what does it really mean? Look at the United States, which has never been burdened with a hereditary chamber, which knows no distinctions of rank, and elects the chief of the nation every four years. There are all the forms of self-government. How much is there of the reality? Get behind names, look at facts, and what do you find? Municipal corruption, the power of rich corporations, the omnipotence of the political machine, the misguidance of the electorate by the press. There is no government by the popular will, because there is no popular will to govern.'

How much of this indictment is true, Americans can judge better than an Englishman whose experience of their country has been too brief to make him an instructed observer, and too pleasant to leave him, perhaps, a wholly unbiased critic. But certain things must strike even a casual visitor to the United States who keeps his eyes open and takes any pains to sift the opinions which he encounters.

For example, coming from England, he can hardly fail to be impressed with the outward signs of a widely diffused prosperity, and the absence of those marks of abject and hopeless distress which stare him in the face whenever he walks the streets of

an English town. He may be fully on his guard against superficial appearances, but he can hardly resist the impression that, whether because of its government, or in spite of its government, or in entire independence of the character of its government, the United States has somehow secured for a great mass of human beings the material basis of a healthy and happy personal life.

When, returning to his own country, he hears poverty and destitution ascribed exclusively to inborn defects of character, and declared to be curable by no change of institutions but only by the elimination of worthless stocks, he is confirmed in any skepticism which he may previously have felt as to this convenient method of saddling the sufferers with the responsibility for their wretchedness. At the same time, if he talks much to American men conversant with affairs, he will soon be disabused of the notion still prevalent on this side of the water that even thoughtful Americans are possessed of a cocksure confidence in the perfection of their institutions. In this respect what he learns cuts both ways. It confirms his impression that democracy in America has yet to make itself a reality, but it strongly suggests that the chief condition of success, the awakening of the popular mind, is in process of realization.

As a matter of form, democracy consists in the dependence of government on the machinery of the ballot-box. As a matter of substance, it consists in the

effective control of legislation and administration by the popular will. The condition of such control is that there should exist a popular will, and this can only be if there is a generally diffused interest in public affairs, a wide sense of civic responsibility, and a tolerably clear conception of the common good.

How far it is possible to realize these conditions the future alone can decide. They can never be achieved once and for all by any specific political reform. They can be maintained only by the continual effort of the ablest and most public-spirited men. The dictum of Mill, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, applies to the entire working of democratic institutions. They can be maintained only at the cost of continual exertion.

After the supreme effort of the Civil War it is probable that many of the ablest men in the United States took a rest from public affairs and let things slide. It would seem that they have discovered their mistake. To be convinced of sin, the churches teach, is the beginning of a new life, and politically it would seem that America is convinced of sin. That is to the onlooker the surest augury of hope.

Both in America and England the immediate problem confronting an awakened democracy is economic in character. But it presents very different aspects. In America it is essentially a problem of the control of colossal wealth which, through the political machine, and acting on the plastic material of the immigrant and the colored vote, constantly threatens to strangle public life. In England the Free-Trade system has arrested the economic tendency to monopoly, but has not sufficed to solve the problem of poverty. In fact, while America has to deal with her rich, England has to deal with her poor.

In one sense the problem is the same,

for it is that of diverting from anti-social purposes and turning to social account the immense augmentation of wealth that modern industry places in the hands of those who exercise financial control. But in England the trouble is that, from whatever cause, the mass of the working classes are unable to secure that share of the constantly increasing wealth of the nation which would enable them to respond to the fuller requirements of civilized life. The rise in the general standard of comfort, which proceeded slowly but steadily until the close of the last century, has been checked by the serious increase in the cost of living. Though money wages have risen, the most careful statistics place it beyond doubt that 'real wages' are on the average lower than they were ten years ago. They show also that a considerable percentage of working people in regular employment is actually unable week by week to earn a sum which, after paying house-rent, would suffice to keep an average family of five persons in a sufficiency of food, clothing, and fuel for the maintenance of full health and vigor. When casual labor and seasons of irregular employment are taken into account, it is probable that quite thirty per cent of the laboring population finds itself at one time or another in this condition.

The further rise in prices in the present year brought matters to a head, and a series of strikes broke out in the summer, which were generally successful in redressing the balance to a certain extent. But to show how modest are the present ambitions of the English working class, it may suffice to say that the closest investigation of the measure of a 'living wage,' as above defined,—that of Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree,—goes to show that at present prices it can hardly be less than between twenty-three and twenty-four shillings a week for an urban laborer,

while the wage for which many of the unskilled laborers were striking was only one pound a week.

Much has been attempted during the last five years to remedy economic distress. For the most 'sweated' industries wages-boards have been established, which have fixed minimum wages for men- and women-workers. So far these boards have touched only the fringe of the question; and while the minimum has been fixed in some instances low enough, but far above the ordinary rate previously paid, it still remains to be seen what the ultimate economic effect will be. Meanwhile a pension system caters for the aged, and has materially reduced the percentage of pauperism; and a great scheme of insurance against sickness and unemployment has occupied Parliament throughout the present year. This scheme, however, puts a considerable burden both on employer and employed, the contribution of the state being less than one fourth of the whole; and many people fear that the relief and security it will bring will be paid for by an undue increase of the burden on insufficient wages.

It is the actual insufficiency of remuneration and the lack of hopeful outlook for the mass of weekly wage-earners that are exercising the minds of the mass of the working class, and rendering them comparatively indifferent to the political changes which are proceeding apace.

For in point of form the United Kingdom is, after a long period of stagnation, and even of reaction, again making rapid strides toward pure democracy. The attempt of the House of Lords to regain its power ended in its complete downfall. The limitation of its veto to a period of two years was a revolution which for the first time made the Commons of England really master in their own house. Yet such was the absorp-

tion of the country in industrial questions, and so generally diffused was the opinion that the veto was an anachronism, that the change went through in the end without a serious struggle and with scarcely a flutter of public opinion.

Yet the effects of the change are being felt at once through the whole arena of political controversy. Home Rule for Ireland immediately became practical politics. The old passions which that controversy aroused hover, the mere ghosts of their former selves, upon the scene, and the success of the measure to be introduced this year will depend entirely on the skill of legislators in handling some of the undoubted difficulties of detail which surround the adjustment of relations between two countries so distinct in character but so closely united by geography.

But alongside of Home Rule other democratic measures are pressing. The payment of members of the House of Commons, once held as a dream of extreme radicalism, has become an accomplished fact, and now, in place of further tinkering with the qualifications for the ballot, the Prime Minister has announced a bill establishing what is virtually manhood suffrage for the next session. This is a measure which the House of Lords may be relied on to throw out, but under the new Constitution it will be passed into law, unless unforeseen circumstances cut short the life of the Ministry before the present Parliament is dissolved. Along with manhood suffrage the question of women's franchise will be raised, and the point which is now really in debate is not whether women shall have the ballot, but whether it shall be extended to all women at once, as to all men, or whether some of the limiting qualifications abolished for men shall be re-enacted for women, so that the entire sex shall not be enfranchised at a

stroke. It is thus clear enough that the elaboration of the machinery of democracy, which has been arrested since the last great extension of the suffrage in 1884, has been suddenly resumed, and is being swiftly and, to all appearances, smoothly executed.

The cumulative effect of these changes, if they are carried into law, should, according to ordinary rules of probability, be very considerable. It is not that — apart from women's suffrage — any new class remains to be enfranchised. Since 1884, and even since 1867, the franchise has been wide enough to secure to the working classes any specific measure upon which they had unanimously agreed. But the complications of the governing machinery have been so many that democracy, even if successful in a frontal attack, has frequently been defeated in detail. In the first place the mere electoral machinery, in spite of the broad basis of the suffrage, has given an immense handicap to property. Owners may vote in every constituency in which they have property, and, in consequence, a considerable number of divisions are carried regularly by a non-resident vote. These qualifications will be swept away. Residence will become the sole basis of the franchise, every man will possess one vote only, and as between the different parties quite a number of divisions which have hitherto provided safe seats for the representation of material interests will now be thrown open to equal competition.

Then, the registration laws, with their complex conditions and the length of residence required, have indirectly disfranchised large numbers of artisans and even of professional men, who have frequently to move with their work, while the business of registration, being largely in the hands of the party machines, has been a stronghold of the influence of money in politics. Lastly,

the absence of remuneration has militated against the entry of men without private means into Parliament. The changes now in course of being effected will establish for the first time the conditions of a thoroughly democratic House of Commons.

It may seem to Americans that at most this is only to bring English democracy to the point at which American democracy has long stood. But there is a material difference. No American institution has powers which, either by law or custom, approach those which the British House of Commons has long enjoyed, and which are now completed by the assertion of its formal supremacy over the House of Lords. The House of Commons not only has the powers of Congress and a state legislature in one, it also controls the executive, and when it passes a law it means it to be carried out. I would not contend that it is always successful. The courts have great powers of obstruction. The Civil Service, staffed by irremovable and very able officials, is often but feebly controlled by the Cabinet Minister who is the nominal chief of any one of its great departments. But when all is said, a House of Commons that means to have its way can get its way, and if the democracy can control the House of Commons it will have an organ of high efficiency. It will have as a matter of course powers which in the United States could only be gained by the difficult and doubtful method of securing a series of constitutional amendments. It is thus, in fact, possible that within a few years the United Kingdom may become a more effective democracy than any great state, with the exception of Australia.

This is possible. But let us glance for a moment at the forces operating on the other side. Politically more and more democratic, England remains socially a very conservative country.

Class distinctions remain a very real force, which makes its mark on elections and on government. It is still difficult for 'new' men without connections to win their way to the front. It is thought something of a triumph for one of the very ablest brains on the Liberal side to have gained, after three years in Parliament, the most insignificant office on the fringe of the Ministry.

What is more serious is that the great bulk of the Press is in the hands of the conservative interests, and but for the handful of wealthy men of great public spirit, whom one may count on the fingers of one hand, there would in fact be no effective presentation in journalism of Liberal and democratic opinions. There is not in London a single penny morning paper which supports either the Liberal or the Labor party. If a Liberal leader shows any weakness in the cause of his party, far from becoming an object of criticism, he at once figures as a statesman and a patriot in the mass of the papers that are read by his fellow countrymen next day. If he is strong and determined in democratic measures, he becomes the centre of a whirlwind of newspaper denunciation. Behind the Press are the more subtle influences of Society; and the Civil Service, while equally capable and honest, is in the main to be reckoned with as a permanent influence on the Conservative side.

Under such influences as these the political machine moves slowly, and of late there have been symptoms that a portion of the working classes, on the very eve of changes that may give them the victory, have lost faith in its efficacy. I have referred above to the immediate causes of the outburst of labor disputes which have been the feature of a year of great industrial prosperity and which, according to all

indications, are by no means at an end.

The new movement is sometimes spoken of as Syndicalism, and is in some slight degree inspired by that French conception. The French workingmen have found that Parliamentary Socialism gives them very little. In the matter of dealing with a railway strike, for example, there was not, they saw, much to choose between a Socialist Minister and an ordinary middle-class Republican. They have accordingly turned away from Parliamentary action and cherish the hope, little likely to bear good fruit, of arresting the whole movement of industry by a general strike.

It is not likely that the idea of a general strike has had any influence worth considering on the minds of English trade-unionists. The only thing approaching to a general stoppage was the railway strike of last summer, a renewal of which is half threatened as I write. But the railway strike arose out of quite specific grievances peculiar to the railway servants, in which a great part of the public on the whole sympathized with the men; and if it could produce a widespread dislocation of industry, this is because the railway men could not obtain redress without stoppage, not because the working classes as a whole were ready to enter into a concerted plan for effecting an industrial revolution.

In fact, Syndicalism in England is simply a reversion to older methods, dating from a time when Labor was destitute of political influence. It represents the volcanic effort of unorganized or ill-organized work-people to do for themselves what the skilled engineers, spinners, miners, and other artisans have already done, namely, to secure by collective bargaining a fuller share in the fruits of industry. Emotional and fitful in its character, the move-

ment breaks out readily into strikes to which the more stable and highly-organized unions rarely resort. It depends on immediate success, and the conditions this year were favorable to success. Its difficulty is to maintain whatever ground it wins, for its material is hardly that of which stable organizations are formed, and when the victory is won its members are apt to think that all is over but the shouting. In particular it cannot withstand seasons of bad trade and slack employment, and the last great movement of the kind, that of 1889 and 1890, crumbled away in the lean years that followed hard upon that crest of industrial prosperity.

Nevertheless the revived movement is a real if not a very stable force. It must be reckoned on the side of both the hopes and the anxieties of democracy in England. Of the hopes, because it is all to the good that people should revolt against such conditions of labor as have been faintly indicated above; it is better that they should strike out against them, even if they strike blindly, than that they should forever acquiesce; for at least it proves that the spirit is not altogether dead within them. Of the anxieties, because the strike movement cuts across the political evolution which is making us a democracy and may conceivably arrest it before its work is done.

Strikes of unskilled and ill-organized masses mean disorder, and disorder throws the government against the strikers and destroys a coöperation which is urgently needed for the completion of political reforms. A railway strike, in particular, raises questions not only of the maintenance of order, but of the supply of necessities to the great urban populations. In August the Government handled the difficulty in a way which called out the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the Press and

of the material interests in general, but caused no little anxiety to those concerned for the peaceful and harmonious development of democracy. Troops were employed not only ubiquitously but ostentatiously. Encounters took place and lives were lost, the innocent, as is universally the rule in such case, suffering with the guilty.

Such things are applauded for the moment, but there is nothing of which the working classes retain so tenacious a memory. If the trouble is to come all over again, it is difficult to forecast the possible consequences. At the lowest there may be a complete break-up of the understanding between the forces of Liberalism and Labor, on which the entire progressive movement that I have briefly sketched has depended. On the other hand, if the recrudescence of trouble is to be avoided, it must be by the discovery of more drastic methods of improving the economic conditions of the poorer workers than any which have yet been devised.

The two evils which press on from thirty to fifty per cent of the population are low wages and irregular employment. What Parliament has done, and is doing, is to mitigate certain of the consequences of these evils, as by providing for old age, by assisting in provision for sickness, and so forth. But it is not directly combating the evils themselves if we except the three or four extremely 'sweated' industries in which the minimum wage is now established by legal authority. We may fairly say that the problem of the future of democracy in England depends on the possibilities of operating with success on these fundamental conditions of industry. This is what is meant by saying that the problem in England is one of poverty, whereas in the United States it is rather a problem of wealth.

In each country this standing eco-

conomic problem is crossed by certain others which in the two cases are widely different. In the United States there is the color problem and that of the white immigrant. From the first of these we in England are free. The second, though at times figuring largely in the Press, is not in reality serious. On the other hand, all our domestic development goes forward under a shadow of which Americans are happily unconscious. Our revenues are exhausted in military and naval preparations. The proceeds of expanding revenue flow into the War Office and the Admiralty, and it is with difficulty that social reformers snatch something on the way for purposes of Old-Age Pensions or National Insurance.

The European situation does not improve. The peace movement elicits plenteous abstract affirmations of the wickedness of war and the blessings of the peaceful settlement of disputes, but there is never a gun the less in any European armory. The total contempt for international right has been sealed, not by the Italian raid on Tripoli, but by the general acquiescence of the European governments in a proceeding from which none of them had anything to gain. The general sense of insecurity is necessarily enhanced. It becomes useless to talk confidence in the good faith of nations if it is at any moment possible for one power to seize the territory of another on less than a week's notice, with barely the pretence of a quarrel, and with not so much as the proffer of any alternative satisfaction of such grievances as could be collected. With the action of Italy we seem to be back in the middle of the eighteenth century and the seizure of Silesia, with the difference that in place of small standing armies we have the entire nation in every Continental country ready and trained to arms. As long as this situation remains, military

exigencies dominate policy, and military exigencies are not favorable to democratic development.

In England matters have so far improved that the 'scare' which went to absurd lengths two years ago has died down. But we are still entangled with Continental alliances which serve no palpable interest of our own, and are dictated by the desire for support against the supposed menace of Germany. We are still in presence of an exceedingly active party which seeks to impose universal military service, and we are still regulating our naval expenditures, not by standards of our own, but by the budgets of another power. It is this last condition which directly cripples the work of government in applying the public revenues to the urgently needed work of social reform. The total expenditure of the country has increased from £113,000,000 in 1900-01 to £154,000,000 in 1910-11, excluding expenditure on revenue-producing departments. The expenditure on the Army and Navy has increased during the same years from £51,200,000 to £68,300,000. It is this constant increase which hamstring measures for the internal development of the country, and cripples every effort to alleviate the widespread misery of the masses. A single illustration will suffice.

In the scheme of National Insurance against sickness it is necessary to raise the equivalent of ninepence weekly for every insured person. Of this the state is only able to contribute twopence. Threepence has to be taken from every employer and fourpence from every workman (threepence from an insured working-woman). With difficulty a remission has been secured for those whose weekly earnings do not exceed nine shillings, and reductions where the wage is less than fifteen shillings. But even so the difference falls on the

employer, and there remains a tax of sevenpence, paid by employer and employed between them, on the employment of any man for one week. That this is a direct tax on industry which may have serious reactions on the regularity of employment is obscurely felt by many, and openly urged by a few employers. But the answer to all objections is financial. The state is expending up to the limits of its present capacity, and the limits are set by the demands of the Army and Navy.

Whether the Government will be able to find means of relieving employers of this tax seems to depend not so much on anything that may happen here as on the question whether the German government, wrestling now as it is most honorably with the chauvinistic elements of its own population, will maintain or increase the existing rate of naval construction. The main lines of the British budget are laid down in the German chancellery. There was never a more fatal success than that first Dreadnought, which set the snowball of naval construction rolling.

Thus the permanent prospects of democracy in England are interwoven with those of Europe as a whole. England is not as free as the United States to work out her own salvation. Her progress depends for one of its conditions on the return to saner methods in international relations, a return which she may assist but cannot of herself control. But for this element of uncer-

tainty, it would seem by no means too sanguine to predict that the internal difficulties which have been briefly referred to would adjust themselves.

There is on the whole in England, as in America, a certain strengthening of the sense of common responsibility, and an increased readiness to search out and eradicate the causes of suffering and of public evil. And these are the psychological conditions which, after all, lie at the root of the whole matter. The mere machinery of democracy is nothing. It is of value only as it avails to express the spirit of a people; and if that spirit is set on vain things, on amassing wealth which it has not the taste or judgment to spend, on the acquisition of territory which it does not need, or on the unreal shows of military glory, then neither the ballot-box nor the party machine will help it. But if it cares for things of more humdrum sound but more vital meaning, to combat disease at its source, to make of the city a home of beauty and comfort for the people instead of a home of dirt and din, to secure for every willing worker a fair share of the fruits of his work, and to provide out of the surplus for those who have fallen by the way, then it has a will that is worth expressing, and the forms of political democracy give it the means of realization. We can make no predictions in sociology, but in both countries it is fair to say that there exist the conditions which make such a democracy possible.

THE THIRD DIMENSION IN LAND-TENURE

BY WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

I

THE history of land-tenure is one long record of conflict between public rights and private interests. Every policy has been tried, from the extreme of common ownership with no exclusive possession to the extreme in this country of private ownership, so exclusive that the right of eminent domain — that is, the transcendent title of the public — amounts to little more than a standing invitation to the state to offer itself as the victim of a hold-up, or — what amounts to the same thing — to become an enforced purchaser at a voluntary auction. And yet, even in America, the theory that the public is the holder of the ultimate title is never lost sight of. Everywhere, land-tenure is a little less than that absolute ownership by which personal property is held, and this means that the possessor is only a tenant while the public is the real owner. That, perhaps, is why in legal parlance landed property is called real estate, because one's title to it is not so real as one's title to personal property.

No economic question has been more persistent, or occasioned more dispute, than this one of the degree to which the earth's surface shall be subject to private proprietorship, that is, the degree to which the public shall abstain from exercising its own proprietorship. The manner in which the individual may acquire possession; the security with which he may hold it as against the public's superior claim;

the degree to which he may exercise control while in possession, and the extent to which he may project that control beyond the period of his actual possession; the freedom with which he may transfer it to others, — all these have been determined in divers ways in divers ages and in divers countries; and history shows that these varied solutions of the problem have had a profound influence upon the development of civilization at those various times and in those various climes.

Thus the difference in social conditions between France and the British Isles is presumed to be due in some part to their differing policies, of equal inheritance which makes for small proprietorship on the one hand, and of primogeniture which makes for large estates and landlordism on the other. This is only one illustration — and there are many — of the general principle that the limitations under which land is held for private use have a vital relation to human welfare. This being the case, it seems to follow that those limitations need to be determined in accordance with the social effects which experience has shown to follow upon a more or less restricted tenure.

The struggle between private interest and public interest is a constant one, surging now to this side and now to that. It may aptly be called an Herculean one, and, if Hercules may represent the public, Antæus may equally well represent vested interests. You remember how Hercules discovered that when Antæus touched Mother Earth

his strength was multiplied tenfold, and that the only way to overcome him was to hold him clear of the ground. So vested interests, when based upon land, seem to expand with a power well-nigh irresistible, and every now and then the public has to take advantage of some passing crisis to get a new grip. Joseph in Egypt took advantage of the famine to restore to the crown the land that, from his point of view, had passed too completely into private hands. And in modern times, famine has more than once been the occasion for stiffening the title of the tenant as against the feudal lord.

All this is merely to remind the reader of what the writer proposes to take for granted: that the tenure by which land is privately held, is and must ever be something less than real ownership, approaching it more or less according as the public, either in its own name, — as in this country, — or in that of the sovereign, — as in many countries, yields its prior claim; that the extent of this public concession and the stability with which it is adhered to, or, in other words, the nature of land-tenure, underlies the structure of society in almost as significant a way as the ground itself underlies the material structures erected on it; that vested interests, as they attach themselves to land, gain power to usurp the functions of the public; and that the public therefore needs to be alert for the protection of its own interests.

To these three observations, let us add a fourth: namely, that it is upon the frontier that private interests most readily become vested, and that the public most tardily awakens to its own rights. This need only be stated to be accepted. Every one is familiar with the process by which vast tracts upon the borders of civilization are either granted directly to exploiting corporations, or parceled out to home-

steads only as a disguise for their transfer from public ownership to that of the big proprietor.

But it is not only on territorial borders that this process goes on. It is upon the borders of unoccupied regions in every direction; and in these days new realms are coming into view on every hand. We are finding ourselves now and again upon a new frontier. The margin of the untamed sea has been such a frontier. It is only recently that the public has awakened to the importance of its right to the shore, but meantime the interests of the land-owner along shore had become vested, and he was deriving from his possession a power that never was contemplated in the tenure of land. So the public has had to buy back its approach to the shore. When water-power was developed, the private riparian owner annexed the water-power to his adjacent land, and when the public needed water to drink, it found that the land-owner who had annexed the water-power must be paid for the water the public must drink. And now the public is buying back the lands at the sources of navigable streams because private interests, in many instances the very ones that claim the water in the streams, have endangered the sources; have possessed themselves of the egg, and are setting about eating the goose that laid it.

The whole history of frontiers of every sort is one of appropriation by private interests, and subsequent struggle for recovery by the public. It is the purpose of this writing to call attention to the existence of certain new frontiers to which private interests are becoming awake, and along which is likely to be repeated the story of seizure and exploitation by private interests, and tardy and costly taking over by the public in the face of bitter and tenacious resistance.

We still speak of the sun as rising and setting, although we all know that it neither rises nor sets. In like manner we still define our land-holdings in two dimensions, although we know that, in many instances, the third dimension is the one the purchaser has most in view, and that, like Archimedes, what he really wants is a fulcrum to move the world. The whole conception of land-ownership has changed. In ancient times, area was a fair measure of use and of value, and it was to area alone that the tenant needed to be restricted. He might go down a few feet for a cellar or a grave, a well or a drain, or up a few feet for a habitation or a windmill, provided that he did not obstruct his neighbors' ancient lights. But beyond that, the third dimension would take care of itself. Man was a creeping thing. There was no danger of his soaring into the heavens above, or of his diving into the waters that were under the earth. When the curse was pronounced on him who should remove his neighbor's landmark, it did not contemplate his lifting it or sinking it, only his displacing it laterally.

But now all this is changed. Man has developed vast power to expand his possessions, both upward and downward. He burrows like the mole or the rat. He projects towers of Babel into the air as the octopus thrusts forth his tentacles, and tosses his tenants into them in baskets like that in which the old woman of Mother-Goose fame embarked on her mission to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky. He is learning to fly, and the realms of the upper air and the nether world are his. He still measures land in square feet and square rods, — when it is measured in cubic feet, its very nature changes and it becomes a commodity, — but the plane figure of two dimensions which the conveyancer thus bounds, by no means circumscribes the estate of

which he gives possession. These metes and bounds define only a cross-section of that spacious solid of which the purchaser will claim exclusive proprietorship. The figure he has in mind, and from which he will warn off all trespassers, is a pyramid whose apex is at the earth's centre, and whose base sweeps the starry heavens. He buys a rectangle or a triangle, but he takes possession of an entire spoke of the great wheel of Ezekiel's vision, moving ever straight onward.

We are thus upon the immediate frontier of two unlimited realms already being explored and exploited: the boundless deep of the air above us, the dark unfathomed depth of earth beneath our feet. And in the name of laws made for two dimensions the tenant of lands bordering on these two realms is claiming possession of all he can reach in either direction. Those early maps of the United States in which the possessions of certain states extended to the westward indefinitely, have now been turned edgewise and indicate the topography of private possessions. A man takes up a homestead given him by the public, or sold him at a nominal price, ostensibly that he may till the soil and establish a domicile. But inside the poke which the public thus sells him he perceives the pig. He turns over the farm undisturbed to another, using the same horizontal dimensions as before, but reserving to himself the vertical dimension. This is an instance of where one may eat his cake and have it, too. He finds gold or copper or coal or oil beneath the surface, and he joins the combine to make the dear public pay as dearly as possible for the contents of the prize-package it gave him. The farm is still there. It is just as valuable as he and the government officials thought it was as a farm. But as a farm he is not interested in it. He bought the land

because he recognized in it a potential trapdoor by which he, like Aladdin, might gain access to the regions below, there to search for hidden treasure.

Or he buys a few square feet of soil in the great city, not to use it as an area to be occupied, but merely as a resting-place upon which, like Jack of the Beanstalk, he may plant his ladder and climb to the regions above; or, perhaps, as a perch for his aeroplane from which he may wing his way to the celestial city. As yet, he requires more area to start him upon his flights than to erect his sky-scraper, but doubtless he will soon get over that and will combine the two upon a single mundane area, placing his air-line station at the summit of the sky-scraper, connecting it by express elevators with the street below. Then expect a new logarithmic series of real-estate values.

Already the United States government is embarrassed by the expansive force of the third dimension. A crisis is on in Alaska because the Administration hesitates about parceling out the public domain; and the Administration is hesitating mainly because of this perplexing third dimension, which tradition says must not be mentioned between friends, but which obtrudes itself in a very troublesome way into Alaskan land-titles. Doubtless the government will evolve some more effective way than has yet been found to fix vertical limits, differentiating superficial areas from subterranean volumes.

But it is not alone in distant Alaska that the owner of areas is appropriating volumes in a way to menace the public welfare. Already in our great cities the private owner has piled Pelion upon Ossa, stacking up humanity in tiers or layers, thrusting his possession upward like a telescope, until he has multiplied by fifty the area which he purchased. And as a direct result the public, which he has thus

trapped in his compression-chamber, must seek an underground exhaust, must burrow its way in and out. And then the same proprietor stands with outstretched hand to demand toll of that public for traversing with its subterranean passages the vertical lines that connect his boundaries with the earth's centre, — lines which once we called imaginary, but which have now become veritable live wires, not to be trifled with. In New York City there are already five different levels of transportation, three of them subterranean, and the citizens are still building sky-scrapers that will require more. People who labor in columns must now travel in levels. They must be delivered from their human standpipes as the penny-in-the-slot machines deliver chewing-gum, in packages of a size to suit the outlet.

It would seem a sound principle, would it not, that no single freeholder should be permitted to occupy his land to a greater height or a greater depth than would be permissible for all others also to occupy theirs in a similar way? Consider now what would be the conditions in any of our large cities if the whole area were to be built up to the height and down to the depth of the loftiest buildings. If the owners of a single square mile were to build to a uniform height of fifty or thirty or even ten stories, what would be the human result? We speak of hives of industry, and here the figure would apply most aptly. There is nothing more analogous to such a mass of human cells than the cellular comb of the honey-bee, — unless indeed it be an inhabited cheese, for the distilled sweetness of these cells will not be honey. What fissures would streets be then! What a network of subterranean galleries would be necessary to make passage-way for travel in and out and between!

We have had in the Triangle fire an

illustration of what may happen to human beings trapped in these modern cages only a few stories off the earth, but no one has yet conceived what might happen if by some sudden catastrophe, affecting a larger area of those serried cells, their human occupants were suddenly to lose their organized purpose, or be bereft of that intelligent, controlling, individual motive which we depend upon to unravel the congestion of a great multitude and to distribute it to its scattered abiding places. If this piled-up mass of humanity were to have its individual destinations suddenly obscured, or its passage to them cut off, — what then would happen?

But the possible catastrophe is no more appalling than the less dramatic but no less tragic social results of such an artificial and extreme congestion. What are the consequences, political, economic, social, moral, of the action of these strange suction-chambers, into which great volumes of humanity are drawn each day, as whales of some species draw sea-water into their maws only to force it out again through meshes which extract from it all its organic life? The most obvious effects, and those we hear most about are the awful slum conditions; the oppression of the poor; the sacrifice of the children; the surrender of political control to those who are willing to endure the stifling atmosphere, who have learned to live like parasites upon the mass of those submerged and smothered in it, who have no large interests at stake, and are responsible to nobody; the consequent inevitable struggle of the really large interests to protect themselves by irregular and pseudo-political means; the complexity of safeguarding laws for so dense a population, and the difficulty of consistent enforcement, or even of adequate inspection.

On the economic side, sky-scraping

puts a fictitious value upon certain centrally located lands at the expense of suburban lands, making impossible any ownership by the resident, and consequently by the voter; compelling the busiest people to spend a great portion of their lives in traveling to and fro, and irritating the proletariat by aggravating the gross inequality of privilege of which they have already too many reminders.

It will be said that congestion of population is a necessary accompaniment of the modern development of commerce and industry. One may not confidently dispute this proposition, but one may be permitted to doubt it. Commerce and industry have a way of adapting themselves to the exigencies of human welfare and then discovering that the changes which they have resisted are after all favorable to themselves. The front vestibule for trolley cars, and the air-brake for freight trains, once stoutly opposed as impracticable, are now viewed with favor by the trolley management and the big railroads, and the latter are even beginning to acquire a thirst for rate-regulation. It is probable that commerce and industry would as readily adapt themselves to factories and office-buildings one or two stories in height and spreading wide upon the ground. But if congestion of business and of population is favorable to commerce and industry, there is ample evidence that it is unfavorable to human welfare; and as between human welfare and commerce and industry, the latter must one day yield.

II

Apart from these most obvious and well-recognized evils of congestion, more adequate consideration is due to its dehumanizing effect upon that well-to-do portion of the city population that lives in sumptuous barracks with-

in the city limits, as far removed from natural and normal conditions of life as are the soldiers in our forts; and upon that other and greater portion of the day-time denizens who are pumped in and pumped out every day, rushing like the tides through the Hell Gate of Park Street or Fourteenth Street. This is a travesty upon human life, to be herded like cattle in the stock-yards, awaiting the car; then to be packed like sheep into crowded compartments, the clean and the unclean, the drunk and the sober; to be shaken together and bruised and trodden upon. Yet thousands must go through this process twice a day, and thousands more must rush in and out on shopping or other dissipating quests. Think, not of the 'old terrific feminine suburban' of Holmes's phrase, but of the finer and gentler and sweeter feminine, her dainty finery bedraggled, dust-laden, and absurd, mingling with the sordid, grimy, nicotine-scented, alcohol-soaked masculine, — all frantically elbowing, scrambling, struggling, tussling for a place in the merry-go-round; and having secured the place, sitting or standing, with grim endurance, in foul air and painful posture, while the wheels speed them on between their feverish labor and their feverish sleep. This can but be productive of pessimism, and pessimism is humanly unwholesome.

But while this is the condition in every large city, — and even in conservative Boston men are burrowing ways out with all the desperation with which men once tunneled their way out of Southern prisons, — at this very juncture other men are proposing to set for Boston a new record in the way of sky-scraping, and thus to multiply the area to be served by the new subways before they are fairly begun.

Who, that is not already paralyzed, can stand and view the Vanity Fair of New York's sordid streets of an

evening without a shudder? And who wants to see Boston follow in New York's footsteps? To heap up human beings one above the other, thirty or forty deep, and leave the public to provide a way of escape for the caged creatures is not only a menace to society, physically, socially, politically, but as a business proposition is absurd. If a man is forbidden to invite into his sky-parlor more patrons than his stairs will accommodate, why should he be permitted to invite into his graduated inferno more than his share of the street will accommodate?

The third dimension is the key to the problem of congestion. If buildings were on the average half as high, congestion would be reduced. If they were one fourth as high, it would be reduced more. The man who builds additional stories is thereby adding to the difficulties of the city's problem. Is the city receiving any compensating benefits?

Every added story imposes upon the public much the same burdens as does an equal expansion upon the surface. Why should it not bear its share of the burden as an abutter? It may be said that the added story does not compel the municipality to lengthen its streets as does an added lot upon the surface; but length is nowadays no measure of the expense of street maintenance. Streets are the areas set apart for purposes of intercommunication. They are still being laid out on the lines traditional from those simpler times when the only communication to be provided for was travel on foot or by horse-power. Not enough account has been taken of the vastly increased need of reserved space for other kinds of travel and for other purposes than travel.

Air and light and recreation; water-pipes, gas-pipes, sewer-pipes; telephone, telegraph, trolley and police and fire-alarm wires; automobiles and car-

tracks, all have been added in recent times to the functions of a street. All call for space, all are maintained by the public either by taxation or by those direct but no less certain methods of assessment which the temper of the times prefers to taxation. An expansion in one of these particulars usually involves an expansion in all. Upon all the second story makes the same demands as the first. It would seem axiomatic that when floor-spaces are multiplied by thirty or forty or fifty, more street space must be provided. The high building with its multiplied occupants is the cause of street congestion; and of the consequent demand for subways and elevated structures; it imposes the same wear upon pavements, the same necessity for tearing them up at frequent intervals, the same demand for larger trunk-lines of sewer and water and wire; it makes the same increased demand for police service, and brings much more than an equal stress on the building-inspection service and the fire-department service, not merely adding the difficult problem of its own protection, but complicating and making doubly difficult that of protecting all other buildings and their occupants.

It may seem that the public is spared the burden of maintaining such lines of intercommunication between the occupants of the several floors as would have to be established between the occupants of an equal number of surface lots. But even this is not clear. As already intimated, public burdens are not all levied in the tax-list. Just who ultimately pays for free elevator rides, free delivery, free samples, free trading-stamps, free lunch, is not easily determined; but no better explanation of the high cost of living has yet been given than that we, the public, are paying in this way for the countless services that seem to be rendered us without charge. When somebody suc-

ceeds in getting something for nothing, — that acme of success for which we are all ready to sacrifice our last dollar, — it is safe to infer that the public somehow pays the bill. And when interior service is plentiful and free, we may be sure that the exterior somehow makes up for it. There is little reason to believe that, from the public point of view, or from any point of view except that of private and localized greed, a city heaped up is more economical, more convenient, or more potentially effective, than a city spread out; or that free elevator service between floors is any less a public charge than would be free trolley service between blocks.

What effect lofty structures may have upon the public and private rights of the wider neighborhood as to air and sunlight, might be a profitable subject of research for the Sage Foundation. For the question how it shall secure light and air for its inmates is no more serious than how it obstructs the light and air of others. The enforced twilight of those deep gorges known as streets, and of buildings even some distance removed; the absence of sunshine with its purifying influence upon pavements and surrounding walls and apartments; the changed direction of winds and air-currents, said to be particularly and sometimes violently illustrated by the flutter of wind around the Flatiron Building in New York, and certainly to be anticipated from the standpoint of the seafaring man or the aviator, accustomed to study the deflecting and obstructing effects of cliffs and bluffs upon an element to which he commits life and limb, — all these have a subtle and obscure but an undoubted hygienic and sociological effect, and suggest that the invader of the air, like the builder of a breakwater, must be held to account for any disturbance he may cause in the balance of nature.

III

One other burden these abnormal structures throw upon the public, which it is only now beginning to shoulder. Beauty is coming to be recognized as a necessity of life, — a true factor of the abundant life, — instead of as a mere luxury for the leisure class. Even that portion of the public that does not accept this new appraisal has begun to take account of beauty as a commercial asset. The mirror is being held up to our cities as never before. The landscape architect is abroad in the land, and we hear of parks and boulevards and river-basins and water-fronts and sky-lines. It is time. The water-fronts of our American cities fairly reek, and the dainty craft that ply between them must needs hold up their skirts as they enter and retire. And now we are thrusting teeth into the sky-line. Nothing is more grotesque (unless it be the panoply of bespangled billboards with which Boston emblazons her approaches) than the semi-toothless grin with which New York greets the friendly visitor to her shores. In the absence of upper teeth to engage the straggling molars and protruding bicuspid that project upwards, their display is suggestive of a redolent copipe which the dame seems momentarily to have taken from between them as she extends a grimy hand in welcome, meanwhile belching volumes of smoke from her hospitable throat.

Some Martian astronomer, observing our modest planet through his mighty telescope as New York's profile turns into view, may startle the scientists of that canal-bedecked orb with the discovery of one portion of our mundane sphere where the planking has been ripped off and the spikes left sticking in the timbers. Perhaps if he looks more closely he may find other proofs to confirm his hypothesis that Terra is

inhabited on the inside and that here is a place with the lid off.

The public, the real public-spirited public, is beginning to wrestle with the hard problem of adorning municipal features and beautifying municipal life. To do this requires public possession of the air and public regulation of the sky-line. And when the summons does come to a city to awake and put on her beautiful garments, these huge excrescences stand ready to complicate and obstruct the task. Will the skyscraper then stand ready to bear his share of the burden, and be assessed as an abutter for the improvement of the sky-line?

Let us turn now to another phase of this vertical expansion of superficial titles. When this reconnaissance was planned, it contemplated a virgin field which seemed to promise scope for exercise upon certain humorous aspects of the new aerial traffic. But since that date, several state legislatures have come into the arena with proposed laws to regulate the navigation of the air, and have thus dulled the edge of the humor with which a new departure may propel itself. Indeed, the humorous aspects have apparently received too much attention, for the proposal to establish laws of the road for aerial craft has in some instances been treated with undue levity. It may be too early to establish such laws, but it is not too early to begin their consideration. Already the proprietors of greenhouses have sought by common-law measures to protect their property, and presumably the same measures are open for the protection of our persons to us who have no property.

Those of us who still plod our weary way upon the plebeian earth may not be so much interested in the regulations by which aeronauts shall be kept from interfering with one another. We are more concerned about us terres-

trial creatures—how we are to be protected from that shower of paper-bags, banana-peel, peanut-shells, and cigar-stubs with which the amiable American blazes his triumphant way; and from the occasional plunge of the aviator who moults his wings, or of the derelict craft that he may have abandoned in mid-air.

The regulations by which passing air-ships shall be governed when their paths intersect will present new problems, and one of those problems ought to impress upon us the value of a certain early invention which marked a long stride in civilization, and which has not received the recognition due it. The discovery of the law of right and left should be ranked with that of the mariner's compass or the law of gravitation. Here was a law, simple, understandable, applicable to both parties. When we meet, we may both turn to the right or both to the left, both to port or both to starboard, and not collide. We may both shout 'Gee,' or both shout 'Haw,' without danger of confusing each other's oxen, and we pass each other safely while both keeping to the same side as measured from the individual base-line. We can both go to the right or both to the left of each other, but we can't both hurdle over or both dip under each other. Here will be large room for confusion and perhaps for quarrel.

This, however, is a digression by way of meeting the advocates of regulation halfway, as the Massachusetts legislature ought to have done. We need not go farther into the air, for our topic ties us to the ground. We are dealing not with rights of way or regulation of the highway, but with who shall own the way, and how rights shall be secured. If the possessor of a few square feet of the earth's surface may demand toll of the wayfarer who tunnels under his feet, may he not

equally demand it of the aviator who flits over his head, or even of the wireless operator who wings a message across the space which he claims the right to inclose in a sky-scraper as high as future invention may make possible? And so long as the present policy prevails, will it be possible to establish aerial highways without taking possession of those belts or zones of the earth's surface to which they are attached by this curious tradition of an unlimited third dimension in land-tenure. This may involve us in another canal zone.

If it is too early to lay down laws of the road for flying craft, it is not too early to consider whether squatter sovereignty shall prevail in taking possession of this new and hitherto unoccupied realm on whose frontier we are now encamped. Nor is it too early to look sharply to precedents now being established and claims now seeking recognition, which may be turned against the public when the time comes to determine the rights of the air.

For, once conceded, the right of the individual to inclose and fortify all the air-space that lies between his acreage and the zenith, and all the subterranean space that lies toward the nadir, may well loom up as a vested right to regulate the use of air and air-currents, to fix the conditions of passage through them, and to control all the radiations and emanations from them, when the public arrives at a clear comprehension of its own dependence upon the possession of the air. It is not too early to take possession of the air in the name of the public and to reserve it to the use of the public, as the ocean is now reserved. The high seas the public has thus far succeeded in holding as its own. And that public is the biggest public the world knows. Here is one piece of property belonging to no nation or kindred or tribe, but vested in

the population of the planet. The recognition of the high seas as the common possession of all the peoples of the earth is high-water mark in the recognition of the brotherhood of man. Upon the bosom of the sea, no man is a trespasser. The rights of all are equal. Shall it be so with the air, or shall that be parceled out, not merely as the land is, but as an appurtenance of the land or a perquisite of the land-holder?

IV

This paper was conceived somewhat whimsically. The writer proposed to sit on the bleachers with the reader, to point out some of what seemed to him the rather diverting features of the game under the new rules, and to inquire what was to happen when men should have to hang lanterns upon their flagstuffs and chimneys and roof-clothes-lines to warn the belated airman off, or to guide him on his fluttering way to his expectant and perhaps anxious roost; when land-owners must paint 'no trespass' signs in huge letters upon their roofs, to be read aloft, and boards of health should have to blazon their no-spitting rules over the face of our public parks in letters of light, such that the sky-pilot might read, and even the wayfaring man though a fool might not disregard, their warnings and threatened fines; when the police should flit in aéroplanes, and fire departments should hurl themselves through the air by gasoline.

But as thought rambled on, it has found itself growing serious, and has convinced one thinker, if it has not convinced others, that land-tenure should be limited to the surface, that the public should take possession of the air and the solid earth, and that individual enterprise, when it invades those realms, should do so under restrictions laid down by the public, and of such a na-

ture as to conserve public interests and limit the tendency to congestion.

One need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but need only have faith in human ideals, to predict that man will not submit to such conditions of life as are imposed by even moderately lofty buildings, or that, if he continues to erect buildings of more than two or three floors, he will insist upon streets or squares as wide as the buildings are high.

Some nine years ago a writer in the *Atlantic*, calling attention to this matter, advanced a theory that sky-scraping secreted its own antidote, that the obligation to preserve the necessary space for light and air would compel the owner of a lofty building to control a considerable area around it, and so would tend at the same time to compensate for some of the evils of sky-scraping and to fix a limit to it as a business enterprise.

This necessity for light and air certainly obtains. It is only another way of saying that such additional private inclosures, piled one above another, if they are to exist at all, must be accompanied by additional public space in due proportion, whether in streets and parks, or in areas occupied only by structures of low altitude.

Whether the proprietors of lofty buildings have indeed adopted the policy of purchasing or leasing adjacent areas for these purposes, or, relying upon the neighboring owners to appreciate equally with themselves the folly of erecting similar structures on adjoining lots, have merely adopted David Harum's policy of doing it first, the present writer does not profess to know. He is concerned only with the fact, thus early set forth, that the lofty building is in effect a trespasser upon public rights and the rights of the neighborhood, and can exist only upon sufferance.

The predicted reaction has not yet set in, and it is doubtful if the limit of height has yet been reached, or will be reached, so long as private profit alone is considered and the public waives its rights and consents to stand the burden. The public certainly has rights if it chooses to assert them.

Is there any reason that a man who takes possession of an area should be free to reproduce that area over and over, any more than that, having received a coin or a treasury note, he should be free to counterfeit it? Or that, possessing a small piece of land adjacent to a body of navigable air, he should be more free to make land out into that air than that, when his land adjoins a navigable stream, he should be free to make land out into that stream; or that, when a city has been laid out with streets properly proportioned to areas, he should be more free to expand those areas by duplicating them vertically, than to expand, in any other way, the areas to be approached by those streets without at the same time contributing land for the expansion of the streets themselves; or that the public, under whose eminent domain he holds a title defined in two dimensions, should need to concede to him any control of the solid earth through which that public must find passageway to and from his estate, so long as it in no way disturbs the foundation of any legitimate edifice erected upon his share of the earth's crust?

Of course, there are already certain perpendicular limits fixed by city ordinance, by building laws, or by administrative rules, but the best interests of society demand that there should be not only a limit, but repressive measures before that limit is reached. And to our friends of the Single Tax, who, preferring half a loaf to no bread, and finding their ideal of public owner-

ship impracticable under present conditions, are offering the single tax as an approximation to the ideal, let us propose the question whether, when they carry their point of taxing only the area upon which improvements are made and not the improvements made thereon, the discs of area which the possessor has flung up into the air should not be taxed as areas, which they are, rather than as improvements, which they are not. Why, since the many-storied structure entails so much of social and economic evil, should it be regarded as in any real sense an improvement?

One grave defect in modern municipal administration lies in the failure to distinguish between what are improvements from the point of view of human welfare, and what are improvements only from the point of view of taxable value. The two are not necessarily identical. From the human standpoint it will some time be necessary, as it is even now desirable, to define the vertical dimension as well as the two horizontal dimensions in determining land-titles.

Modern invention has brought us to the frontiers of two vast domains of which man is certainly to take possession in the near future, and, indeed, of which he is already taking possession. The vested interests have begun to appropriate all that they can reach of these domains. They have already gone far in annexing, at the expense of the public, the subterranean and aerial hinterlands which adjoin their terrestrial possessions. It is time for the public not only to stake out its own claim in the unoccupied region, but, by defining the third dimension in land-tenure, to limit the extent to which terrestrial surfaces may be telescoped upward or downward, and converted into solid aerial or subterranean possessions.

THE ONE LEFT

BY E. V. LUCAS

I

HE had become very ill, — could hardly move from where he lay; and she, who loved him, and was to have married him, and spent all her waking hours in thinking what she could do for him, persuaded him to have a telephone installed and brought to his bedside so that he and she could talk, and he could talk with others, too. Every night he rang her up and they had a long conversation; many times in the day also. Nothing, as it happened, could have saved his life, but this modern device lightened his last weeks.

His death, although it blasted her hopes, made no difference to her devotion. She merely installed his memory in the place of his rich personality and loved that. He, almost more than ever, was her standard. What he would have liked, she did; what he would have disliked, she left undone. Although dead, he swayed her utterly, and under his dominion she was equable and gentle, although broken at heart. She took all things as they came, since how could anything matter now that everything that mattered was over?

One perplexity only had power to trouble her, and that was the wonder, the amazement, the horror, not only that so much knowledge and kindness and sympathy and all that made for the world's good and happiness should be so wantonly extinguished; but that no touch of the vanished hand should be permitted to the one soul (now left behind) with whom his soul had been

fused. This she could neither understand nor forgive. Religious she had never been in the ordinary sense, although such religion as must sway a true idealistic lover was hers; but now she broke even from such slender ties as had held her to orthodoxy. She threw off the creed of her parents as naturally and simply as if it were a borrowed garment, and sank into her sorrow, which was also her joy, without another thought of here or hereafter.

So it went on for a year or so, during which time his house had remained empty, save for a caretaker, — for she (who was rich) could not bear that any one else should live there, — and his room exactly as he had died in it.

II

One evening she dined out. Her next neighbor on one side was a young American engineer, and in their conversation they came in time to the topic of invention and the curious aptitude for inventiveness shown by the American race. It was a case, said the engineer, of supply following demand; all Americans required time- and labor-saving appliances, and they obtained them. Where servants abounded and there was no servant problem, as in England and on the Continent, the need for such contrivances was not acute. And so on. The conversation thus begun reached at last specific inventions, and the engineer told of a remarkable one which had come under his notice just before he left New York.

'You will probably not believe me,' he said; 'the thing sounds incredible; but then who would have believed once that there could be a telegraph, and still less a telephone? Who would have believed that the camera would ever be anything but a dream? I will tell you what this is. It is a machine in which you insert a portion, no matter how small, of a telephone wire, and by turning a handle you compel this piece of wire to give back every message that has ever passed over it.'

She held her heart. 'This really exists?' she forced herself to ask.

'Actually,' said the engineer. 'But when I left home the inventor was in a difficulty. All the messages were coming out all right, but backwards. Naturally the reproduction would be from the most recent to the less recent. By writing down the words and then reversing them the investigator could of course get at what he was wanting, — I may say that the invention is for the New York police, — but my friend is convinced that he can devise some mechanical system of reversing at the time which will make the messages read forward as they should. Just think of the excitement of the detective, listening through all the voices and ordinary conversations on the wire for the one voice and the one sentence that will give him his long desired clue! — But are you ill?'

'No, no,' she said, although her face was a ghastly white, 'no, it is nothing. The room is a little hot. Tell me some more about your inventive friend. Is he wealthy?'

'Indeed, no,' said the engineer. 'That is his trouble. If he had more money, or if he had some rich backers who believed in him, he might do wonders.'

'I should like to help him,' she said. 'This kind of work interests me. Could you not cable him to come over and

bring the thing with him? I would gladly finance him. I want some sporting outlet like that for my money.'

'Cable?'

'Yes, cable. There are things that one does by impulse or not at all. The butler here will get you a form.'

III

She had been to the empty house that day with an employee of the telephone company, and they had extracted a foot of the precious wire. A few minutes ago she had held it in her trembling fingers and placed it in the machine. Now she carefully locked the door and drew the heavy curtain over it and carried the machine to the farthest corner of the room. There, with a sigh of relief and tense and almost terrible anticipation, she sat down and placed her ear to the receiver and began to turn the handle.

His voice sounded at once: 'Are you there?' It was quite clear, so clear and unmistakable and actual that her hand paused on the handle and she bowed her throbbing head. She turned on; 'Are you there?' the familiar tones repeated. And then the reply, 'Yes, who is it?' in a woman's voice. Then he spoke again: 'Ernest,' he said. 'Is it Helen?' Again her hand paused. Helen, — that rubbishy little woman he had known all his life and was on such good terms with. She remembered now that she had been away when the telephone was installed and others had talked on it before her. It could not be helped: she had meant to be the first, but circumstances prevented. There must be many conversations before she came to her own; she would have to listen to them all. She turned on, and the laughing, chaffing conversation with this foolish little Helen person repeated itself out of the past now so tragic.

To other talks with other friends, and now and then with a tradesman, she had to listen; but at last came her hour.

'Is that you?' she heard her own voice saying, knowing it was her own rather by instinct than by hearing. 'Is that you? But I know it is. How distinctly you speak!'

'Yes, it's me' — and his soft vibrant laugh.

'How are you, dear?'

'Better, I hope.'

'Have you missed me?'

'Missed you!'

And then the endearments, the confidences, the hopes and fears, the plans for the morrow, the plans for all life. As she listened, the tears ran down her face, but still she turned on and on. Sometimes he was so hopeful and bright, and again so despairing.

She remembered the occasion of every word. Once she had dined out and had gone to the theatre. It was an engagement she could not well refuse. It was an amusing play and she was in good spirits. She rang him up between the acts and found him depressed. Hurrying home she had settled down to talk to him at her ease. How it all came back to her now!

'Are you there, my dearest?'

'Yes, but oh, so tired, so old!'

'It is a bad day. Every one has been complaining of tiredness to-day.'

'You say that because you are kind. Just to comfort me. It's no use. I can see so clearly, sometimes, I shall never get well — to-night I know it.'

'My darling, no.'

And then silence, — complete, terrifying.

She had rung up without effect. He had fainted, she thought, and had dropped the receiver. She was in a fever of agony. She leaped into a cab and drove to his house. The nurse reassured her; he had begun to sob and

did not want her to know it, and now he was asleep.

But there was no sleep for her that night. What if he were right, — if he really knew? In her heart she feared that he did; with the rest of her she fought that fear.

As she listened, the tears ran down her face, but still she turned on and on. She sat there for hours before the last words came, the last he was ever to speak over the wire.

It was to make an engagement. He had rallied wonderfully at the end and was confident of recovery. She was to bring her modiste to his room at eleven o'clock the next morning with her patterns, that he might help in choosing her new dress. He had insisted on it, — the dress she was to wear on his first outing.

'At eleven,' he had said. 'Mind you don't forget. But then you never forget anything. Good-night once more, my sweet.'

'Good-night.'

She had never seen him again alive. He died before the morning.

She put the machine away and looked out of the window. The sun had risen. The sky was on fire with the promise of a beautiful day. Worn out, she fell asleep; to wake — to what? To such awakening as there is for those who never forget anything.

IV

Every night found her bending over the machine. She had learned now when not to listen. She had timed the reproduction absolutely, and watch in hand she waited until the other messages were done, and her own voice began. There was no condensing possible; one must either each time have every conversation or stop it. But how could she stop it before the end?

Locking the door and drawing the

heavy curtain, she would sit down in the far corner and begin to turn. She knew just how fast to turn for others; so slowly for herself. When the watch gave her the signal she would begin to listen.

'Is that you? Is that you? But I

know it is. How distinctly you speak!' 'Yes, it's me,' — and the soft vibrant laugh.

'How are you, dear?'

'Better, I hope.'

'Have you missed me?'

'Missed you!'

THE PENITENT

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I WILL come back and be a child,
And put away from me
The daring and the dancing wild,
The dreams that troubled thee.

I will come back and softer sing
And tell thee stories true,
And make thee many a lovely thing
From out our drouth and dew.

But when thou sleepest, I will run
And dance upon the sward,
And tell the moon how I have won
Thy praise for my reward;

And tell the moon how I must stay
A child, and dream no more
Such dreams as I have sought to say,
That tempted me so sore:

And tell the moon and tell the night
How I have put from me
All day — until the dim twilight —
The dreams that troubled thee!

A KINGDOM IN THE SLUMS

BY MARY ANTIN

I

WHAT happened next was Dover Street.

Outwardly, Dover Street is a noisy thoroughfare cut through a South End slum, in every essential the same as Wheeler Street. Turn down any street in the slums, at random, and name it what you will, you will still observe there the same fashions of life, death, and endurance. Every one of those streets is a rubbish-heap of damaged humanity, and it will take a wise surgeon to mend it.

Dover Street is intersected near its eastern end, where we lived, by Harrison Avenue. That street is to the South End what Salem Street is to the North End. It is the heart of the South End Ghetto, for the greater part of its length; although its northern end belongs to the realm of Chinatown. Its multifarious business bursts through the narrow shop-doors, and overruns the basements, the sidewalk, the street itself, in pushcarts and open-air stands. Its multitudinous population bursts through the greasy tenement doors, and floods the corridors, the doorsteps, the gutters, the side streets, pushing in and out among the pushcarts, all day long, and half the night besides.

Rarely as Harrison Avenue is caught asleep, still more rarely is it found clean. Nothing less than a fire or flood would cleanse this street. Even Pass-over cannot quite accomplish this feat. For although the tenements may be scrubbed to their remotest corners on

this one occasion, the cleansing stops at the curbstone. A great deal of the filthy rubbish accumulated in a year is pitched into the street, often through the windows; and what the ash-man on his daily round does not remove, is left to be trampled to powder, in which form it steals back into the houses from which it was so lately dislodged.

We had no particular reason for coming to Dover Street. It might just as well have been Applepie Alley or Letterbox Lane. For my father had sold, with the goods, fixtures, and good-will of the Wheeler Street store, all his hopes of ever making a living in the grocery trade; and I doubt if he got a silver dollar the more for them. Still we had to live somewhere, even if we were not making a living, so we came to Dover Street, where tenements were cheap. By this I mean that the rent was low. The ultimate cost of life in those tenements, in terms of human happiness, is high enough.

Our new home consisted of five small rooms up two flights of stairs, with the right of way through the dark corridors. In the 'parlor' the dingy paper hung in rags, and the plaster fell in chunks. One of the bedrooms was absolutely dark and air-tight. The kitchen windows looked out on a dirty court, at the back of which was the rear tenement of the estate. To us belonged, along with the five rooms and the right of way aforesaid, a block of upper air the length of a pulley line across this court, and the width of an arc described

by a windy Monday's wash in its remotest wanderings.

The little front bedroom was assigned to me, with only one partner—my sister Dora. A mouse could not have led a cat much of a chase across this room; still we found space for a narrow bed, a crazy bureau, and a small table.

From the window there was an unobstructed view of a lumber-yard, beyond which frowned the blackened walls of a factory. The fence of the lumber-yard was gay with theatre-posters and illustrated advertisements of tobacco, whiskey, and patent baby-foods. When the window was open there was a constant clang and whirr of electric cars, varied by the screech of machinery, the clatter of empty wagons, and the rumble of heavy trucks.

There was nothing worse in all this than we had had before, since our exile from Crescent Beach; but I did not take the same delight in the propinquity of electric cars and arc lights that I had at first. I suppose the tenement began to pall on me.

It must not be supposed that I enjoyed any degree of privacy because I had half a room to myself. We were seven in the five rooms; we were bound to be always in each other's way. And as it was within our flat, so it was in the house as a whole. All doors, beginning with the street door, stood open most of the time; or if they were closed, the tenants did not wear out their knuckles knocking for admittance.

I could stand at any time in the unswept entrance hall and tell, from an analysis of the medley of sounds and smells that issued from doors ajar, what was going on in the several flats, from below up. That guttural, scolding voice, unremittent as the hissing of a steam-pipe, is Mrs. Rasnosky. I make a guess that she is chastising the infant Isaac for taking a

second lump of sugar in his tea. *Spam, bam!* yes, and she is rubbing in her objections with the flat of her hand. That blubbering and moaning, accompanying an elephantine tread, is fat Mrs. Casey, second floor, home drunk from an afternoon out, in fear of the vengeance of Mr. Casey; to propitiate whom she is burning a pan of bacon, as the choking fumes and outrageous sizzling testify. I hear a feeble whining, interrupted by long silences. It is that scabby baby on the third floor, fallen out of bed again, with nobody at home to pick him up.

To escape from these various horrors I ascend to the roof, where bacon and babies and child-beating are not. But there I find two figures in calico wrappers, with bare red arms akimbo, a basket of wet clothes in front of each, and only one empty clothes-line between them. I do not want to be dragged in as a witness in a case of assault and battery, so I go down to the street again, grateful to note, as I pass, that the third-floor baby is still.

In front of the door I squeeze through a group of children. They are going to play tag, and are counting to see who should be 'it':—

My-mother-and-your-mother-went-out-to-hang-clothes;

My-mother-gave - your-mother-a-punch-in - the-nose.

If the children's couplet does not give a vivid picture of the life, manners, and customs of Dover Street, no description of mine can ever do so.

Frieda was married before we came to Dover Street, and went to live in East Boston. This left me the eldest of the children at home. Whether on this account, or because I was outgrowing my childish carelessness, or because I began to believe, on the cumulative evidence of the Crescent Beach, Chelsea, and Wheeler Street adventures, that America, after all, was not

going to provide for my father's family — whether for any or all of these reasons, I began at this time to take bread-and-butter matters more to heart, and to ponder ways and means of getting rich.

My father sought employment wherever work was going on. His health was poor; he aged very fast. Nevertheless he offered himself for every kind of labor; he offered himself for a boy's wages. Here he was found too weak, here too old; here his imperfect English was in the way, here his Jewish appearance. He had a few short terms of work at this or that; I do not know the name of the form of drudgery that my father did not practice. But, all told, he did not earn enough to pay the rent in full and buy a bone for the soup. The only steady source of income, for I do not know how many years, was my brother's earnings from his newspapers.

Surely this was the time for me to take my sister's place in the workshop. I had had every fair chance until now: school, my time to myself, liberty to run and play and make friends. I had graduated from grammar school; I was of legal age to go to work. What was I doing — sitting at home and dreaming?

I was minding my business, of course; with all my might I was minding my business. As I understood it, my business was to go to school, to learn everything there was to know, to write poetry, become famous, and make the family rich. Surely it was not shirking to lay out such a programme as that for myself. I had boundless faith in my future. I was certainly going to be a great poet; I was certainly going to take care of the family.

My self-confidence was fed by the undiminished enthusiasm of the family in my cause. Since Graduation Day and its triumphs, my father's ambition

for me had soared to such a height that he determined to keep me in school till I was prepared for college, when, he was sure, I could take care of myself; and there was no one to dispute the wisdom or justice of this course.

When it was time for me to choose a school, I made a memorable excursion into the suburbs, to interview Mr. Tuttle, at that time the principal of both the Girls' Latin and High Schools. In a matter so important as the choice of a school, I could not consider the advice of a lesser man.

II

A new life began for me when I entered the Latin School in September. Until then I had gone to school with my equals, and as a matter of course. Now it was distinctly a feat for me to keep in school, and my schoolmates were socially so far superior to me that my poverty became conspicuous. By these tokens I should have had serious business on my hands as a pupil in the Latin School, but I did not find it hard.

To make myself at home in an alien world was within my talents; I had been practising it day and night for the past four years. To remain unconscious of my shabby and ill-fitting clothes when the rustle of silk petticoats in the schoolroom protested against them was a matter still within my moral reach. Half a dress a year had been my allowance for many seasons; even less, for as I did not grow much I could wear my dresses almost indefinitely. And I had stood before editors, and exchanged polite calls with my teachers, untroubled by the detestable colors and archaic design of my garments. To stand up and recite Latin declensions without trembling from hunger was something more of a feat, because I sometimes went to

school with little or no breakfast; but even that required no special heroism; at most it was a matter of self-control. I had the advantage of a poor appetite, too; I really did not need much breakfast. Or if I was hungry it would hardly show; I coughed so much that my unsteadiness was self-explained.

Everything helped, you see. My schoolmates helped. Aristocrats though they were, they did not hold themselves aloof from me. Some of the girls who came to school in carriages were especially cordial. They rated me by my scholarship, and not by my father's occupation. They teased and admired me by turns for learning the foot-notes in the Latin grammar by heart; they never reproached me for my ignorance of the latest comic opera. And it was more than good breeding that made them seem unaware of the incongruity of my presence: it was a generous appreciation of what it meant for a girl from the slums to be in the Latin School, on the way to college. If our intimacy ended on the steps of the school-house, it was more my fault than theirs. Most of the girls were democratic enough to have invited me to their homes, although to some, of course, I was 'impossible.' But I had no time for visiting: schoolwork and reading and family affairs occupied all the day-time, and much of the night-time.

I rarely was in a mood to care whether my neighbors spurned or embraced me. My own life sufficed me. Everything of consequence was well with me. Poverty was a superficial, temporary matter; it vanished at the touch of money. Money in America was plentiful; it was only a matter of getting some of it, and I was on my way to the mint. If Dover Street was not a pleasant place to abide in, it was only a wayside house. And I was really happy, actively happy, in the exercise

of my mind in Latin, mathematics, history, and the rest; the things that satisfy a studious girl in the middle teens.

From sunrise to sunset the day was long enough for many things besides school, which occupied five hours. There was time for me to try to earn my living; or at least the rent of our tenement. Rent was a standing trouble. We were always behind, and the landlady was always very angry; so I was particularly ambitious to earn the rent.

I had had one or two poems published since the celebrated eulogy of George Washington, but nobody had paid for my poems — yet. I was coming to that, of course, but in the meantime I could not pay the rent with my writing. To be sure, my acquaintance with men of letters gave me an opening. A friend of mine introduced me to a slightly literary lady, who introduced me to the editor of the *Boston Searchlight*, who offered me a generous commission for subscriptions to his paper.

If our rent was three and one half dollars per week, payable on strong demand, and the annual subscription to the *Searchlight* was one dollar, and my commission was fifty per cent, how many subscribers did I need? How easy! Seven subscribers a week — one a day! Anybody could do that. Mr. James, the editor, said so. He said I could get two or three any afternoon, between the end of school and supper. If I worked all Saturday — my head went dizzy computing the amount of my commissions. It would be rent, and shoes, and bonnets, — everything for everybody.

Bright and early one Saturday morning in the fall I started out canvassing: in my hand a neatly folded copy of the *Searchlight*; in my heart faith in my lucky star and good-will toward all the world.

I began with one of the great office buildings on Tremont Street, as Mr. James had advised. The first half hour I lost, wandering through the corridors, reading the names on the doors. There were so many people in the same office, how should I know, when I entered, which was Wilson & Reed, Solicitors, and which C. Jenkins Smith, Mortgages and Bonds? I decided that it did not matter: I would call them all 'Sir.'

I selected a door and knocked. After waiting some time, I knocked a little louder. The building buzzed with noise — swift footsteps echoed on the stone floors, snappy talk broke out with the opening of every door, bells tinkled, elevators hummed — no wonder they did not hear me knock. But I noticed that other people went in without knocking, so after a while I did the same.

There were several men and two women in the small, brightly-lighted room. They were all busy. It was very confusing. Should I say 'Sir' to the roomful?

'Excuse me, sir,' I began. That was a very good beginning, I felt sure, but I must speak louder. Lately my voice had been poor in school — gave out, sometimes, in the middle of a recitation. I cleared my throat, but I did not need to repeat myself. The back of the bald head that I had addressed revolved and presented its complement, a bald front.

'Will you — would you like — I'd like —'

I stared in dismay at the bald gentleman, unable to recall a word of what I meant to say; and he stared in impatience at me.

'Well, well!' he snapped. 'What is it? What is it?'

That reminded me.

'It's the Boston *Searchlight*, sir. I take sub —'

'Take it away — take it away. We're busy here.'

He waved me away over his shoulder, the back of his head once more presented to me.

I stole out of the room in great confusion. Was that the way I was going to be received? Why, Mr. James had said nobody would hesitate to subscribe. It was the best paper in Boston, the *Searchlight*, and no business man could afford to be without it. I must have made some blunder. Was 'Mortgages and Bonds' a business? I'd never heard of it, and very likely I had spoken to C. Jenkins Smith. I must try again — of course I must try again.

I selected a real estate-office next. A real-estate broker, I knew for certain, was a business man. Mr. George A. Hooker must be just waiting for the Boston *Searchlight*.

Mr. Hooker was indeed waiting, and he was telling 'Central' about it. 'Yes, Central; waiting, waiting — What? — Yes, yes; ring four — What's that? — Since when? — Why did n't you say so at first, then, instead of keeping me on the line — What? — Oh, is that so? Well, never mind this time, Central. — I see, I see. — All right.'

I had become so absorbed in this monologue, that when Mr. Hooker swung around on me in his revolving chair I was startled, feeling that I had been caught eavesdropping. I thought he was going to reproach me, but he only said, 'What can I do for you, miss?'

Encouraged by his forbearance, I said, —

'Would you like to subscribe to the Boston *Searchlight*, sir?' — 'Sir' was safer, after all. — 'It's a dollar a year.'

I was supposed to say that it was the best paper in Boston, and so forth but Mr. Hooker did not look interested, though he was not cross.

'No, thank you, miss; no new papers for me. Excuse me, I am very busy.' And he began to dictate to a stenographer.

Well, that was not so bad. Mr. Hooker was at least polite. I must try to make a better speech next time.

I stuck to real estate now. O'Lair & Kennedy were both in, in my next office, and both apparently enjoying a minute of relaxation, tilted back in their chairs behind a low railing. Said I, determined to be business-like at last, and addressing myself to the whole firm, —

'Would you like to subscribe to the Boston *Searchlight*? It's a very good paper. No business man can afford it — afford to be without it, I mean. It's only a dollar a year.'

Both men smiled at my break, and I smiled too. I wondered would they subscribe separately, or would they take one copy for the firm.

'The Boston *Searchlight*,' repeated one of the partners. 'Never heard of it. Is that the paper you have there?'

He unfolded the paper I gave him, looked it over, and handed it to his partner.

'Ever heard of the *Searchlight*, O'Lair? What do you think — can we afford to be without it?'

'I guess we'll make out somehow,' replied Mr. O'Lair, handing me back my paper. 'But I'll buy this copy of you, miss,' he added, from second thoughts.

'And I'll go partner on the bargain,' said Mr. Kennedy.

But I objected.

'This is a sample,' I said. 'I don't sell single papers. I take subscriptions for the year. It's one dollar.'

'And no business man can afford it, you know.'

Mr. Kennedy winked as he said it, and we all smiled again. It would have been stupid not to see the joke.

'I'm sorry I can't sell you my sample,' I said, with my hand on the door-knob.

'That's all right, my dear,' said Mr. Kennedy, with a gracious wave of the hand. And his partner called after me, 'Better luck next door!'

Well, I was getting on! The people grew friendlier all the time. But I skipped 'next door.' It was 'Mortgages and Bonds.' I tried 'Insurance.'

'The best paper in Boston, is it?' remarked Mr. 'Thos.' F. Dix, turning over my sample. 'And who told you that, young lady?'

'Mr. James,' was my prompt reply.

'Who is Mr. James? — The *editor*! Oh, I see. And do you also think the *Searchlight* the best paper in Boston?'

'I don't know, sir. I like the *Herald* much better, and the *Transcript*.'

At that Mr. Dix laughed. 'That's right,' he said. 'Business is business, but you tell the truth. One dollar, is it? Here you are. My name is on the door. Good-day.'

I think that I spent twenty minutes copying the name and room number from the door. I did not trust myself to read plain English. What if I made a mistake, and the *Searchlight* went astray, and good Mr. Dix remained unilluminated? He had paid for the year; it would be dreadful to make a mistake.

Emboldened by my one success, I went into the next office without considering the kind of business announced on the door. I tried brokers, lawyers, contractors, and all, just as they came around the corridor. But I copied no more addresses. Most of the people were polite. Some men waved me away, like C. Jenkins Smith. Some looked impatient at first, but excused themselves politely in the end. Almost everybody said, 'We're busy here,' as if they suspected I wanted them to read a whole year's issue of the *Search-*

light at once. At last one man told me he did not think it was a nice business for a girl, going through the offices like that.

This took me aback. I had not thought anything about the nature of the business. I only wanted the money to pay the rent. I wandered through miles of stone corridors, unable to see why it was not a nice business, and yet reluctant to go on with it, with the doubt in my mind. Intent on my new problem, I walked into a messenger boy; and looking back to apologize to him, I collided softly with a cushion-shaped gentleman getting out of an elevator.

I was making up my mind to leave the building forever, when I saw an office door standing open. It was the first open door I had come across since morning, — it was past noon now, — and it was a sign to me to keep on. I must not give up so easily.

Mr. Frederick A. Strong was alone in the office, surreptitiously picking his teeth. He heard me out good-naturedly.

‘How much is your commission, if I may ask?’ It was the first thing he had said.

‘Fifty cents, sir.’

‘Well, I’ll tell you what I will do. I don’t care to subscribe, but here’s a quarter for you.’

If I did not blush, it was because it is not my habit, but all of a sudden I choked. A lump jumped into my throat; almost the tears were in my eyes. That man was right who said it was not nice to go through the offices. I was taken for a beggar: a stranger offered me money for nothing.

I could not say a word. I started to go out. But Mr. Strong jumped up and prevented me.

‘Oh, don’t go like that!’ he cried. ‘I did n’t mean to offend you; upon my word, I did n’t. I beg your pardon. I did n’t know — you see — Won’t you

sit down a minute to rest? That’s kind of you.’

Mr. Strong was so genuinely repentant that I could not refuse him. Besides, I felt a little weak. I had been on my feet since morning, and had had no lunch. I sat down, and Mr. Strong talked. He showed me a picture of his wife and little girl, and said I must go and see them some time. Pretty soon I was chatting too, and I told Mr. Strong about the Latin School; and of course he asked me if I was French, the way people always did when they wanted to say that I had a foreign accent. So we got started on Russia, and had such an interesting time that we both jumped up, surprised, when a fine young lady in a beautiful hat came in to take possession of the idle typewriter.

Mr. Strong introduced me very formally, thanked me for an interesting hour, and shook hands with me at the door. I did not add his name to my short subscription list, but I counted it a greater triumph that I had made a friend.

It would have been seeking an anticlimax to solicit any more in the building. I went out, into the roar of Tremont Street, and across the Common, still green and leafy. I rested a while on a bench, debating where to go next. It was past two by the clock on Park Street Church. I had had a long day already, but it was too early to quit work, with only one half dollar of my own in my pocket. It was Saturday — in the evening the landlady would come. I must try a little longer.

I went out along Columbus Avenue, a popular route for bicyclists at that time. The bicycle stores all along the way looked promising to me. The people did not look so busy as they did in the office building; they would at least be polite.

They were not particularly rude, but

they did not subscribe. Nobody wanted the *Searchlight*. They had never heard of it — they made jokes about it — they did not want it at any price.

I began to lose faith in the paper myself. I got tired of the name *Searchlight*. I began to feel dizzy. I stopped going into the stores. I walked straight along, looking at nothing. I wanted to go back, go home, but I would n't. I felt like doing myself spite. I walked right along, straight as the avenue ran. I did not know where it would lead me. I did not care. Everything was horrid. I would go right on until night. I would get lost. I would fall in a faint on a strange doorstep, and be found dead in the morning, and be pitied.

Would n't that be interesting! The adventure might even end happily. I might faint at the door of a rich old man's house, who would take me in, and order his housekeeper to nurse me, just like in the story-books. In my delirium — of course I would have a fever — I would talk about the landlady, and how I had tried to earn the rent; and the old gentleman would wipe his spectacles for pity. Then I would wake up, and ask plaintively, 'Where am I?' And when I got strong, after a delightfully long convalescence, the old gentleman would take me to Dover Street — in a carriage! — and we would all be reunited, and laugh and cry together. The old gentleman, of course, would engage my father as his steward, on the spot, and we would all go to live in one of his houses, with a garden around it.

I walked on, and on, gleefully aware that I had not eaten since morning. Was n't I beginning to feel shaky? Yes; I should certainly faint before long. But I did n't like the houses I passed. They did not look fit for my adventure. I must keep up till I reached a better neighborhood.

Anybody who knows Boston knows how cheaply my adventure ended. Columbus Avenue leads out to Roxbury Crossing. When I saw that the houses were getting shabbier, instead of finer, my heart sank. When I came out on the noisy, thrice-commonplace street-car centre, my spirit collapsed utterly.

I did not swoon. I woke up from my foolish, childish dream with a shock. I was disgusted with myself, and frightened besides. It was evening now, and I was faint and sick in good earnest, and I did not know where I was. I asked a starter at the transfer station the way to Dover Street, and he told me to hop on a car that was just coming in.

'I'll walk,' I said, 'if you will please tell me the shortest way.'

How could I spend five cents out of the little I had made?

But the starter discouraged me.

'You can't walk it before midnight — the way you look, my girl. Better get on that car before it goes.'

I could not resist the temptation. I rode home in the car, and felt like a thief when I paid the fare. Five cents gone to pay for my folly!

I was grateful for a cold supper; thrice grateful to hear that Mrs. Hutch, the landlady, had been and gone, content with two dollars that my father had brought home.

III

Mrs. Hutch seldom succeeded in collecting the full amount of their rents from her tenants. I suppose that made the book-keeping complicated, which must have been wearing on her nerves; and hence her temper. We lived, on Dover Street, in fear of her temper. Saturday had a distinct quality about it, derived from the imminence of Mrs. Hutch's visit. Of course

I awoke on Saturday morning with the no-school feeling; but the grim thing that leaped to its feet and glowered down on me, while the rest of my consciousness was still yawning on its back, was the Mrs.-Hutch-is-coming-and-there's-no-rent feeling.

The landlady, of course, was only one symptom of the disease of poverty, but there were times when she seemed to me the sharpest tooth of the gnawing canker. Surely as sorrow trails behind sin, Saturday evening brought Mrs. Hutch. The landlady did not trail. Her movements were anything but impassive. She climbed the stairs with determination, and landed at the top with emphasis. Her knock on the door was clear, sharp, unfaltering; it was impossible to pretend not to hear it. Her 'good-evening' announced business; her manner of taking a chair suggested the throwing down of the gauntlet.

Invariably she asked for my father, calling him Mr. Anton, and refusing to be corrected; almost invariably he was not at home — was out looking for work. Had he left her the rent? My mother's gentle 'no, ma'am' was the signal for the storm. I do not want to repeat what Mrs. Hutch said. It would be hard on her, and hard on me. She grew red in the face; her voice grew shriller with every word. My poor mother hung her head where she stood; the children stared from their corners; the frightened baby cried. The angry landlady rehearsed our sins like a prophet foretelling doom. We owed so many weeks' rent; we were too lazy to work; we never intended to pay; we lived on others; we deserved to be put out without warning. She reproached my mother for having too many children; she blamed us all for coming to America. She enumerated her losses through non-payment of her rents; told us that she did not collect

the amount of her taxes; showed us how our irregularities were driving a poor widow to ruin.

My mother did not attempt to excuse herself, but when Mrs. Hutch began to rail against my father, she tried to put in a word in his defense. The landlady grew all the shriller at that, and silenced my mother impatiently. Sometimes she addressed herself to me. I always stood by, if I was at home, to give my mother the moral support of my dumb sympathy. I understood that Mrs. Hutch had a special grudge against me, because I did not go to work as a cash-girl and earn three dollars a week. I wanted to explain to her how I was preparing myself for a great career, and I was ready to promise her the payment of the arrears as soon as I began to get rich. But the landlady would not let me put in a word. And I was sorry for her, because she seemed to be having such a bad time.

At last Mrs. Hutch got up to leave, marching out as determinedly as she had marched in. At the door she turned, in undiminished wrath, to shoot her parting dart: —

'And if Mr. Anton does not bring me the rent on Monday, I will serve a notice to quit on Tuesday, without fail.'

We breathed when she was gone. My mother wiped away a few tears, and went to the baby, crying in the windowless, air-tight room.

I was the first to speak.

'Is n't she queer, mamma?' I said. 'She never remembers how to say our name. She insists on saying *Anton* — *Anton*. Celia, say *Anton*.' And I made the baby laugh by imitating the landlady, who had made her cry.

But when I went to my little room I did not mock Mrs. Hutch. I thought about her, thought long and hard, and to a purpose. I decided that she must hear me out once. She must under-

stand about my plans, my future, my good intentions. It was too irrational to go on like this, we living in fear of her, she in distrust of us. If Mrs. Hutch would only trust me, and the tax-collectors would trust her, we could all live happily forever.

I was the more certain that my argument would prevail with the landlady, if only I could make her listen, because I understood her point of view. I even sympathized with her. What she said about the babies, for instance, was not all unreasonable to me. There was this last baby, my mother's sixth, born on Mrs. Hutch's premises — yes, in the windowless, air-tight bedroom. Was there any need of this baby? When May was born, two years earlier, on Wheeler Street, I had accepted her; after a while I even welcomed her. She was born an American, and it was something to me to have one genuine American relative. I had to sit up with her the whole of her first night on earth, and I questioned her about the place she came from, and so we got acquainted. As my mother was so ill that my sister Frieda, who was nurse, and the doctor from the dispensary had all they could do to take care of her, the baby remained in my charge a good deal, and so I got used to her. But when Celia came I was two years older, and my outlook was broader; I could see around a baby's charms, and discern the disadvantages of possessing the baby. I was supplied with all kinds of relatives now — I had a brother-in-law and an American-born nephew, who might become a president. Moreover, I knew that there was not enough to eat before the baby's advent, and she did not bring any supplies with her that I could see. The baby was one too many. I resented her existence. I recorded my resentment in my journal.

I was pleased with my broad-mind-

edness, that enabled me to see all sides of the baby question. I could regard even the rent question disinterestedly, like a philosopher reviewing natural phenomena. It seemed not unreasonable that Mrs. Hutch should have a craving for the rent as such. A schoolgirl dotes on her books, a baby cries for its rattle, and a landlady yearns for her rents. I could easily believe that it was doing Mrs. Hutch spiritual violence to withhold the rent from her; and hence the vehemence with which she pursued the arrears.

Yes, I could analyze the landlady very nicely. I was certainly qualified to act as peacemaker between her and my family. But I must go to her own house, and *not* on a rent day. Saturday evening, when she was embittered by many disappointments, was no time to approach her with diplomatic negotiations. I must go to her house on a days of good omen.

And I went, as soon as my father could give me a week's rent to take along. I found Mrs. Hutch in the gloom of a long, faded parlor. Divested of the ample black coat and widow's bonnet in which I had always seen her, her presence would have been less formidable, had I not been conscious that I was a mere rumpled sparrow fallen into the lion's den. When I had delivered the money, I should have begun my speech; but I did not know what came first of all there was to say. While I hesitated, Mrs. Hutch observed me. She noticed my books, and asked about them.

I thought this was my opening, and I showed her eagerly my Latin grammar, my geometry, my Virgil. I began to tell her how I was to go to college, to fit myself to write poetry, and get rich, and pay the arrears. But Mrs. Hutch cut me short at the mention of college. She broke out with her old reproaches, and worked herself into a

worse fury than I had ever witnessed before.

I was all alone in the tempest, and a very old lady was sitting on a sofa, drinking tea; and the tidy on the back of the sofa was sliding down.

I was so bewildered by the suddenness of the onslaught, I felt so helpless to defend myself, that I could only stand and stare at Mrs. Hutch. She kept on railing without stopping for breath, repeating herself over and over. At last I ceased to hear what she said; I became hypnotized by the rapid motions of her mouth. Then the moving tidy caught my eye, and the spell was broken. I went over to the sofa with a decided step, and carefully replaced the tidy.

It was now the landlady's turn to stare, and I stared back, surprised at my own action. The old lady also stared, her teacup suspended under her nose. The whole thing was so ridiculous! I had come on such a grand mission, ready to dictate the terms of a noble peace. I was met with anger and contumely; the dignity of the ambassador of peace rubbed off at a touch, like the golden dust from the butterfly's wing. I took my scolding like a meek child; and then, when she was in the middle of a trenchant phrase, her eye fixed daggerlike on mine, I calmly went to put the enemy's house in order! It was ridiculous, and I laughed.

Immediately I was sorry. I wanted to apologize, but Mrs. Hutch did n't give me a chance. If she had been harsh before, she was terrific now. Did I come there to insult her? she wanted to know. Was n't it enough that I and my family lived on her, that I must come to her on purpose to rile her with my talk about college — *college!* these beggars! — and laugh in her face? 'What did you come for? Who sent you? Why do you stand there staring?

Say something! *College!* these beggars! And do you think I'll keep you till you go to college? *You*, learning geometry! Did you ever figure out how much rent your father owes me? You are all too lazy — Don't say a word! Don't speak to me! Coming here to laugh in my face! I don't believe you can say one sensible word. *Latin* — and *French!* Oh, these beggars! You ought to go to work, if you know enough to do one sensible thing. *College!* Go home and tell your father never to send you again. Laughing in my face — and staring! Why don't you say something? How old are you?'

Mrs. Hutch actually stopped, and I jumped into the pause.

'I'm seventeen,' I said quickly, 'and I feel like seventy.'

This was too much, even for me who had spoken. I had not meant to say the last. It broke out, like my wicked laugh. I was afraid, if I stayed any longer, Mrs. Hutch would have the apoplexy; and I felt that I was going to cry. I moved toward the door, but the landlady got in another speech before I had escaped.

"Seventeen — seventy! And looks like twelve! The child is silly. Can't even tell her own age. No wonder, with her *Latin*, and *French*, and —'

I did cry when I got outside, and I did n't care if I was noticed. What was the use of anything? Everything I did was wrong. Everything I tried to do for Mrs. Hutch turned out bad. I tried to sell papers, for the sake of the rent, and nobody wanted the *Searchlight*, and I was told it was not a nice business. I wanted to take her into my confidence, and she would n't hear a word, but scolded and called me names. She was an unreasonable, ungrateful landlady. I wished she *would* put us out; then we should be rid of her. — But was n't it funny about that tidy? What made me do that? I never meant to. Curi-

ous, the way we sometimes do things we don't want to at all. — The old lady must be deaf; she did n't say anything all that time. — Oh, I have a whole book of the *Æneid* to review, and it's getting late. I must hurry home.

It was impossible to remain despondent long. The landlady came only once a week, I reflected as I walked, and the rest of the time I was surrounded by friends. Everybody was good to me at home, of course, and at school; and there was Miss Dillingham, and her friend who took me out in the coun-

try to see the autumn leaves, and her friend's friend who lent me books, and Mr. Charles, who put my poems in the *Transcript*, and gave me books almost every time I came, and a dozen others who did something good for me all the time, besides the several dozen who wrote me such nice letters. No, a single landlady could not spoil a world so fair as mine.

[The story of Mary Antin will be concluded in the April number. — THE EDITORS.]

THE PERSISTENCE OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

THERE is a theory which finds the spire of the New England meeting-house in the mountain peaks of Arabia.

Tracing back the process of evolution, we come first to London, where the clean sweep of the Great Fire gave Sir Christopher Wren his opportunity to experiment in steeples; and then to Venice, where the campanile is a shining example of a tower beside a church but separate from it; and then to Alexandria, where the famous lighthouse on the isle of Pharos contributed to the religion of Mohammed both the form and the name of the minaret; and then to the 'Tower of Babel' at Borsippa, and the *zikkurats* of the temples of Babylonia and Assyria. A *zikkurat* is a huge quadrangular mass of brick, rising in diminishing stories, — as a child places a big block on the floor, and puts a smaller one on it, and on that a smaller still, — and is ascended by a

winding balustraded stair to a shrine on top.

This, according to the theory was the ritual equivalent of a mountain.

Into the flat lands between the Tigris and Euphrates came the ancestors of the Babylonians and Assyrians out of the mountains of Arabia. There they had worshiped the storm-god, who dwelt upon the heights among the clouds; with whom they communed, like Moses, by climbing up and making their offerings and saying their prayers upon the summit. And because there were no mountains in their new country, they erected beside every temple a little mountain in the yard. Thus the *zikkurat*, and then the minaret, and then the campanile, and then the steeple of the parish church!

Professor Jastrow suggests this explanation of the origin of church spires in his *Religious Belief in Babylonia and*

Assyria!¹ The theory is but a minor incident in an illuminating book, like the suggestion of Professor Carter in his *Religious Life of Ancient Rome*,² that the lack of bath-tubs in English houses in the period of the Georges was due to the action of Witigis, King of the Goths, in cutting the aqueducts of Rome when he besieged that city in the sixth century. The aqueducts being cut, the Roman habit of bathing ceased; and since Rome prescribed the fashions of Europe, the Germans, the Franks, and finally the English, learned a civilization in which the bath had ceased to be a luxury and had become an infrequent necessity. Whether the theory is capable of proof or not, the fact remains that the present grows like that out of the past. Thus the spire becomes a convenient symbol of the persistence of religion.

The word which Bergson uses in his *Creative Evolution*³ is not persistence, but duration. This denotes not merely a lapse of time but a continuous contribution to progress. Bergson finds that time is an integral factor of life. It both implies and produces change. The duration of religion signifies an everlasting reality which is forever changing. It means that the fact of change, instead of discrediting religion, shows the kinship of religion with all living things. It is expressed now in the peak of a mountain on which it builds an altar, and now in the tip of a steeple to which it fastens a cross, and through all differences endures and grows.

Bergson says that 'our intellect, in the narrow sense of the word, is in-

¹ *Religious Belief in Babylonia and Assyria*. By MORRIS JASTROW, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *The Religious Life of Ancient Rome*. By JESSE BENEDICT CARTER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *Creative Evolution*. By HENRI LOUIS BERGSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

tended to secure the perfect fitting of our body to its environment.' Meanwhile, our soul is endeavoring to bring to adequate realization and expression the relation between man and God. One of these processes results in the gradual development of civilization, whereby we are fitted to the conditions of the visible world. The other process results in the gradual development of religion, whereby we are fitted to the conditions of the invisible world. Religion, therefore, is one aspect of that unfolding life of which the other aspect is civilization. Like civilization, it proceeds out of the imperfect by a series of experiments. Some of these experiments fail, a few succeed; but the failures are almost as important as the successes, and make almost as valuable a contribution to religious betterment. Thus fetichism and polytheism and pantheism were experiments in religion, as absolute monarchy and slavery and the feudal system were experiments in civilization.

This doctrine of duration is opposed to the theory of a closed universe. Thus Bergson rejects two current explanations of the world.

The explanation which he calls mechanism affirms that the world in all its possible developments was contained in the primordial cosmic vapor, so that a 'sufficient intellect,' examining that vapor before the beginning of time, could have accurately foreseen what animals would be found in the woods of England in 1869, — that being the year in which Huxley made the statement. Bergson says that in such a doctrine time is indeed still spoken of, but without serious meaning. 'One hears the word, but does not think of the thing. For time is here deprived of efficacy, and if it *does* nothing it is nothing.'

The explanation which he calls finalism affirms that the world is being

made, not only out of materials contained in the cosmic vapor, but according to a plan formed from all eternity. The universe has been thought out completely; all things were determined before the world was; whatever happens is in accordance with a programme arranged to the last detail. Finalism, however, is only mechanism inverted. For an infinite push, the 'impulsion of the past,' it substitutes an infinite pull, the 'attraction of the future.' It does not take time into account. 'If there is nothing unforeseen, no invention or creation in the universe, time is useless again.' It is 'a perception which would vanish, like a rising mist, for a mind seated at the centre of things.'

Creative Evolution, as distinguished from mechanism and finalism, recognizes in the factor of time a continual cause of change. Life is affected by matter as water is affected by earth. Down comes the water from the spring and makes its way in directions which are determined by obstacles. Here it flows freely, there it cannot flow at all. Thus flows life. Hence the difference between plants and animals and men. Between the impulse of the past which makes the water spring out of the earth, and the attraction of the future which makes it flow downhill, are all the changes and chances wrought by time and matter. The universe is forever growing by combinations ever new. Nothing can be perfectly predicted, because into every equation enters the indeterminable factor of time. Halley's comet returns, indeed, according to the calculations of astronomers, but never to the same world. Now it alarms the army of Harold and encourages the army of William, now it attracts the intelligent interest of people with telescopes, and even in the sky its behavior perplexes the most learned observers.

Bergson does not discuss the nature of the force which is thus mysteriously and continually making use of time to construct this perpetually unexpected world. Alfred Russel Wallace, in *The World of Life*,¹ states his own conviction within his first few pages. He maintains that these complex outgrowths imply 'first, a creative Power, which so constituted matter as to make these marvels possible; next, a directive Mind, which is demanded at every step of the process which we term growth; and lastly, an ultimate Purpose,' which he holds to be the development of Man. Nothing so plain as this appears in Bergson's book, whose excellent index does not contain a single mention of the word 'religion.' But the religious implications of this philosophy of life are evident.

Bergson's doctrine of duration forbids us to consider religion as a closed matter. It is a process of adjustment to the world invisible. Primitive religion is as imperfect as primitive civilization. The instinct of adjustment is imperative, and man is trying to accomplish it as regards his whole environment. He must be in right relations with the physical, and the social, and the spiritual world in order to attain peace and happiness. The history of religion reveals his unceasing endeavor to live aright with the unseen powers. Thus it is varied and progressive, like the history of science. Thus also it is unfinished. Each new age writes its new chapter. Man increases in his knowledge of God as in his knowledge of the world.

It is an interesting coincidence that the literary year whose most important contribution to the discussion of human life is Bergson's *Creative Evolution* should be uncommonly rich in studies of various phases of religion. Here,

¹ *The World of Life*. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

for example, is a group of books beginning with Professor Jastrow's account of the religion of Babylonia and ending with Professor Carter's account of the religion of ancient Rome, and including between them *The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East*,¹ by Alfred Jeremias of the University of Leipzig; *Great Religious Teachers of the East*,² by Alfred W. Martin of the New York Ethical Culture Society; *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*,³ by Franz Cumont of the University of Ghent; and *The Five Great Philosophies of Life*⁴ by William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.

These books agree in describing the ancient world as profoundly religious. Its surviving literature is almost entirely religious; its remaining buildings were most of them erected for the purposes of worship; and its outstanding men were either religious leaders or else kings, commanders, and statesmen who believed themselves to be the sons or servants of the gods. Of course, the history of the past is only in small measure a history of the people. It is only in recent times that the historian has concerned himself with the affairs of plain citizens. Very likely the various importunate interests of the visible world competed then, as now, with the interests of the world invisible. The perspective may possibly throw out of proportion the emphasis which was then placed on religion. Beside the temple stood the palace, and around

them both were the dwellings of the people. The towers of the temples overtopped the other buildings, but so do the steeples of our churches, except in a few great cities where the office-buildings exceed them.

It is nevertheless true that, next to law and war, the most conspicuous fact in the life of the ancient world was religion. And law and war were servants of religion. Professor Jastrow describes in detail how the state decided its policy in peace and its movements in war by divination, seeking to discover the divine will in the appearance of the livers of sacrificial animals, and in the combinations of the stars.

Professor Jeremias sees a faint shining of the stars in many a cloudy page of the Old Testament. His idea is that ancient life was so lived under the stars that these mysterious lights entered into all thought and language, and survived emigration and changes of religion. Centuries after the Hebrews had outgrown the star-worship of their remote ancestors, they still talked in terms of the stars. The signs of the zodiac are found in Jacob's blessing of his twelve sons. Many of the illustrations which are cited to prove this astral inheritance are unconvincing, but there is enough to show that the Old Testament people were the descendants of generations of deeply religious ancestors.

Then out of these vague regions, whose old cities are both dead and buried, and whose old creeds are filled with names which we cannot remember, where our guides are anthropologists and archæologists, appear at last the forms of men with whose greatness we are familiar.

Under their leadership, the religions which still rule the East came into being. Mr. Martin has sketched for his Sunday evening congregations the

¹ *The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East*. By ALFRED JEREMIAS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *Great Religious Teachers of the East*. By ALFRED W. MARTIN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*. By FRANZ CUMONT. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

⁴ *The Five Great Philosophies of Life*. By WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

lives and teachings of some of these supreme prophets. It is a curious fact that Confucius and Gotama and Zoroaster lived in the same age. The Apostles of China and of India were contemporaries, and the Apostle of Persia preceded them by so few years that they were born about the time he died. Moreover, Socrates and Plato, and Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides were all alive in that same fifth century before Christ, which may well be called the Golden Century.

The Old Testament world was filled with confusion. The Assyrians were conquered by the Babylonians, and the Babylonians by the Persians, and the Hebrews were under the oppression of each of these dominant powers in turn. The images of the old gods were broken in pieces in the destruction of the cities which they could not save, and the old faith in the gods seemed to be shattered with them. The religions described by Jastrow and Jeremias ceased to exist. But that was only a seasonal change in the everlasting persistence of religion. It was the winter which is followed by the spring and the summer, or the night which precedes the day. The fifth century was a time when the sun arose shining out of the ancient mists.

That Gotama and Confucius are still living forces in the Eastern world is made plain in Professor Reinsch's timely book, *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East*.¹ Within the past few years the Japanese have revived the festival of Confucius; that is, they have returned to the ancient custom of paying an annual public honor to the memory of this sage and hero. The Japanese chivalry takes its code of Bushido from the teachings of Confucius. It was under the inspira-

tion of his words that the soldiers of Japan went into the war with Russia. At the same time, there is a restoration of Confucianism in China. The men of the progressive movement are studying the writings of Confucius in the light of contemporary history, and are finding them dynamic. And while Confucius is thus the source of the controlling ethical ideals of the East, Gotama is the supreme teacher of religion. He is the greatest unifying force in the Orient. 'His thought and life have been and are the chief centre of the common feelings and enthusiasms of Asia.'

There is a new Buddhism whose emphasis is not on resignation but on energy. Nirvana is now defined not as self-annihilation, but as self-possession and mastery of mind, 'gained through the application of the most concentrated energy in mental processes through generations.' Thus these old religions, whose origin was in the Golden Century and whose ministry seemed to be directed only toward the calm and peace of a quiet and unchanging life, are found to contain new and surprising forces. Gotama and Confucius, being re-read, are perceived to be equal to the new day in India, in China, in Japan; and were never more alive than they are at present.

The entrance of Confucianism and Buddhism into the world whose classical religions were those of Babylonia and Assyria had its counterpart in the entrance of the philosophies and the mysteries into the world whose classical religions were those of Greece and Rome. It had come to pass again that the ancient creeds had failed to satisfy the minds and hearts of men. The gods still lived in the epics and in the arts, and in the customary ritual of common life, but they were no longer worshiped. Neither the poetry of Greek religion, nor the prose of Latin religion, gave

¹ *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East*. By PAUL S. REINSCH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

heed to man's increasing sense of his need of salvation. They did not take serious account of sin. They were not religions of redemption.

President Hyde shows how the philosophies were brought forward to meet this need. Epicurus taught men to attain happiness by increasing their pleasure; Epictetus, by decreasing their desires; Plato, by subordinating the lower to the higher; Aristotle, by serving the higher with the lower. Professor Cumont shows how the mysteries appealed to those who were indifferent to the philosophies. Cybele and Attis came from Asia Minor. Isis and Osiris came from Egypt. These religions were akin to the nature-worships of the primitive world. Each of them reenacted, in ritual and symbol, the annual tragedy of the winter and the following miracle of the spring. At the heart of each was the death and resurrection of a God. Into that death and resurrection the disciple entered, dying to sin and rising again to a life of righteousness.

The chief of the Oriental religions which contended with Christianity for the control of Occidental life was Mithraism. The philosophies came from Greece, the mysteries from Egypt and from Asia Minor; Mithraism came from that ancient land which alone in the East had survived the wreck of old empires and was still strong enough to rival Rome: the land of Persia. It was the contribution of Zoroaster to the persistence of religion. Professor Cumont knows more about Mithraism than any other scholar, and his chapter on that subject is both valuable and interesting. The ruined shrines of Mithra have been found in nearly all parts of the Roman Empire, from the glens of Scotland to the sand of Sahara. The religion had its sacraments of the divine bath and the divine feast. It exalted Mithra as the saviour of

the world. It promised the rewards of heaven and the punishments of hell. It gave to our calendar the name of Sunday for the first day of the week, and the date of Christmas, being Mithra's birthday taken over by the conquering church. In the third century of our era the contest between the faith of Mithra and the faith of Christ was still so close that Renan could say that 'if Christianity had been checked in its growth by some deadly disease, the world would have become Mithraic.'

The religion of Mithra was equipped for its competition with Christianity by its definiteness of doctrine and of organization. The two faiths brought two new elements into the history of religion. Each presented a creed and a church. 'There were certain clearly defined things to be believed; and more important yet, there was an equally definite set of things to be done.' Occidental religion, for the most part, had been neither theological nor ecclesiastical. Its teachers had been poets and philosophers, who had interpreted the myths and traditions as they pleased; and its priests had been gentlemen whose ministrations at the altars of the national religion had formed a part of their function as state officials.

Mithraism was handicapped by its endeavor to bring along with it an outgrown and discredited mythology. Religion persists by virtue of its ability to accept the results of experiment and experience, and to start anew and free. The heart of the philosophies was in the teachings of Christ, and the heart of the mysteries was in his death and resurrection. But He stood splendidly free.

Moreover, as Professor Carter reminds us in his interesting lectures, Mithraism had two other serious disadvantages. It was separated from history by the fact that no such person

as Mithra had ever actually lived; and it was separated from progress by the fact that it was not concerned with social betterment. 'To lift up those who have fallen beneath the feet of the progress of the world, to care for those who are of no apparent profit or good to society at large, to give to those who cannot give again, these are the deeds which, even in our modern parlance, we call "real Christianity." It is this note which has awakened a response in millions of human beings during these nineteen centuries. It is the essentially new thing which has come into the world.' Mithraism knew nothing of it.

Christianity thus came, like Judaism, into a world already religious. Its most difficult contentions were not with sin, but with religion. Its history was foreshadowed in the experience of Christ Himself, who was opposed and put to death, not by the wicked, but by the orthodox, by the conservative maintainers of the existing religious situation. Already, in the Revelation of St. John, the great fight begins between the Empire and the Church. Dr. Moffat, in his *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament*¹ dates the book in the reign of Domitian, when the Roman emperor, not content with allegiance, was beginning seriously to enforce the demand for adoration. The book is written to sustain those who are under persecution. A like condition of suffering and contention appears in the Epistle to the Hebrews, whose splendid roll-call of the heroes of faith in the past is intended to encourage those who were called to be heroes of the faith in the difficult present.

For the militant purposes of this contention the Christian religion developed both the creed and the church. It is

¹ *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament*. By JAMES D. MOFFAT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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indeed true, as Professor Clarke says in *The Ideal of Jesus*,² that the early churches were both many and varied. 'They were not all alike, for some were patterned after the Jewish synagogue and some after the local organizations of the Gentile world, but they were all aimed at the one purpose, and therefore all were Christian churches.' Presently these loosely organized societies were combined into one strong, centralized church. It was patterned after the Roman Empire, as the earlier forms had followed the Jewish synagogue. This 'one sole organization, single and unique,' Dr. Clarke seeks in vain in the 'Mind of Jesus,' and he is inclined to infer that it is contrary to that ideal. But Bergson's doctrine of duration carries with it the element of the unexpected. The brook as it trickles down the hill may part into many little streams, but a barrier will bring them all together into a strong river. They must join their forces to get through the barrier.

That is what the churches did when they were confronted by the mighty barrier of the empire. After that was broken, the barbarian invasion made another barrier. There had to be one sole organization, single and unique, one church, one creed. Time implies change, because time is measured by obstacles. The adjustments which are needed to overcome the obstacles constitute the development of the original idea into the institutions which express it.

Thus the organization of religion may vary according to varying conditions. Jesus, as Dr. Clarke says, left in the world 'a life to be lived.' He left also a church whose function was 'to protect it and to utilize it.' The constant problem, then, was how to construct the church so as to fulfil its

² *The Ideal of Jesus*. By WILLIAM NEWTON. CLARKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

function best. The persistence of religion consists in its continual adaptation to its environment. Thus the organization of religion may properly be congregational in an age when that form of polity works; and quite as properly, in another age, episcopal; and, in another, papal.

The missionaries who went up from Rome to meet the invading barbarians were engaged in a twofold task. They were both to convert and to civilize these new people. They brought with them not only Latin Christianity, but Latin culture. Across the gulf which parted the Roman Empire of the Cæsars from the Roman Empire of the Popes, these men built bridges. They fulfilled a pontifical function. Over they came, carrying in one hand the writings of Augustine, and in the other the writings of Virgil. They found the barbarians receptive. The conquering soldiers realized that beyond their own might of arm was another might of mind, and still another might of soul. Thus they went to school and to church, and the missionaries taught them.

The result of this combination of culture and Christianity was what Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor calls *The Mediæval Mind*.¹ The two influences worked together — now culture prevailing, now Christianity prevailing — to shape both the persons and the events of the Middle Ages. Thus they appear in Charlemagne and in Bernard, in Héloïse and in Santa Clara, in Thomas Aquinas and in Dante. These interactions Mr. Taylor traces in his learned and delightful book.

The changes which were thus wrought in the institutions of religion are symbolized by the difference between the Romanesque and the Gothic in architecture. The church which had wor-

shipped in the sunlit sanctuaries of Italy, amidst wide wall-surfaces and clear windows and broad spaces open to the eye, now erected in Germany those vast cathedrals whose spires and clustering chapels and stained windows expressed both a new sense of individuality and a new sense of mystery.

All this was dominated by a new authority. For the men who brought the old culture and the old religion were manifestly the intellectual and spiritual superiors of the men who were remaking Europe. The conquerors could neither read nor write. In the presence of their teachers they were like children, who are not to be reasoned with, but to be instructed. Accordingly, as Mr. Taylor says, 'an attitude of humble inferiority before Christianity and Latin culture was an initial condition of mediæval development.' And, as he says again, 'when this Christianity, so mighty in itself and august through the prestige of Rome, was presented as under authority, its new converts might well be struck with awe. It was such awe as this that acknowledged the claims of the Roman bishops, and made possible a Roman and Catholic Church — the most potent unifying influence of the Middle Ages.'

Against the conventionalizing influence of such an authority, there were two mediæval protests. The monks and the mystics proclaimed the independence of the individual. The monk freed himself from the regulations made by the priests. He was a layman who had determined never to go to church again. He turned his back upon the altar and upon all the ancient order of worship, and found what seemed to him a better church in a cave or in the woods, where he had no sermons and no sacraments, but sought God in his own way. The mystic freed himself

¹ *The Mediæval Mind*. By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. New York: The Macmillan Co.

from the limitations set by the theologians. In the place of the ancient creeds, and even in the place of the ancient scriptures, he had a new, immediate, and individual revelation of divine truth.

Mr. Taylor makes his readers acquainted with these independent and original persons, from whose writings he quotes freely. Some were hermits, like Bruno the Carthusian; some lived in a monastery, but came out to take part in the affairs of the great world, like St. Bernard; some lived outside the monastery, and devoted themselves to preaching, like St. Francis. At the same time the devotion which thus comes to flower and fruit in monasticism appears in another form in chivalry. Beside the saints are the knights, Roland and Tristan and Lancelot and Parsifal.

The time came, indeed, when the wise church won back these individualists. The original protest survived mainly in the chronic quarrel between the abbot and the bishop, and between the friar and the priest. The altar was the heart of the monastery. But at the beginning, as Dr. Allen says in his *Christian Institutions*, the monks, 'taking their flight from the world, practically left the church behind them, carrying with them no bishops, making no provision for ritual or sacrament. To these things they were indifferent, if not averse.'

These men are all alike in their enthusiasm for ideals. They have set before them a way of life along which they are advancing through many obstacles to a celestial city. This city the mystics saw in vision. In silence and solitude, asking no help from sacrament or book, they contemplated God. They addressed themselves to meditation.

This exercise Hugo of St. Victor compares to the kindling and final clear

burning of a fire. First, there is smoke, with flame flashing here and there; then the *victrix flamma*, 'darting through the heap of crackling wood, springs from branch to branch, and with lambent grasp catches upon every twig; nor does it rest until it penetrates everywhere and draws into itself all that it finds which is not flame. At length the whole combustible material is purged of its own nature and passes into the similitude and property of fire; then the din is hushed, and the voracious fire, having subdued all, and brought all into its own likeness, composes itself to a high peace and silence, finding nothing more that is alien or opposed to itself.' The spiritual *victrix flamma*, burning out all that is hostile and unworthy in us, flames up into ardent and pure love of God.

Mediæval mysticism was a revolt against a presentation of religion which took little account of experience. In it, the individual asserted himself in the midst of religious conditions which suppressed or at least subordinated individuality. Dr. Workman, in his *Christian Thought to the Reformation*,¹ describes the situation. The salvation of the individual 'was conditioned from first to last by his belonging to a corporation in whose privileges and functions he shared; through whose sacraments his life was nourished; by whose graduated hierarchy, though but the meanest servant of the Church, he was linked in the supreme Head; whose saints shielded him by their merits or helped him by their intercessions. Through this corporation alone he was brought in touch with the Saviour; outside the corporation his soul was lost.' It was a sublime idea. It made its effective contribution to the persistence of religion. It

¹ *Christian Thought to the Reformation*. By HERBERT BROOK WORKMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

was needed for the spiritual good of a majority of mediæval men. But it was only one aspect of the truth. Over against the priest, emphasizing the institution, has always stood the prophet, emphasizing the individual. In the Middle Ages the prophet was a mystic.

The mystic stood upon the basis of his own actual experience. He knew that God could be found without the assistance of the church, because he himself had found Him. He had no need of any theologian to teach him. Thus Tauler said, 'The dwelling in the Inner Kingdom of God, where pure truth and the sweetness of God are found, is not something that can be learned from the masters of Paris.' The effect of this faith was to change plain people into saints. Dr. Rufus Jones, who this year follows his *Studies in Mystical Religion* with a sympathetic account of *The Quaker in the American Colonies*,¹ shows how in this country as in Europe, and in modern times as in the Middle Ages, mysticism has transformed the common life into holiness and beauty:—

'Farmers, with hands made rough by the plough-handle, in hundreds of rural localities not only preached messages of spiritual power on meeting-days, but, what is more to the point, lived daily lives of radiant goodness in simple neighborhood service. Women who had slight chance for culture, and who had to do the hard work of pioneer housekeeping, by some subtle spiritual alchemy were transformed into a virile sainthood which made its power felt both in the Sunday gathering and in the unordained care of souls throughout the community.'

The collision between the Puritans and the Quakers illustrates the inevitable collision between the mediæval

church and the mystics. In the church, religion had been resolved into a system; the mystics perceived that it is a life. They protested against a completed revelation of God, as Bergson protests against the idea of a closed universe. The spirit, they said, still speaks to man. Truth, they insisted, is not static and complete. Man is meant to grow in all knowledge, whether of heaven or of earth. The process of making formulas and using them to build walls across the way of progress was opposed by the mystic, as it is opposed by the man of science. Whenever he came upon such a wall, he tried to break it down. He wanted a free thoroughfare for truth in all directions.

Then came Luther with a sledgehammer. All the old protests of the monks against the regulations of the priests, and of the mystics against the limitations of the theologians, were magnified, centred, and made effective in him. Dr. McGiffert's *Martin Luther, the Man and his Works*,² and Dr. Preserved Smith's *Life and Letters of Martin Luther*,³ bring us into the near presence of the man who changed the course of history. He came, like Gotama in the midst of a conventionalized Brahmanism, insisting on realities, demanding to know whether traditions were true or not, and maintaining that every age must have the right to express itself in its own way in religion. 'I propose,' he says, 'to terrify Satan'; and by Satan he meant all hindrance to the free pursuit of truth and the free living of the Christian life. He exalted the individual. 'He gave Protestantism a new conception of the relation between religion and life.

² *Martin Luther, the Man and his Works*. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT. New York: The Century Co.

³ *Life and Letters of Martin Luther*. By PRESERVED SMITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹ *The Quaker in the American Colonies*. By RUFUS JONES. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Instead of finding its highest manifestation apart from the ordinary relationships and occupations of this world, it is in them, according to Luther, that religion best expressed itself. Asserting the great sacredness of all callings, he changed the whole tone of society.'

Thus Luther belongs to the company of those great men who have vindicated, each in his own time, the principle of the development of religion. He is akin to Francis and to Benedict, and akin also to Plato and to Gotama and to Confucius. It was made manifest again in him that religion cannot be confined within a system, and cannot be restrained by any church or creed. It possesses the irresistible dynamic of growth. Periodically in the course of history it has been thought to be completed. Now, say the ecclesiastics, we have a perfect church; now, say the scholastics, we have a complete formula of truth. But always a new generation makes these great claims ridiculous.

Religion is as incomplete as civilization. It is true, indeed, that the heart of the one as of the other, is to be found in the life and words of Jesus Christ.

But it is also true that our understanding of the implications of His life and words, whether for civilization or for religion, is like our understanding of the implications of the earth and of the stars.

'Any claim for finality in the Christian religion must be based on its power of perpetual development.' This is said by Dr. Rashdell in his *Philosophy and Religion*.¹ He adds, 'Belief in the continued work of the Holy Spirit is an essential element of the Catholic Faith.' And again he says, 'In the pregnant phrase of Loisy, the development which the church is most in need of at the present moment is precisely a development in the idea of development itself.'

Religion will develop, in spite of all opposition of conservatives, and of all errors of radicals. It has changed, and is changing, and will change. The process calls for no apology, and requires no defense of indefensible positions. It is not a retreat, but an advance. It is a part of the everlasting vitality of religion.

¹ *Philosophy and Religion*. By HASTINGS RASHDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XVII

A FLAT IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

MR. PHILIP felt rather limp after the state visit, but he took Mary out to lunch, and he did n't refer to the recent interview with the Proconsul.

'When is your time up at the Lane, old girl?' inquired the vain young fellow.

'Quite soon now, Phil-ipp.'

'And then what are you doin'?'

'I am going to take Gran'ma to Brighton for a fortnight, and then I'm going to tour the provinces as Lady Agatha in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, until Mr. Wingrove's new play is put into rehearsal at the Millennium.'

Mr. Philip had ordered a half bottle of Number 68, it is rather important to mention, although it had gone up half a crown in spite of the fact that some people thought it was quite expensive enough already.

'Goin' to be leadin' a full life, ain't you, Polly?'

'Seems like it, does n't it, Phil-ipp!'

'Well, I think you ought to turn up those beastly provinces, I do really. You are much too good for 'em. I don't know much about it, of course, but it seems to me that such art as yours is wasted on the bally provinces.'

'Perhaps you are right, Phil-ipp,' said Mary the demure. 'But I love the dear old things.'

'If I were you, Polly, I should never play out of London if I had to play at all.'

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Polly admitted there might be something in this view. Still she would miss the dear old provinces terribly, and perhaps they might miss her.

And then Number 68 began to display considerable boldness.

'There's a little flat in Knightsbridge, a toppin' little hole, that I think we might go round and look at, old girl, don't you? Very cheap for the position, and the landlord will paint it throughout and we can have possession any time we want it.'

Polly did n't mind going to look at it, as she rather liked looking over such things.

The flat was charming. A little high up perhaps, but there were two delightful rooms that overlooked the park. It was one of the most tempting spots in the metropolis. Yet there was one serious drawback, which in the opinion of Philip, however, was almost a merit. It was likely to be much sought after, said the house-agent; any delay in taking it might be fatal. They could only be allowed a week in which to make up their minds.

Yes, the flat was charming, they agreed as they walked up Piccadilly. And only a week in which to make up their minds! Still, that was really rather providential if you looked at it from Philip's point of view.

'Was n't it, Polly?'

'Why do you think so, Phil-ipp?'

'We've got to make up our minds at once, have n't we?'

'I've made up my mind already, Phil-ipp. It is the very place for you;

so much modern and pleasanter and lighter than the Albany.'

'Yes, old girl, but I should n't think of it for a moment without you.'

'Why not, Phil-ipp?'

'Oh, I should n't.'

A bald reason, perchance, but a manly conviction had given it currency.

'But that's absurd, Phil-ipp. Why should a mere chorus girl —?'

'Look here, Polly,' said the fierce young man, 'you must n't suppose I'm going to be chipped by you. If I take that flat you've got to come and live in it, and, Polly,' — and for all they were just opposite the Burlington Arcade the vain young man took a firm grip of the arm of Mary the obdurate — 'I'm bally well goin' to take that flat.'

'Are you, Phil-ipp?'

'Yes and I'm goin' to take it now.'

'What, now, Phil-ipp?'

'At once. Come on back to the house agents.'

'But they are half a mile away, Phil-ipp?'

'Never mind; it's a nice day for a walk.'

'But what about Granny; and what about the great Proconsul; and what about Lady Shermerdine of Potterhanworth?'

'Oh, let 'em go to blazes — that is, old girl, I beg pardon.'

'I should just hope so. And let go my arm, Phil-ipp; people are looking at us.'

'Well, let's cut back again.'

'But, Phil-ipp.'

'You said yourself, that it was the nicest position in London, and only nine hundred and fifty a year, which seems rather ridiculous considerin' —'

'Considering what, Phil-ipp?'

'Considerin' the way they stick you for three rooms and a private bath-room.'

'Yes, Phil-ipp, but then think of the address!'

Never, however, in the whole course of his career, not even when he had scored those three goals against Scotland, had Mr. Philip shown more invincible determination than at this moment. If there was not to be a scene in Piccadilly and a paragraph in the evening papers, Mary would have to do as she was told.

'Phil-ipp, you are behaving anyhow.'

'Less of it, Polly.'

'Less of what, Phil-ipp?'

'Your cheek — you cat.'

Unbridled insolence, which we are sure no girl of refined instincts and decent nurture — do you think so, madam? It is an excellent rule never to contradict a lady. All the same that is the manner in which Phil-ipp admonished her, and her salary was a hundred a week, and was likely to be two hundred presently; and the ex-noncommissioned officer on duty at the entrance to the Burlington Arcade pricked up his ears disapprovingly at such language being used to a lady — and his trained observation told him she was a lady, although her face had rather more powder on it than it ought to have had.

Down the street again they are going now, though still conducting their heated argyment. Granny would be furious and so would Mother. And Father would cut him out of the succession, which of course he could n't, and that perhaps was almost a pity; she would have to give up the provinces and break her contracts, and everything would be so uncomfortable for everybody —

'Except, old girl, for you and me.'

'But that's rather selfish, is n't it, Phil-ipp?'

Phil-ipp dared say it was a little, but yet not altogether, because after all,

was n't it the way of human nature? Not a very conclusive piece of reasoning, young fellow, but Mistress Polly was bound to admit that superficial as it was it would bear thinking over.

'Be a pal to me, Polly, and I'll be a pal to you, old girl; and we'll be as happy as the birds in the springtime; and you'll see that my people will come round all right, and you'll see that Granny will forgive you!'

And here they were at the office of Messrs. Thompson and Allardyce in Wilton Place, not so far from the church.

'That's the very old thing for us,' said Phil-ipp, waving his hand across at the church. 'And I say, old girl, let us see if we can't persuade Granny to give a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, and I'll persuade old Min Wingrove to bring all the brightest people in London, and we shall rather wipe the eye of No. 88, old girl, shan't we, when they see the pictures in the papers.'

XVIII

IN WHICH THE CONSEQUENCES ARE DAMNED WITH NO UNCERTAINTY

Muffins and Chayney tea in Grandmamma's withdrawing-room were not out of place, because the afternoon had been really so strenuous; and moreover Grandmamma herself did not appear to view the guilty pair with the eye of disfavor. But that was breeding, doubtless. Not that Mr. Philip entered into any exhaustive inquiry. When you are in the seventh heaven, even the eye of Edmund Kean's god-daughter may be bereft of some of its terrors.

'We had such a lovely lunch at Pagani's, Granny dear.'

'Had you, my dear? How interesting.'

Did Granny mean it was interesting, or did she mean it was n't? You see

you never quite know, — do you? — when the elocution of old ladies who have kept pretty good company for about eighty-four summers is so very clear cut.

'And what do you think, Granny? I have been with Phil-ipp to take a perfectly lovely little flat on a three years' lease in Knightsbridge, overlooking the park.'

'With whom have you been, my dear?'

Now we do think that was just a little unkind of Granny, don't you?

Mary's elocution, though, in the opinion of Mr. Hollins, and he's an authority, was worth two hundred a week to the Lane; so it came in very useful just now, and showed that she was not going to be put out of court as easily as all that.

'With Phil-ipp, Granny dear.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I presume, my dear.'

Granny's presumption was correct; and a few more muffins were indicated, Mary seemed to think, for all that her lunch at Pagani's had been so terrific.

The planetary bodies have been behaving quite nicely this afternoon so far. Therefore it need surprise no one that Mary received a special message by wireless with her second cup of Chayney tea.

'Take Granny into your confidence now, my dear,' it ran. 'She has had quite a nice nap; her rheumatism has scarcely troubled her at all to-day; she can't help liking your Phil-ipp, although she has tried her hardest not to; and she is rather inclined to think that it may do no harm to teach —'

Yes, it is doubtless right to keep that part of the message off the records at present.

Mary flung her arms round the neck of Granny, in perilous contiguity to the real lace of Siddons.

'What would you say if Phil-ipp and

I were to get married, Granny—quite soon; and we had a sort of a little honeymoon at Brighton with you.'

This was the pickaxe with a vengeance, Miss Mary. Jupiter was very much in the First House this afternoon.

Granny did not say anything immediately; still, having had a good nap, she sustained the inquiry with admirable composure.

'Very precipitate, my dear; and very unwise, I fear. Have you given sufficient consideration to the step?'

'We've both thought it over, ma'am,' said Mr. Philip, who really felt he was walking on air just now.

'The step seems singularly unwise to me, Mr. Shelmerdine.'

'Why does it, Granny?'

'The reasons, my dear, are many, and hardly such as to call for enumeration. In the first place, I understand that Mr. Shelmerdine's family is much opposed to the match.'

'They are bound to come round, ma'am, if we give them time,' said Mr. Philip.

Grandmamma was not so optimistic.

'Not, of course, Mr. Shelmerdine, if you will permit me to say so, that in the circumstances one regards the sanction of your parents as a *sine qua non*.'

The young man concurred with Grandmamma, more explicitly perhaps than he ought to have done.

'And then there is the question of your vocation, Mr. Shelmerdine. You have none at present, I understand.'

'I'm goin' to see about Parliament at once, ma'am.'

Still, Grandmamma was afraid that things had altered strangely since her time; but this was a nice young man in spite of his unfilial attitude; and if a girl really felt she had to marry, there can be nothing so very wrong in marrying a nice young man. But things had altered since her time, thought Granny.

Nice young men hardly behaved in this way in 1851, the Exhibition year; which rather goes to show, we are afraid, that in some things the wisest of old ladies are as prone to misread the signs and portents as the lesser mortals.

Mary and Philip, however, kept their exuberance for a crowded and glorious five minutes in the Private Piggery, wherein the lucky young dog inveigled himself for the purpose of putting on the coat with the astrachan collar.

'We must get it all fixed up at once, old girl, and we'll waste no time about it. We'll do it in style, at a church, don't you think—not that I don't prefer the other way, like any other chap if he had his choice, but that's a bit rough on the girl, is n't it?'

Mary thought he was rather a dear to think of the girl's side; and he thought that she was rather a dear to think that he could be a dear for thinking of his obvious duty. And there they were, you see. Now please don't be cynical, you young ladies of Newnham and Girton; it will be your turn presently, and when it comes, my dears, take the advice of your Uncle John and behave as much as you can like Philip and Mary. But see that the door of the Private Piggery is closed when Jane is passing, otherwise it may have a tendency to put ideas in the heads of pretty young parlor-maids; and Grandmamma has found occasion to tell Miss Jane privately more than once that she has quite sufficient of those already.

'We'll send out invitations for anywhere you like, old girl, and we'll get old Minnie Wingrove to collect all the brightest people in London; and the papers will make such a fuss that we shan't half wipe the eye of Grosvenor Square, shall we?'

Should they go to Algiers for the honeymoon?

'Yes, Phil-ipp, but who is going to look after Granny at Brighton. She goes there every March, you know, by advice.'

'We'll go to Brighton, then,' said Philip, 'or a tour round the world, or anywhere.'

So they left it at that; and the lucky young dog proceeded on foot to the nearest of his clubs, for all that he felt like an airship really, and engaged in a game of snooker pool with two eminent criminal barristers—that is to say, two eminent members of the Common Law Bar—and was very soon the poorer by the sum of two pounds sterling.

Then the young man sat down and wrote a little line to Mary, which ran to four pages and was absolutely superfluous, because it was really about nothing at all except to remind her that she was the dearest and best, etc. And then Mr. Wingrove sauntered into the Club in his magnificent man-nah, and then the floodgates opened.

'I've done it, Min.'

XIX

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

The nuptials of Philip and Mary were not so brilliant as they might have been, perhaps, had Father and Mother attended them, but everything was very nice and cheerful all the same. The bridesmaids were five ladies of the Profession, including Marge; and excluding Timothy, who was a page in an extraordinarily smart blue suiting, which he had to be most careful how he sat in it. It was n't Dr. Bridge who played the organ, but a gentleman quite as clever, think some who heard him on the festal afternoon. The ex-brother-officer remembered where the ring was put; Philip remembered to kiss Mary, and everybody thought the Bride looked absolutely sweet, and

that Philip was a very fortunate young man. And in the judgment of Arminius Wingrove, Grandmamma in a fine new hat was right in the foreground of the picture.

Everything was just as it should have been; everybody looked pleased and happy; and when forth the organ pealed the noble work by Mendelssohn, all agreed that they made a mighty handsome pair.

There was no reception at the Hyde Park Hotel; but Mr. Hollins bade all and sundry attend a tea-party on the classic boards of Drury. Grandmamma cut the cake that Mr. Hollins had provided; and Marge and Timothy ate thereof not a crumb more than was good for 'em, although both came very near the limit.

The first fortnight of the honeymoon was spent in Paris. They looked at pictures, and saw new plays, and went racing on Sunday, and walked in the gardens of Versailles, and did a hundred other cheerful things, and were most marvelously happy. And Mary, who hardly cared a bit about such matters, bought herself a new hat.

They were tempted to go on to the Riviera, but duty prevailed and they went to Brighton on the fourteenth day. Granny had gone to that famous physician on her twenty-sixth annual excursion; and Mary felt that she must keep her eye upon her, for all that she was such a hale and vigorous old thing.

Granny was discovered in very nice lodgings along the sea-front, in the care of a landlady very civil and voluble and a mistress of the art of plain cooking. Everything very pleasant and comfortable, and a sitting-room with a balcony overlooking the King's parade. It really seemed that the young couple might put in a fortnight very profitably here, while their chosen residence in the metropolis was being painted throughout.

They had their little adventures, of course, this happy pair, because Bright-helmstone is the home of so many romances. For one thing they attracted attention when they walked abroad. Philip was sure that it was the hat from Paris; Mary was absolutely convinced that it was the coat with the astrachan collar. At any rate they had their adventures, and some at least will have to be recorded.

One morning, as they proceeded almost arm in arm but not quite, looking as though they had just bought the cosmos by private treaty and were completely satisfied with the transaction, they walked right into a bath chair which was accompanied by a Sealskin Coat and a Himalayan Dust Spaniel.

Salutations necessary, being right up against each other, so to speak.

'How d'ye do, Adela,' said the Culprit, who in his happiness seemed to have nothing to conceal and nothing to defend. 'You know my wife, don't you?'

The wind was certainly blowing very chilly from the northern heights this morning. 'T is a little way it has in March at Brighthelmstone.

Papa was not so bad as he might have been.

'Introduce me,' said his Britannic Majesty's former Ambassador to Persia.

So Papa was introduced to the Bride; and she afterwards told her husband that he was like any other Papa, only a little more so. And she being a girl of sense, as well as of spirit, Papa did n't seem to mind talking to her a little, particularly as she knew so much about rheumatism, because it was Granny's complaint. Had Lord Warlock tried the new treatment? No, what was that?

The new treatment called for explanation. Duly forthcoming with minuteness and lucidity. No, not a

designing minx, mesdames, altogether. Tact certainly; but it had its roots, remember, in a heart as sound as a bell, overflowing with practical sympathy for all the world and his wife.

'Grandmamma has a book about it and a special apparatus. It has done her a power of good — a power of good. She will be delighted to lend them, I'm sure — that's if you care, Lord Warlock. It's a wonderful thing, and I'll bring it round this afternoon and show you how it works.'

'Thanks,' said the ex-Ambassador to Persia. 'And I'll be devilish obliged.'

Husband though was not doing quite so well with the Sealskin Coat, we are afraid. Brighton so dull and tiresome, so foggyish, so cold, hotels so unpleasant; and all the time the fair speaker announced these drawbacks, she looked not so much at the young man who ought to have married her, but out of the corner of a cold blue eye at the person who was talking to Papa as if she knew all about his complaint.

'Thank yah,' said Papa, touching his hat, — one of those hard square felt ones whose ugliness nought can surpass, — as the procession passed on. 'The Suffolk. Don't forget.'

A designing minx — madam, we do not agree. Mere tact, as we have already said, and as we are sure yours is, dear lady, when you converse with an earl. And it is as perfectly clear that her quick, spontaneous, practical sympathy had left its mark even on that unpromising subject.

Not such a fool as I thought he was, not to have taken this gal off my hands, reflected the Unpromising Subject within the precincts of his bath chair. And then, with the air of one who nurses an injury, he proceeded to inquire of the seventh unmarried daughter, —

'Well Addie, my gal, what do you think of the *mésalliance*?'

'One does n't profess to be a judge of chorus girls,' said the rude girl, jerking the unfortunate Himalayan Dust Spaniel right off its feet.

'The poor old dear,' said Mary to her belted knight. 'The same complaint as Granny. I'm going to take him her apparatus and show him how to work it, and I've guaranteed that he will be able to walk upstairs after he has used it a week.'

'Have you though. But how you dared, I'm blest if I know.'

'Cow-yard, Phil-ipp. He's rather a dear, really.'

'A most disagreeable old gentleman and the worst manners of any privy councilor in London.'

'A libel, Phil-ipp. I'm sure he's not so bad as all that. Anyhow, if he is, I shall try and reform him.'

XX

ADVENTURES RARE AND STRANGE

It was opposite the Metropole that they came upon adventure the second. Two gentlemen of somewhat informal aspect, one of whom was in need of a shave and whose hats were light green, greeted Mary as if they were half afraid to do so and yet did n't like to pass her by.

'Thought perhaps you might n't remember us, Mary.'

'Remember *you*, Horace. Could I ever forget you? And, why I declare, it's Johnny!'

And Mary shook hands with Horace and Johnny so simply and so cordially — for all that she had married a Toff — that they were obliged to confess that they were quite sure she could n't.

The next moment Horace and Johnny were being introduced to the Toff; with rather a display of wariness on their part, because provincial stars who have had to carve out their own

destiny have not much use for the Breed, and they owed him a grudge as well for having robbed the profession of an idol. So when the Toff held out his hand and appeared pleased to meet them, it was not so certain that they were pleased to meet him.

'Horace Allwright, Philip, the very first Pickles I ever played to — and the best.'

'Oh, go hon,' said the Star of the North, blushing to the roots of his hair, which was red and therefore made his pleasure the more conspicuous. But he was n't going to stand any swank from Eton and Ch:Ch:, and the rather fierce eye of this fine, natural comedian said so pretty distinctly.

Mary was undefeated though, and Johnny Dubosque, not being so great a man as Horace Allwright, and consequently having less in the way of dignity to look after, was soon behaving as if nothing had happened.

'But I expect you'll never come to the provinces again, Polly,' said Johnny Dubosque sadly. 'I said to Horace it was all up with *us* as soon as you got to the Lane. But you'll be turning up the Perfession altogether now.'

Mary said it might be so, and Johnny Dubosque sighed deeply and informed the Toff in a burst of confidence that her place could never be filled.

'Come across to the Metropole, old chap, and 'ave a drink,' said Horace Allwright, in a sudden and overwhelming burst of hospitality.

Modest libations were ordered by Mr. Horace Allwright in a rather loud manner, with a lemon squash for Mary, although this was mere natural politeness on her part.

'We shall not see her equal as Cinderella, not in our time, my lord,' said Mr. Horace Allwright in a very audible aside to the Toff, in order to keep in touch with the public.

'Of course you will, Horace, and

many a better one,' said the Uncrowned Queen of Blackhampton.

Not so far off were a pair of contemporaries, out of sight perchance, yet by no means out of hearing.

'Why, if it is n't that d—d fool Shel, with his mésalliance!'

'No — yes!'

'Rather nice though, in spite of the friends of the family.'

'Let us go and pull the leg of the silly old fool and make him turn out for us to-morrow.'

Whereupon the contemporaries rose from their table, — very finely grown young men and superbly tailored, as all distinguished athletes should be.

'Why, Shel, old man, how are you?'

Hearty hand grips were exchanged, although the Twin Brethren of the Boards were not feeling so very robust at present.

'Fancy meeting you here!'

There was no particular reason why they should n't, but it is always a useful opening card. And then the Olympians were introduced to Mary, and pretty keenly did they scrutinize her, although they pretended so well that they were doing nothing of the sort that it would have taken a woman to have told what the sly dogs were at.

And then Miss Mary trod very hard on the foot of Eton and Ch: Ch:, which begged pardon humbly and introduced Mr. Allwright and Mr. Dubosque, and piously hoped to its Maker that it had n't got mixed in their names.

'Pleased to meet you, gentlemen,' said Mr. Horace Allwright, spaciously. 'Ave a drink.'

The Olympians had had a drink already, but they had no objection to having another; and this accommodating disposition caused Mary to take them into favor at once, and they were invited to sit down.

'Ere's a health to the bride,' said Mr. Johnny Dubosque.

'Thank you, Johnny.'

'I was just a-tellin' his lordship,' said Mr. Horace Allwright, 'that she was absolutely the finest Cinderella I've ever played to, and I've played to some of the first in my time, let me tell you. Good 'ealth, gentlemen.'

And while Mr. Horace Allwright was happily engaged in pledging the health of the company, Mary proceeded to transfix the first Olympian with such a staunch, straight, and demure gray eye that the heart of the famous athlete was literally pinned against the antimacassar of yellow plush upholstery which had been provided by the hotel for the use of its patrons.

'His lordship's drawn a winner in the lottery, gentlemen,' continued Mr. Horace Allwright; and in this the first Olympian was strongly inclined to concur.

'Cut it out, Horace,' said the Uncrowned Queen of Blackhampton with a very arch glance at Johnny Dubosque. 'It is n't cricket, is it, Johnny? in these fashionable watering-places. And I won't have you pull the leg of my Phil-ipp by calling him my lord when he's promised me solemn to stand for Mr. Lloyd George.'

'You have n't, Shel!' quoth the Olympians, feeling it was up to them to say something and that this was something they might say.

'Oh, but he has,' said the Uncrowned Queen; 'and I should never have married him if he had n't, should I, Phil-ipp?'

And she transfixed both the Olympians this time with that demure glance of tremendous impact.

'Oh, but I say, Mrs. Shel,' quoth the first Olympian, beginning to feel a glow within, 'what about his Governor, you know?'

'I don't know about his Governor, Mr. Wilbraham, because I'm not received in the Family at present.'

And this time the glance came right home to the Twin Brethren, who at once began to feel like bucking up a little.

'But you are bound to be, Mrs. Shel, are n't you?' said Mr. Wilbraham, with great tact.

'Why am I bound to be?' inquired the Uncrowned Queen, whose good gray eye had begun to play the dickens with the second Olympian.

'Oh, you are, you know. Is n't she, Toddles?'

Toddles was strongly of opinion that she was.

'Well, of course, if you both really think that —'

But in the secret recesses of his nature Toddles was even more strongly of opinion that if she persisted in looking at him in that way he would be bound to kiss her.

'Are you and Mr. Wilbraham any good at snooker? Yes, I can see it in your eyes. Well, Phil-ipp and Johnny and I will play the three of you for a sovereign.'

'Done with you, Mrs. Shel,' said the Olympians with promptitude.

And then Mrs. Shelmerdine looked very demurely at Horace Allwright, and imposed the condition that the stakes should be deposited with the marker, as her success in life was entirely due to the fact that on principle she never trusted a man who came from Leeds.

'But I come from Leeds, myself,' said Toddles, who of course was none other than the popular Yorkshire cricketer when he had time to spare for the game.

'Why not?'

'Yes, why not. But how could you tell I came from Leeds, Mrs. Shelmerdine?'

'By your trousers.'

Horace and Johnny roared long and loud at this brilliant sally. The natural insight of these famous comedians had

taught them already that if Toddles had a weakness it was an undue pride in his trousers, which of course the young man was quite entitled to have, since they were the work of Mr. Foster of London and Oxford.

'Now don't let her pull your leg, old man,' said Philip, who, as usual a little behind in the uptake, had only just begun his roar. 'She'll rag the life out of you if you'll let her.'

Without further preface or apology an adjournment was made to the billiard saloon, which was down a very long corridor. En route Mr. Wilbraham, whose name in athletic circles was Weary William because he was never in a hurry, confided to Toddles that she was every bit as nice off the stage as she was on it.

To which Toddles, in whose cognomen a meaning has yet to be discovered, rejoined that 'He was always a far-seein' old swine.'

Mary liked a light cue and used it in a manner which did not suggest the novice. By what means she had gained her skill it would be best perhaps not to inquire. At least it is hardly likely that Grandma had taught her.

The Olympians also had misspent their youth a little, and Horace Allwright's father had been a billiard-marker, so it was quite as well perhaps that Mary was so skillful and that Philip was able to say he was a pupil of Mr. John Roberts, Junior. The master might not have been very proud of him though, to judge by the way he started, but he improved as the game went on, and as Johnny Dubosque knew Stevenson to talk to, the game was quite worth looking at in the opinion of a somewhat saturnine looking gentleman who sat in the corner drinking Schweppe's ginger ale and picking winners out of the *Sportsman*.

The game was twenty-nine all, and there was only one ball left on the table,

and that was 'a sitter' on the brink of the left-hand top pocket, which Mary, who had played amazingly well all through, had left there to her unfeigned sorrow. It was all over but the shouting when Toddles proceeded to deliver his cue, for it really was a shot that one who had used his youth as he had done could not very well have missed with his eyes shut.

In the most unaccountable manner the famous centre forward missed the shot with his eyes wide open, promptly apostrophized his Maker, and insisted on paying the stakes.

'You did that a-purpose, Mr. Toddles,' said Mary sternly, 'and I scorn to take your money. I am not a sufferer yet, but that's the kind of thing to make me one. Why, a woman can't even have fair play at a game like snooker.'

Followed a heated controversy. Mr. Toddles would not confess to his guilt, which was really so flagrant that Mary wondered how he dared deny the charge. Horace Allwright and Weary William lied circumstantially to support the misdemeanant, but Mary refused to accept the stakes, and in this we venture to think she was right.

There was only one method of composing the quarrel, and that was to play the match over again. And this time, it is sad to relate of three excellent sportsmen, good care was taken that there should be no doubt whatever about the issue.

'And now you have taken us on at this game, Shel,' said the first Olympian, 'we shall expect you to turn out for us to-morrow against Brighton and Hove Albion.'

'But I haven't kicked a ball for years.'

'So much the worse for you. It's for the benefit of the widow and young children of a good chap, and you were always a great draw for the public.'

'Was I?' said Mr. Philip, apprehensively, for he read in the eyes of Mary that his doom was sealed.

'Were you, Phil-ipp! Might never have kicked three goals against Scotland, might n't you? Why, of course, you'll play; especially as it's a benefit match.'

'But I haven't kicked a ball for years and years, and I've got no gear either.'

'We'll soon fix you up with some gear, won't we, Mrs. Shel?' said the exultant Olympians.

'Ra-ther.'

Poor Philip protested bitterly; but he knew, alas! that at a quarter past three on the morrow, after an absence of four years, he was doomed to reappear in the ranks of the famous amateur team whom he had helped to make history.

XXI

PHILIP RENEWS HIS YOUTH

The morrow would be a great ordeal, particularly in a brand new pair of boots, for a chap who had not kicked a ball for four years; but Mary was adamant, and the Olympians too. A benefit match; a great draw for the public; do him all the good in the world. You see, Mary thought it wise to pull Phil-ipp out of his shell a bit.

'And we'll have some special bills printed,' said Toddles, with something suspiciously like a wink at the future Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth.

'Oh, no, for God's sake!'

'You should n't have given it away, Mr. Toddles,' expostulated Mary.

'You won't half get a licking to-morrow,' said the shop-boy with broad satisfaction as he tied up the parcel. 'The Albion's playing its full league-team.'

'But the Olympians are playing the team that won the Arthur Dunn cup,' said the future Lady Shelmerdine of

Potterhanworth, with something suspiciously like a wink at Toddles, 'and if you've got any sense, boy, and you ought to have lots with that high forehead, you won't put your weekly sixpence on the Albion to-morrow.'

Great things were promised for the morrow, but Mary put in some more useful work that afternoon. About four o'clock she carried round Granny's apparatus, together with the book of the words, to Papa at the Suffolk. She was received by his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia; had the honor of drinking tea with him; discussed rheumatism in general; showed the working of the apparatus, and even demonstrated it not without symptoms of success; and in less than an hour had made such an incursion upon the regard of this widower of ripe experience, that he was fain to inform the seventh unmarried daughter over dinner, 'that young Shelmerdine's wife was a devilish sensible woman and he hoped to see more of her.'

Tact, natural goodness of heart, a sunny temper, and a practical disposition, — these be great qualities, you young ladies of Newnham and Girton.

The apparatus could do Papa no harm; Mr. Joseph O'Flatherty, his lordship's valet, was strongly of that opinion and said so to her ladyship's maid, whose name was Adele but had been changed to Lisette for obvious reasons. Whether the apparatus actually brought material benefit to Pa, we are not in a position to state positively; but there can be no doubt that indirectly the apparatus had a tonic effect upon Papa's general system.

The day of the match had now arrived, and that was such an important affair, being for the benefit of the widow and five young children of the late Joe MacPherson, as honest a player as ever handled the ball when the referee was n't looking, that it will be neces-

sary to supply some sort of an account of this historic function.

It was a crowded and glorious day for Mary and Philip; and it really started pretty soon after breakfast, when those famous men, namely and to wit Toddles and W. W., rang the bell of Granny's lodgings and were ushered into the front sitting-room on the first floor. At the moment of their arrival Mary was trying over on the piano, which had several of its notes intact, although none of them in tune, the latest manifestation of the genius of Mr. Rubens.

'Please don't let us interrupt you,' said W. W., laying a suspicious-looking brown-paper parcel on the table.

Mary, however, took this for mere natural politeness. 'Oh, you've brought them, I see. Do let me look.'

Now what was it, do you suppose, that she wanted to look at? Wait, if you please, until W. W. has cut the string of the parcel with a pocket-knife that was given him by his Aunt Marian, contrary to the advice of his parents, about the time he wore his H.M.S. Indomitable.

Five hundred handbills were in the parcel, printed by the Brighthelmstone Steam Printing Company, Ltd. Mary seized eagerly the one so solemnly presented to her by W. W., while Toddles, more demonstrative than he, grinned effusively from ear to ear.

Mary read the following: —

GRAND FOOTBALL MATCH

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND
FIVE CHILDREN OF THE LATE JOE
MACPHERSON

THE OLYMPIANS *vs.* BRIGHTON AND
HOVE ALBION

*The Honorable Philip Shelmerdine has
arrived in Brighton, and will posi-
tively reappear at inside right*

THIS AFTERNOON AT 3.15

'I think that will about fix it, Mrs. Shel,' said W. W. proudly. 'We'll have these distributed all over the place; and we've got some bigger ones, too, to go on the hoardings.'

Mary, distributing her handbills along the King's Parade, assisted by her two companions in guilt and at least four other Olympians who had been specially coöpted for the purpose, while Philip with his hands in his pockets was trying to look supremely unconscious of the fact that his leg was being pulled frightfully, came upon a Bath Chair, a Sealskin Coat, and a Himalayan Dust Spaniel.

'Are you feeling any benefit this morning, Lord Warlock? and please let me give you one of these. And you, Lady Adela, must take one, please. It is *so* important.'

'Thank yah,' said his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia. 'If it's votes for women I think they ought n't to have 'em, although, mind you — Benefit for the widow and five children of late Joe MacPherson — very praiseworthy object — shall be happy to subscribe a sovereign.'

The Sealskin Coat, though, did not appear to look at the object in that Christian light. Having perused the handbill with an eye of disdain, she folded up the handbill neatly, and without making any observation upon the merits of the case, placed it in her muff. But as soon as she returned to the Suffolk she addressed an envelope to the Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, 88 Grosvenor Square, London W., and therein enclosed, anonymously of course, the announcement of the Honorable Philip's arrival and reappearance. A rather feeble thing to have done, really, and hardly worthy of mention, except that it shows the level to which human nature can sink in its moments of reaction.

Philip was greeted effusively by the

rest of his brothers in arms, who had now arrived at the Magnificent; and the Bride was introduced to them all. The report of her charms had been carried to them by Toddles and W. W., who were sealed of the tribe of her admirers already. And it had been agreed by the whole team that if she never did anything else, the fact that she had caused the finest inside-right save one in the country to return to this important position after a lapse of four years, must ever count to her for grace.

Poor Philip was in a rather nervous state when he drove on to the ground in a brake, with his ten companions, and with Mary on the box-seat. That enterprising young woman had already elected herself to the important position of commander-in-chief of the famous team of amateurs, which contained no less than nine international players. But self-assertion had less to do with this achievement than simple merit. She was one of those gifted people who instinctively, yet quite pleasantly and unobtrusively, take charge of everything and everybody. Already *persona gratissima* at the Suffolk, already saluted by the most dignified constables in Brighton, on terms of intimacy with the master of the longest pier, she had taken the Olympians under her wing in the most comprehensive manner.

The spectators came in their thousands, because it was Saturday afternoon, and the Albion were announced to play their full league-team, and the Olympians with their nine international players were ever a great attraction. But the start was delayed ten minutes and a great concourse was kept waiting because Mary had brought her Kodak. She took charge of the Albion as well as their opponents; posing them for the camera and appearing to know each of them by name,

although she did n't really; but it was all done with the charm and the naïve assurance that had made her so famous with the public.

'Beg pardon, ma'am,' said the Secretary and Manager; 'don't like to hurry you, but the crowd is getting a bit restive.'

'Oh, tell the band to play, "Rule Britannia," and it will be all right,' said Mary.

And in this her judgment was perfectly sound.

'Now boys, look your best,' said she. 'Smile, please. Just imagine you have knocked out the Villa, which of course you will next Saturday, because I've made up my mind that you are going to, and I'm a proper mascot, as they know in the North. Not too broad, Joe Pierce, because of the plate. Ve-ry nice—ve-ry nice, in-deed. Thank you, boys; and just see if you don't beat the Villa, although of course you are going to lose this afternoon.'

So much for her handling of the democracy, which was brilliantly successful. The whole team were her humble servants to command, now that she had exercised her powers upon them. Her handling of the aristocracy—not that these idle class-distinctions obtain upon the field of play—was equally happy. She was entirely responsible for the fact that the game began seventeen minutes late, but nobody seemed to mind particularly, 'Rule Britannia' having been twice repeated.

A very good game it was, and a keenly critical crowd was vastly entertained. The famous inside-right had not been forgotten, although the public memory is short as a rule. At first, in his new boots, he had, like Agag, to walk delicately; but he soon began to improve, and presently got on better than he had expected. Although he had not played football for four years,

he was in fairly hard condition, as he took pretty regular exercise of one sort or another. Still, the pace was so hot at first that he felt it would be bound to kill him. But when at last he had got his second wind, and beautiful stealing passes began to come his way from the famous centre-forward with whom he had shared many a triumph, the old magic seemed somehow to return. He began to enjoy the proceedings thoroughly, and so did the spectators.

The Albion scored a good goal quite early in the game, but just before half-time the centre-forward made the scores equal. Then the band played again, collecting-boxes were sent round the ground for the benefit of the widow and young family of the late Joe MacPherson, and Mary herself took charge of one of them, and of course her box got twice as much as anybody's else, which was bound to be the case, since she looked so charming, and her way with the great British public was very charming also.

Who was the lady wearing the ribbon of the Olympians, who was getting sixpences and shillings for her box while the others had to be content with pence for the most part? Who was the lady with that wonderful way with her, whose handsome face—and it really did look handsome just now, for all that it was so square and sensible—was so familiar on picture postcards and in illustrated papers?

The famous Miss Caspar from Drury Lane. No wonder her manner was so captivating. No wonder it was so pleasantly sure of itself, when all London had been times and again to watch her put on the Prince's slipper; and the Honorable P. Sheldermine, the son of a lord, and in his day a very fine player and doing very well this afternoon, had been lucky enough to marry her.

Yes, the lady with the collecting-box was undoubtedly lending rare distinc-

tion to the proceedings. Sixpences and shillings and even half-crowns were raining into her box from the reserved enclosure. The widow and young family of the late Joe MacPherson would undoubtedly gain very substantially from her efforts, as other deserving objects had done in the past, and were likely to do in the future.

The rakish green hats of Horace and Johnny were well to the fore, and the fact that Mary could n't possibly miss them cost their owners half-a-crown apiece. And Horace Allwright, as he proudly disbursed this sum, remembered that in the near future a benefit performance was going to be given at the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton, for one who had served the public long and faithfully, but who now had fallen upon evil days.

'I say, Mary, old girl,' said Horace, 'that reminds me, we are giving a complimentary matinee at Blackhampton on Tuesday week for poor old Harry Merino, — you remember poor old Harry, — and you are such a great power in Blackhampton that I thought perhaps —'

'Why, of course,' said Mary. 'Half-a-crown, please, Horace. Yes, of course, put me down for "Arcadee" and "Nelson," and — now, do I ever forget?'

'No, you don't, old girl,' said Horace Allwright humbly, and Johnny Dubosque echoed him.

'That's all right, then. And don't say another word to the man at the wheel, because we are losing money. Thank you, sir, so much. A very good cause — poor old Joe was one of the best.'

How she knew that poor old Joe was one of the best it is difficult to say. But at least she seemed able to convince the reserved enclosure that the case of Joe's widow and family was worthy of

their charity, for when she delivered her box into the care of the Secretary-and-Manager soon after the game had restarted, that gentleman was astonished at the amount of money there was in it.

Mr. Philip, in his new boots, struggled manfully through the second half of the game, although there was precious little skin left on his toes by this time, and he wondered how he was going to live to the end, since there did n't seem to be a breath left in him. But something of the old magic had come back. If he could only kick a goal for his side he would feel that his life had not been lived in vain.

As luck would have it, this desire was gratified. Still, this may not be altogether surprising, having regard to the fact that every movement of those mutilated toes engaged the sympathetic interest of a mascot mighty in the North, and in the South also if it came to that. There was only about ten minutes to play; the score was still at one all, when another of those beautiful slow-stealing passes came from the centre-forward, and Philip, knowing that it was now or never, drew the bow at a venture in the inspired way he did in his prime. And somehow he happened to time his effort at the psychological instant, just as a full-back knocked him into the middle of next week.

That is how the Albion came to lose the match, although the result did n't matter really, since very spirited and skillful play had been shown by both sides, there was nothing at stake, and a good cause had prospered. But Philip was the proudest and happiest man in Brighthelmstone as he staggered to the dressing-room with his poor feet, and knowing full well that he would hardly be able to walk for a fortnight.

(To be continued.)

A BOYS' SCHOOL IN UTOPIA

BY A UTOPIAN

THERE exists a wide-spread complaint against the kind of workman turned out by our American educational system. People have been looking in vain to see the universities which they have cherished at the expense of millions of dollars turn out scholars and statesmen of the first rank. They recognize great ability, great power, and great learning, but not inspiration. Perceiving at the same time a pernicious spread of luxury, in a generation whose proportion of indolent persons is great, they begin to doubt the wisdom of their investment.

The schools and colleges meanwhile have been made aware of their shortcomings by a constant fire of criticism, dating from I don't know how far back. A well-to-do parent finds his son at twenty-four years old running errands on State Street. He turns to the private school which his son attended and asks, 'Why did you teach my boy Latin, French, and German, and make him read the first three books of *Paradise Lost*, and Dryden's *Palamon and Arctite*, etc.? Look at him now — doing arithmetic from morning till night, and it will be two years at least before he is any use on "the street." You have not prepared him for life.'

The justification given by the school for this young man's training has been two-fold: first, that any work has the disciplinary virtue of all work, so that it does not much matter what the work is so long as it is work; second, when the baffled parent has complained further, 'But why should not you have

provided work which fitted my son directly for the life he is going to lead, instead of work which fitted him for a life he is not going to lead?' the school has replied, 'There will be time enough to learn the work which is to be done in later life, therefore now we offer those studies which result in culture; for the school should give a broader outlook than would be possible in preparing directly for a life's work.'

Here is an antagonism between culture and drill. Both must have their due, but the school, in trying to meet the claims of each, tried to kill two birds with one stone. A means of obtaining culture, that is, the study of the classics, was applied to the use of drill in work, with the hope that culture would also be gained. Conjugations and declensions were made odious because there is poetry in Latin and Greek, and in the end the *Iliad* of Homer was used as a drudge. Is it strange that the boy came out with neither culture nor habits of work?

Hearing such criticism, the old-fashioned schoolmaster may explain that the natural scholar never finds fault with this method, while the boy to whom Homer is a drudge gets as much culture as he will get at all by being forced to work at the classics. He would have us know that all knowledge, especially all poetry not directly of our own time and nation, is enclosed by a tough husk, and until the young scholar is made to crack this husk, whether he wishes to or not, he cannot get the taste of the hidden meat; he therefore might

as well learn to work in this way as in any other. There is undoubtedly truth in this view, and yet scarcely any one is satisfied with the results, from the point of view either of culture or of work; and the heart of the matter is, that to use for drill what should be studied for its own truth and beauty is not culture. This fact vitiates the value of such material for drill as well, for though it is good for boys to butt against a hard task, the use of which they cannot see, and at times to conform to a uniform standard with other fellows, even when that standard is an artificial one; nevertheless, when the school life is followed immediately by the relaxations of college life; when the work that is done, and the results which are obtained, are allowed to relapse into oblivion and are proven to have no purpose beyond self-culture, the value of school discipline is for the most part lost.

When we turn from the old system to examine the remedies which have been adopted, we find little relief. So-called practical subjects are added to the number of studies already inadequately learned in school, so that a boy has a harder time than ever to learn anything thoroughly. The attack upon Latin does not propose to substitute anything which works out better; and the amount of any practical subject that is given in a preparatory school does not count for much beside the practical knowledge required by the world.

A criticism other than the attack upon the classics hits nearer the mark. The brain is not a library or store-room into which knowledge is to be imported and stored, but rather it has the attributes of a muscle which must be exercised. Yet in our education there is an incongruous difference between the treatment of the brain and the treatment of the muscles. If a man wishes

to learn to dig, he starts at once to dig. But with the brain it is another story: 'the educated' have exercised it for some fifteen years before beginning to use it appreciably for any practicable purpose — a custom which has been doggedly continued, in spite of the growing dissatisfaction.

There are then two evils in our system which have been assailed by the criticisms of the day, and which as yet have not been adequately remedied: first, the confusing of studies for culture with disciplinary work or drill; second, the failure to appreciate the real needs of the brain. But there is a deeper evil which includes them both, and which has been but vaguely appreciated in current criticism. This is not a question of subject-matter, it is not wholly a question of method. It is the evil inherent in the study of Latin, Greek, or any other subject, when it cannot be recognized as palpably useful to one's fellow men. I do not mean useful at the end of a long period of time by the fruit of some remote and undefined mental advantage, but useful in ways which are felt by the community in which one lives. Athletics has its hold on schools and colleges because it is the one conspicuous opportunity for the free play of a man's better instincts. What is done on the athletic field is done *for the school*.

In the early days of our country, when education meant simply intellectual development, the hard discipline of nature, the farm work and household work, were so near to each individual, and the question of earning a living was so pressing, that the more fundamental part of education was taken as a matter of course. This is no longer true. And now we are dangerously near to letting the foundations of education crumble away while we putter over the superstructure.

The really old-fashioned educational

system upon which ours is founded had a vigorous common sense about it. School ended for the boy at fourteen or fifteen, the freedom of college began at once, and the boy must stand on his own feet. An intellectual standard of a comparatively uniform type was demanded of college graduates. Roughly speaking there was, outside of mathematics and the limited number of sciences then studied, only one system of thought of any importance to be learned, and this involved a real knowledge of Latin and English literature. To be without this was to be, in a sense, unfit. The college provided the simple and direct means of mastering this system; and young men set themselves to the task of acquiring it. The pressure of real life therefore was felt throughout the system, and the spirit of earnestness permeated education. In other words, the *use* of one's studies was not lost sight of as now.

We cannot go back to the simple and vigorous régime of the past, nor would we think of abandoning the richer opportunities of to-day. Yet we are none the less bound to solve the problem, as the older generation did, of learning to work while young. Therefore something must be found to replace the pressure which the world and its overshadowing difficulties formerly exerted.

The function of the school is to develop the individual in relation to the community in which he lives, in relation especially to his use. The change which is needed is one which will affect the attitude of mind of the schoolboy. Instead of coming to school to be served by highly-paid experts and scholars, the student should be taught that he must do the serving; that what he does is not for himself, but *for the school*. The great primary lesson of life is that we must serve our country; why then should not education begin by our

learning to serve our school? I do not mean by this that a pupil must get high marks for the sake of the school. This is dinned into him already. It is an artificial stimulus. He knows that so far as the school is concerned it is only a point of pride, for the real good of high marks is a good to himself. I mean he must serve the school by taking some responsibility, such as he would take were the school a community in which each individual must do his share of the work.

There are two great advantages which becoming of use will bring the boy: first, direct contact with facts; second, responsibility.

Let us imagine a school planned as a community, in which much or all of the necessary work of maintaining life is shared or accomplished by the scholars; and let us imagine the different opportunities for the learning of practical lessons by experience in such a school. In the first place, there is transportation. Much can be learned by carrying one ton of weight one mile in distance, whether by hand or horse, by steam, electricity, or gasoline. A small farm school which should make its boys carry all provisions from a distant railroad station, maintaining horses for this purpose, raising hay to feed them, etc., would have an enormous advantage over some of our large private schools, in developing a certain form of common sense; and if such experience were given on a large scale in schools throughout the country, and the problems of transportation were thus made personal, some of the current hallucinations about 'big business' would be dissipated.

Another opportunity is the school newspaper. A school paper should be an organic part of school life, instead of a froth which floats over the top of it. If masters could make the paper an organ of their own, with scholars work-

ing under them, it would give a great impetus to the practice of writing. It is a foolish superstition, this letting the boys 'do it all themselves.' Any normal boy would rather do something which is worth while under a man than do something which is not worth while 'all himself.'

Accounting and banking enter into the life of every school. These are not such mysteries as boys are brought up to suppose, for the handling of money is not, as we are sometimes vulgarly taught, demoralizing, but tends rather to produce exactitude, fair-mindedness and veracity. Here the opportunity for sound instruction is great.

The employments of weaving, of bronze work, of furniture construction and the like, as taught in sloyd schools, are interesting in this connection as presenting opportunities for production, and perhaps for export trade. Any one of these would be an unmitigated nuisance if introduced artificially for the sake of developing a special side of school life; yet any might come naturally as following some natural advantage which the school possessed, and might become of inestimable benefit to the inhabitants. The George Junior Republic, for instance, has a bakery which has a good trade outside the Republic, not simply because friends will buy its products out of sentiment, but because it can sell bread in neighboring towns. The Thompson's Island Farm and Trade School has an excellent weather bureau; and were our school in Florida we should have orange groves, in Dakota wheat-fields and a flour-mill, and so on; the education always taking color from the uses and strength of the community to which the school belonged.

There are, besides, the problems of lighting, of heating, of caring for the grounds, of plumbing and carpentering, even of laundry work and cooking. It is

all very well to take some of these responsibilities off the boy's shoulders, but why should he be guarded from them all as if they were harmful, or only allowed to come in contact with them in vacations or as a sort of play? Each is a trade, industry, or art; and a large part of life consists in these simple matters of maintenance. A boy will therefore profit much by a period of farm life, in which he and his fellows are thrown upon their own resources so that there is no avoiding the physical dirty work involved, or in a little different way, by experiences like the week-end camping trips taken by the boys of the Thatcher School in California. To be sure, — financially, that is, in relation to the outside world, — our school exempts its scholars from the burden of maintenance, and may or may not find it expedient to establish an internal financial system. Moreover, the responsibilities and details of lighting, of heating, of providing, are not easy to deal with. If, however, some part of them can become a feature in a school-boy's life, there is a solid gain to him, and whether these particular duties be given or withheld, a fellow should in some way learn what it means to earn his passage. Thus the school may keep the aim of self-sufficiency and eventual self-support clearly before its citizens.

The community life brings a great deal of education of the most fundamental sort, incidentally. It teaches the dependence of one part of the social mechanism on another, and the relation of the parts to the whole. It tends to counteract the dangerous tendency of class differentiation. It shows the uses of wealth, and the nature of accumulation, with its responsibilities and dangers. It shows the importance of manual work, and at the same time the preëminence of thought. In a small community these lessons are

written in a language which boys can understand, and it is good for them to get a first-hand knowledge of the simple factors which make up the complicated problems of political economy. There is something farcical about the study of economics for men who have not worked for a living, bought and sold, or by some other actual experience learned what these facts are about which the lecturer is speaking. To many men each year in business brings increasingly an appetite for the thought and discussion upon economic questions which were to them in college as philosophy to a child.

Not only in such instances as this, but by the whole course of study in school and college, a boy is kept away from the stuff upon which the mill of his mind is to work. Both by his years of recitations at school, and by his endless listening to lectures in college, is he kept away from facts. If to see a fact in the distance were sufficient, such instruction might suffice; but to get the feel of a fact, to be able to gauge it, to know whether it kicks or bites, is what a man needs. And we may see examples of failure in our systematic education throughout the length and breadth of the country when, in city elections, the man and his followers whose principal education has been in the streets and bar-rooms, obtain the power.

Greater than the value of contact with facts is the value of responsibility. In a man's life, it is the arrival of some responsibility which arouses his powers and makes durable the qualities of manliness. The effect of responsibility is instantaneous. It is like a magnet in its power to charge the individual with the faculties needed for the matter in hand; a light is generated among the fragments of information. Even after a systematic education, these fragments seem to lie in the mind in a chance order until this light appears

and shows them ready for use; then abilities develop which never would develop, even with practice, without responsibility.

Why are we ever allowed to get a training without putting it to use? The learner should test his acquirement in some market, however small, for we ought to use our powers while acquiring them, or soon afterwards, and it is but rarely that a science or an art requires a long, wasteful preparation. The advanced forms of knowledge can wait till the appetite for them is keen, as it is sure to become in a boy who, feeling the responsibility of duty, recognizes that advanced knowledge will help him to perform that duty. But now the rich men's sons, and often poor men's sons, too, who attend private and public schools lacking responsibility, and being kept constantly at work, whose standard of excellence is artificial because arbitrarily chosen by masters, become pauperized, literally pauperized, so that they do not know how to be of marketable service to their fellow men, and cannot become so until their whole attitude of mind is changed and they have begun at the bottom and worked up again. In our community school the dealing with real facts involves the taking of real responsibility, and the discipline of real work will be the result.

The attempts to introduce self-government into schools do not by any means necessarily accomplish the same purpose, and often do not succeed in establishing a whit more self-government than the old-fashioned system unwittingly provided. A minute supervision over the boy's life is preposterous in the light of his real opportunities for doing wrong, not only in vacations but during play hours, and that part of his life which counts is this free part. There is moreover a vicious trick in the manner in which these attempts

have sometimes been made. This is to give, consciously or unconsciously, the appearance of self-government, without the reality. One instance of this is the introducing of a form of legislature, in order that boys may play at government. All such mockery is an injury to the self-respect of both boy and master. There must be a frank and genuine control of the school and the lives of its citizens, and where this control does not rest with the boy himself it must rest with the master; for a clearly defined placing of responsibility is as vital to a school as to a business. But the aim of self-government is to give boys the whole responsibility for their own lives.

It is often urged that a policy exactly the reverse of this, namely, the lifting of burdens from the young, gives them a better chance of all-round development. It is said that boys who go to work in the world early are narrow, — they have efficiency in one direction at the expense of character. The force of this is borne out by the fact that intelligent men who have missed a college education are almost invariably eager to have their children obtain one. We hate to see boys taking part in men's work too young, and it is unquestionably better for the community to have the maturity of young men postponed. Be it so; but this freedom from responsibility is not education. It is the other factor in growth, the positive bringing on of maturity, or from the boy's point of view the meeting of difficulty, the assuming of burdens, which is education. The exemption from the sterner duties of life is but temporary, simply a postponement, and the measure of exemption is the measure of ultimate responsibility. To meet the conditions of growth, then, the school must see that responsibilities come gradually, and always with suitable relaxations following the assuming of new burdens.

Sooner or later the burdens must be borne, and it may be safely said that as we approach the goal of self-subsistence and self-government in the schools, the complaints against the kind of workmen turned out by our system will disappear.

I have assumed in this paper that the American system is one coördinated whole, in spite of the apparent diversity in its institutions which may make such an assumption seem inappropriate. Its colleges, its graduate schools, its high schools, private schools, trade schools, and the rest, vary much in method and aim, producing the most diverse types of individuals, and yet, virtually, the pace is set by half a dozen universities in the East, — that is, east of the Mississippi River, — the private schools falling directly into line, and the public schools pursuing similar ideals. It is easy to point out trade schools, and many departments in other institutions, to which the criticisms outlined above do not apply. In public schools, too, the pressure of bread-winning, or the personal influence of teachers, often counteracts what evils there may be, and produces earnest workers. I do not wish moreover to ignore the schools where the principles here advocated have been given a trial and have met with unequivocal success, such as the George Junior Republic, the Mount Hermon School, and others. I deplore that these, instead of being exceptional, are not characteristic of the American system, and for the purposes of this discussion I believe it justifiable to consider that system as a whole.

When we look at the good side of the picture, when we see the health and happiness, the ennobling influences in our private and public schools, there seems a certain folly in suggesting change. The best teachers, I believe, as a rule, are the most indifferent about

revising their institutions. They feel that, so long as the teachers know how to teach, we borrow trouble when we attack the method. In the great essentials, boys are self-educated, and take their guidance from the home or from the world; and in the schools, good teachers can accomplish good results under any system. They know, besides, that both discipline and culture can be acquired from any work, if the spirit in which that work is undertaken be the right one. They also know that there is an excellence in their system which cannot readily be replaced. Ideas and subjects are introduced, step leading to step in the sequence best suited to the natural growth of the mind, according to a general scheme which grew like a tree, by a long, slow process, involved in the whole advance of civilization.

All these considerations overshadow the possibility of change, and joined to them will be the cry of each master for his subject. The German teacher will say, 'What, will you give up German?' and the chemistry master, 'What, will you give up chemistry?' and so on, — the supposition being that in the quest for a practical use of learning we shall upset the whole scheme by which intellectual development has heretofore been attained.

I believe there is no ground for this fear. In the first place, all the subjects taught, including even mathematics and chemistry, have in reality been given for the sake of culture, and rightly they should be provided for under this head. By solving the problem of culture we shall find a place for them. In this matter, schools have been greatly handicapped by a false notion in the community, — a superstitious feeling about 'an education,' as though it were a talisman. Some persons think it can be bought and sold, believing that the more they pay the better it will be. By an education

they mean that which gives a cultivated tone, as though tone could be bought. It is hard for them to realize how incidental books and learning are to the man of culture, and how little money or advantages or anything counts beside a few simple moral influences.

Our prosperity was built up by men of stern habits of work, and these habits must be transmitted to each new generation, or culture will count for nothing. The American boy is by nature honest, patriotic, and eager to improve — he wishes to become a worker if given a chance. Do not let him be dazzled by the intellectual fire-works of modern thought under the names of progress, broad-mindedness, or culture. Tenets as old as civilization are more needed to-day, and all higher education, all culture, all scholarship, is based upon a sound and clean relation to the primary duties of life.

Let us then imagine the natural place which literature, art, and the like, take in an enlightened community, and reproduce the same conditions as nearly as possible in our school; and not heed those who look for culture as if it were a solid.

The community form of life will, in the nature of the case, make it easier for a boy to realize that he must be self-supporting. His first lesson will be to make himself useful to the school, because if he does not do so he will not get along well. With this lesson stamped into his constitution, he is in a much stronger position with regard to whatever subject he may be interested in than under the present régime, whether he is to make that subject the means of his becoming directly useful to his school, or whether he is going to pursue it for its own sake as recreation.

The resources from which the boys of the last fifty years drew their education must be made available to him.

Let our community-school maintain laboratories, libraries, text-books, and tutors, and provide lectures, music, and pictures. When some task has been undertaken which involves devotion and hard work, the worker ought to be led by the influences around him to devote his spare time to whatever is renovating and beautiful. Besides exercise for the body, and studies like Natural History which bring direct contact with nature, there is occasion in every man's life for art, music, and poetry, and this creates a finer use within the school for the study of literature and its sisters. But the student's activities should not lie only within the school, especially in science. He needs access to the nearest university, and even while living in school a pupil could be sent out to work under original workers, if he has shown unusual aptitude in some direction. If he shows a real devotion to writing and research, exempt him from tasks which would interfere with a literary career. Give him free play, for the school can afford to do this as well as the community. Let the school recognize literature, and science also, as an end in itself, at least an end which when attained makes the boy richer in mind, and happier; and this can scarcely be unless he can contribute in some way to the happiness of the school. Put a premium on any form of production, whether a translation, an exposition, a botanical discovery, a scientific device, or a work of art or piece of poetry which is desirable in itself. The principle which vitalizes work is that it shall be for something or somebody other than one's self, and

technical training involving effort wasteful except for self-development is only good where the ultimate use of that training is known. In general, then, and except in special instances, the activities in our school, after the maintenance of life is provided for, should be such as to make the school life itself happier, more varied, and more complete.

For culture as well as drill the community life is best. It gives the opportunity for suiting the work which will develop him best to the boy's individual needs. It teaches all the fundamental lessons of citizenship by affording natural social experiences; that is, by practical examples. Work of many kinds lies ready to hand, for masters or managers to give or to withhold, for, as has been pointed out, the school stands between the pressure of the world and the scholar, and can allow as much or as little exemption from responsibility as it chooses. The relation of practical work to literature, science, and art is kept healthy, because practical work is recognized as a means, and the higher studies as goals.

Finally, boys may here become good citizens through knowing early what citizenship means, acquiring this lesson by experience, not by hearsay; learning before all else to do useful work for the community in which they live, and regarding culture as a means of accentuating, broadening, and deepening their abilities to serve their country, for they are to receive all exemption from responsibility as a debt of honor to be repaid by accepting a higher responsibility as men.

WHITE ROSES

BY L. P. JACKS

'THE expedition failed,' said the Historian, 'because the commander was not allowed to select his own crews. The government of the day was corrupt and insisted on manning the ships with men of its own choosing. Some were diseased; others were criminals; many had never handled a rope in their lives. Before the fleet had doubled Cape Horn one third of the crews had perished and the rest were mutinous. The enterprise was doomed to failure from the start.'

'The whole planet is manned in the same manner,' said the Pessimist, as he helped himself to one of our Host's superlative cigars. 'I'm sorry for the Commander, whoever he is.'

'What precisely do you mean?' said the Professor of Philosophy, holding a lighted match to the end of the Pessimist's cigar.

'I mean,' said the Pessimist, 'that the prospects of the Human Expedition can't be very bright so long as Society has to put up with anybody and everybody who happens to be born. I suppose there is a Human Expedition,' he went on. 'At least you fellows always talk as though there were. But who selects the crew? Nobody. They come aboard as they happen to be born, and the unfortunate Commander has to put up with them as they come — broken men, jail-deliveries, invalids, sea-sick land-lubbers, and Heaven knows what. Who in his senses would put to sea with such a crowd? Humanity is always in the condition of your expedition when it doubled Cape Horn

— dead, dying or mutinous. And what else can you expect?'

The Host now glanced uneasily at the Professor of Philosophy, whose treatise on *The World Purpose* was famous throughout three continents. The Professor was visibly arming himself for the fray: he had just filled his claret glass with port. 'Remember,' said the Host, 'that we must join the ladies in twenty minutes at the outside.'

'I'm not going to argue,' replied the Philosopher, after a resolute sip of his port, 'I'm going to tell you a story.'

'Tell it in the drawing-room,' said the Son of the House, who had taken his pretty cousin down to dinner; 'that is to say,' — and he spoke eagerly, as if a bright idea had struck him, — 'that is to say, of course, — if it will bear telling in the presence of ladies.'

There was a roar of laughter, and the Son of the House blushed to the roots of his hair.

'I am inclined to think,' said the Professor, 'that my story, so far from being unsuitable for the ladies, will be intelligible to no one else.'

'We'll join the ladies at once,' said the Host, 'and hear the Professor's story.'

The Pessimist, who was fond of talking, now broke in. 'That,' he said, 'is most attractive; but not quite fair to me. I should like to finish what I had begun. And I doubt if my views will be quite in place in the drawing-room. Besides, the Professor must finish his port. I was only going to say,' he

went on, 'that the having to put up with all that comes in human shape is a very serious affair. It seems to me that we all arrive in the world like dumped goods. Nobody has "ordered" us and perhaps nobody wants us. Our parents wanted us, did you say? Well, I suppose our parents wanted children; but it does n't follow that they wanted *you* or *me*. Somebody else might have filled the book as well, or better. It's a matter of absolute chance. For example, my father has often told me how he met my mother. There was a picnic on a Swiss lake. My father's watch was slow, and when he arrived at the quay the boat that carried the party was out of sight. It so happened that there was another party — people my father did n't know — going to another island, and seeing him disconsolate on the quay, they took pity on him and made him go with them. It was in their boat that he met my mother. The moral's obvious. If my father's watch had kept better time I should never have been in existence. ['A jolly good thing too,' whispered the Son of the House.] Neither would my six brothers, nor any of our descendants to the n'th generation. Well, that's how the whole planet gets itself *manned*. That's how the crew is chosen. And that's why the expedition gets into trouble on rounding Cape Horn.'

'It's a capital introduction to my story,' said the Professor, in whom, after his second claret-glass of port, one would hardly have recognised the Author of *The World Purpose*. 'I wish the ladies could have heard it.'

'I venture to think,' said our Host, 'that the ladies will understand the story all the better for not having heard the introduction. You see I am assuming that the story is a good one.'

'Thank you,' said the Professor.

'I say,' broke in the Son of the House,

'I say, Professor, it's a pity you did n't take that question up in *The World Purpose*. That's an awfully good point of the Pessimist's, and a jolly difficult one to answer, too. I should like to see you tackle it. Why, I once heard the Pater here say to the Mater —'

'We'll go upstairs,' said our Host.

'About ten years ago,' the Professor began, 'I was traveling one night in a third-class carriage to a town on the East Coast. My two companions in the compartment were evidently mother and daughter. The mother had a singularly beautiful and intelligent face; and the daughter, who was about twelve years old, resembled her. They were dressed in good taste, without rings or finery, and, so far as I am able to judge such things, without expense.'

'Prior to the departure of the train from the London terminus, I had noticed the two walking up and down the platform and looking into the carriages, apparently endeavoring to find a compartment to themselves. They did not succeed, and finally entered the compartment where I was. Whether I ought to have been flattered by this, or the reverse, I knew not.'

'I could see they wanted to be alone, and I felt a brief impulse to leave them to themselves and go elsewhere. It would have been a chivalrous act; but whether from indolence, or curiosity, or some other feeling, I let the impulse die, and remained where I was.'

'The girl began immediately to arrange cushions for her mother in the corner of the carriage, and from the solicitude she showed I gathered that the mother, though to all appearance in health, was either ill or convalescent. By the time I had come to this conclusion the train was already in motion, or I verily believe I should have obeyed my first impulse and left the carriage. I am glad, however, that I did not.'

'When all had been arranged I noticed that the two had settled themselves in the attitude of lovers, their hands clasped, the girl resting her head on the mother's shoulder and gazing into her face from time to time with a look of infinite tenderness. And it was some relief to me to observe that, lover-like, they seemed indifferent to my presence.

'I was reading a book, though I confess that eyes and mind would constantly wander to the other side of the carriage. I am not a sentimental person, and scenes of sentiment are particularly objectionable to my temper of mind; but for once in my life I was overawed by the consciousness that I was in the presence of deep and genuine emotion. Finally, I gave up the effort to read; a strange mental atmosphere seemed to surround me; I fell into a reverie, and I remember waking suddenly from a kind of dream, or incoherent meditation on the pathos and tragedy of human life.

'I looked at my companions and I saw that both were weeping. The girl was in the same position as before. The mother had turned her face away, and was looking out into the blackness of the night. Tear after tear rolled down her cheek.

'They must have become conscious that I was observing them, though God knows I had little will to do so. I took up my book and pretended to read; and I knew that an effort was being made, that tears were being checked, that some climbing sorrow was being held down. Presently the lady said, speaking in a steady voice, —

"Do you know the name of the station we have just passed?"

'I told her the name of the station; asked if I should raise the window; spoke to the girl; offered an illustrated paper, and so on through the usual preliminaries of a traveler's talk. The

answers I received were such as one expects from people of charming manners. But nothing followed, for a time, and I again took up my book.

'The book I was reading, or pretending to read, was a volume of the Ingersoll Lectures, bearing on the back the title *Human Immortality*. Once or twice I noticed the eyes of the woman resting on this; but I was greatly surprised when, in one of the pauses when I laid down the book, she said, —

"Would you mind my asking you a question?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you believe in the Immortality of the Soul?"

'As a teacher of philosophy I am accustomed to leading questions at all sorts of inopportune moments, but never in my life was I so completely taken aback. However, I collected my thoughts as best I could and, though the subject is one on which I never like to speak without prolonged preparation, I briefly told her my opinions on that great problem, as you may find them expressed in my published works. Possibly I spoke with some fervor; the more likely, because I spoke without preparation. She listened with great attention; and as for the young girl, her face was lit up with a look of intelligent eagerness which, had I seen it for one moment in my own class-room, would have rewarded me for the labor of a long course of lectures.

'I had still much to say when the train drew up at the platform of C——.

"I'm sorry not to hear more," said the lady, "but this is our destination."

"And there's Dad!" cried the girl.

'A man in working clothes stood at the carriage-door.

"Good-by," said the woman, warmly shaking me by the hand, "you have been most kind to me."

"Good-by," said the daughter, "You're a dear old dear!"

'And with that she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me fervently three or four times. I was greatly surprised, but not altogether displeased.

'They were evidently a most affectionate family. As the train moved off the three stood arm in arm before the carriage-door.

"Got two sweethearts to-night, sir," said the man.

"And without jealousy," said I. "I congratulate you on each of them."

"I hope you'll forgive my daughter," he said, "she's an impulsive little baggage."

"She may repeat the offense the next time we meet," I replied; and we all laughed.

'It was a joyful ending to what had been, in some respects, a painful experience.'

'I don't see the point of your story, Professor; and I am at a loss to imagine what it has to do with my introduction.' This from the Pessimist.

'The story has only begun,' said the Professor, who was sipping his tea.

'Those kisses at the end were jolly hard lines on a man who dislikes sentiment,' said the Son of the House.

'I did n't find them so,' answered the Professor. 'But remember they were only the kisses of a child.'

'The best sort!' growled the Pessimist.

'True,' said our Hostess. 'The judgments of children are the judgments of God. But let the Professor go on.'

'It was seven or eight months later,' the Professor resumed, 'when on opening the *Times* one morning my attention was caught by an item of news relating to the town at which my two companions had alighted from the train. The news itself was of no importance, but the name of the town printed

at the head of the paragraph strangely arrested me, and served to recall with singular vividness the incident of my previous journey. I found myself repeating, in order and minute detail, everything that had happened in the carriage, some of the particulars of which I had forgotten till that moment. The end of it was that I became possessed with a strong desire to visit C——, though I had no connections whatever with the place, and had never stayed there in my life. I knew, of course, that it was an interesting old town, with a famous cathedral, and I remember persuading myself at the time, and indeed telling my wife, that I ought to visit that cathedral without further delay. As the day wore on the impulse grew stronger, and eventually overpowered me. I traveled down to C—— that night, and put up at one of the principal hotels.

'The next morning was spent in the usual manner of sight-seers in an ancient town. Reserving the Cathedral for the afternoon, I visited the old wall and the dismantled quays, and wandered among the narrow streets, reading history, as my habit is, from the monuments with which the place abounded. About noon I found my way to the spacious market-place, and began inspecting the beautiful front of the old Town Hall.

'I suddenly became aware of a man on the opposite pavement, who was watching me with some interest. What drew my attention to him was a large mass of white roses which he was carrying in a basket; for, as you know, I have been for many years an enthusiastic rose-grower, and there is nothing which attracts the mind so rapidly as any circumstance connected with one's hobby. The man was dressed in good clothes; and it was this that prevented me at first from recognizing him as the person who had met my two com-

panions at the station seven months before.

"Seeing that I had observed him, he crossed the street.

"You remember me?" he said.

"Well, I have been looking for you all over the town. Had I known your name I should have asked at the hotels."

"But how did you know I had arrived?" I asked.

"My wife told me you were here."

"She must have seen me, then," I said.

"Yes, she saw you. She saw you arrive last night at the station. And she saw you later, standing under an electric lamp, in front of the Cathedral."

"This struck me as odd, for I had purposely waited till near midnight before going to the Cathedral, that I might see the exterior in the light of the moon; and I had been confident that not a soul was about.

"How is she?" I asked, for I remembered my previous impression that she was an invalid.

"Oh, much better," he answered "in fact, quite restored. It's a great comfort."

"It was very kind of her to send you to look for me," I said. "Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of seeing her later on in the day — and your daughter as well. You remember I congratulated you on your two sweethearts."

"Yes," he answered, "and you were not far wrong in that. But would n't you like to take a turn round the old town first? It's a wonderful place and full of interest. And I know it through and through."

"I was greatly puzzled by his manner. His speech and address were certainly remarkable for a working man; and I confess that for a moment the thought crossed my mind that he was some sort of impostor, and that I should be well-advised in having nothing to do

with him. I suppose it was his basket of roses that reassured me.

"Well," I said, "I've seen a good deal already. But I've no objection to seeing it all again. I'll put myself in your hands."

"Splendid!" he cried. "It's an ideal day and we'll have a high old time! And it'll please the missus to know that I've taken you round. What do you say to going up the river first? There's a glorious reach beyond the bridge. And the sun's in the right position to give you the best view of the Cathedral."

"Nothing would please me better," said I; and we set off at once toward the river.

"That's a splendid lot of roses in your basket," I said, as we took our places in the boat, he sculling and I steering. "Frau Carl Druschki, unless I'm much mistaken."

"Yes. I grew them on my allotment. I'm taking them home to my wife."

"For some time we talked roses. He had a theory of pruning, which differed from mine, and led to a good deal of argument. Finally, he dropped his sculls, and taking a piece of paper from his pocket, drew on it the diagram of a rose-bush pruned according to his method. We had forgotten the Cathedral.

"I took his drawing and began to criticize. "Oh!" he said, "let's drop it. We're missing one of the noblest sights in England. Look at that!" And he pointed to the heights.

"As we dropped down the river half an hour later my companion, who had been silent for some time, again broke out on the subject of roses. "It takes time and patience and thought," he said. "More perhaps than it's worth. If it were not for my wife, I should give it up. She's desperately fond of them."

"That's the best of reasons for not giving it up," I answered. "I happen to be a great admirer of your wife."

"That's another link between us," said he. "She's the best wife man ever had. She's worthy of all the admiration you can give her."

"She's worthy of all the roses you can grow for her," I said.

"By God, she is!" he answered.

"We grew confidential, and a story followed. He told me that he was the illegitimate son of a baronet; that his father had made him an allowance to study art in London; that he had married his model, in opposition to the wishes of his father; that the Baronet had thereupon thrown him over for good and all; that he had failed to make a living by art; that he had got an engagement with a great furnishing-house as a skilled painter; that he was earning four pounds a week in doing artistic work in rich men's houses and elsewhere; that he was now engaged in restoring some fifteenth-century frescoes in a parish church. His wife earned money too, though he did not tell me how, and his daughter was being trained as a singer. "We're all more or less in art," he said, "and we're a very happy family."

"By this time we were back at the landing-place, and as the man stepped ashore, he said, "It's about time I took these roses to my wife. We'll just walk along to where I live, and I'll show you the rest of the sights afterwards. I'll take you to the Cathedral when the afternoon service is over."

"As we walked through the streets the man kept up an incessant stream of talk, pointing to this and that, and discoursing with great eagerness on the history and antiquities of the town. It struck me as strange that he never

waited for any answer but passed from one thing to another without a pause. Presently we stopped in front of a small house, one of a row of villas.

"This is where I live," he said, and stopped on the doorstep.

"Good!" I cried, "and now you will take me in and reintroduce me to your charming wife."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but the thing's quite impossible."

"I was so startled by this unexpected answer that, without thinking, I blurted out the question, "Why?"

"Because," he said, "she's in her coffin. She died at four o'clock this morning."

"At the words he sank down on his doorstep, put the basket of roses on his knees and bowed himself over them in a passion of tears.

"The door opened, and the young girl, who had been with me in the train, ran down the steps. Sitting down beside her father she put her arms round his neck and said, "Daddy, Daddy, don't cry!"

The Professor ceased and there was a long pause.

"Did you discover," said the Pessimist, at length, "why the two were weeping in the train?"

"No need to ask that," said our Hostess. "The woman had received sentence of death."

"Did you ever follow it up," said the Historian. "What, for example, became of the young girl?"

"She was married to my eldest son last week," said the Professor.

"I knew the Pessimist's introduction would not be needed," said our Host.

"It was the introduction that reminded me of the story," said the Professor.

THE FAIRY TOUCH

BY CLARENCE STONE

IN the course of a steady tramp across a forest, climbing over fallen trees, breaking through briars, skirting impenetrable thickets, it may happen that you come suddenly upon an open place of pleasant grasses, domed by a high blue sky at the tops of the circling trees, and joyous with a peculiar quality of radiant sunlight, so that the air seems fluid filtered gold. It is as if a fairy touch had thrown wide a hidden window upon another world; yet in the gladness with which you greet the revelation there stirs a vague memory, as if the place had once been known.

So, in making a way through the woods of external existence, in working in order to live, there come similar sudden and exquisite interludes, — as the sight of geraniums glowing in the thick air of a slum, or a glimpse of an old man brooding alone in the dusk. And at such times the feeling is not of a dim foreknowledge, as when stepping into a glade; it is a conviction that here, at a fairy touch, a door has opened an instant through the bristling hedge of affairs, and a vision has been granted into the heart of life.

There are people who have the fairy touch. In the intimate human associations, held together by kindred blood or by kindred ideals, these folk of the fairy transmutation serve the same invaluable purpose which genius does in the world at large; they open the hearts of men and bring them close. The little circles where we relax and commune, where we recurrently meet a

few persons and pleasures, and are met at times by sorrow, owe much of their unity and flavor to people often of indifferent accomplishment — but of the fairy touch. Indeed, they are not only like genius, they have genius. The difference between them and the men of more durable achievement is but a difference of strength and of concentration. Surely they understand; and the gift of expression is theirs, though it be but fleeting, fragile, shadowy.

To strangers they seldom favorably appeal. Apparently they are doomed to slovenliness of the body, they are careless about clothing, they have eccentricities of behavior, such as going barefoot about the lawns of a house where they feel at home. Yet when such a one sways over the keys of a piano, playing Schubert's Serenade from memory, for he cannot read music, playing with a poignant personal interpretation, he will shake the heart of a man as a leaf flutters at dawn, and will sink vibrant roots deeply into that man's being. Once known, these elfin envoys are irresistible; for the eager spirit of man, unsubdued under its crust of experience, responds, whether he wishes it or not, to the magic of those who have never lost, but instead have enlarged and enlightened, that inspired sense of the wonder of life which is back of the luminous eyes of a child. They are messengers of Psyche, and at their touch clear vision comes for a little while.

What better work could there be than this, — to quicken the inner life

of men and take them, for a time, from the dusty rut where they fight for food or follow the phantoms of ambition? And not to attempt this deliberately, as is done for a price by mimes on the stage, but with unpremeditated ardor to express something of strange loveliness that relieves, or newly interprets, the pressure which each must bear.

Nor do they need premeditation, since, unerringly sensing moods as men of the soil or the sea sense weathers, a fine efficiency of self-effacement enables them to merge themselves absolutely in a drifting emotion, then to keep it clear and increasing, so holding those whom they know forever in friendly debt. As when, being at the mercy of the travel lure, you happen upon a man of the fairy touch whom choice and circumstance combine to keep close at home, and yet get from him gripping pictures of alien races and places, even though he speaks at second hand. Somewhere he has met and liked an English wanderer, and he, who has never been beyond the sea, has so caught the atmosphere, perhaps because the man who spoke was homesick and intense, that better than the many who go much abroad, and with a glimmer of romance, he brings the sight of workmen at their games in the English fields, shouting and laughing through the long summer twilight.

It seems inevitable that such men shall be somewhat patronized, even if they be liked, by the average practical person, busy with surgery or the sale of stocks and bonds. The fairy folk can point to no definite success; they cannot say to themselves, 'There goes a chap who owes his life to me: I snipped out his appendix just in the nick of time'; or, 'But for me that woman might be in the poorhouse: I got hold of her money as she was about to waste it in wildcat speculation, and now it brings her more than

four per cent.' For the elf clan, earth holds nothing of this. In a material way they do not arrive. Yet if a man has not the type of intellect and energy required to plan and competently carry through an insurance company, so lessening the physical and mental stress of many lives, does he not deserve very sincere admiration if, simply by living, he lessens spiritual tensions more truly dangerous than any lack of shelter or food?

There is a certain submerged book-keeper of this sort, a man whose work is but a bit of routine, not vital to any process of the complicated corporate machine which pays his wage. But this obscure copyist of accounts is valuable: he has not forgotten, and lets no one who knows him forget, something most of us lose early — that life is intended to be rich in jolly moments. Business itself cannot quench him, and if you hunt him out at his desk he will glance up at you with a blink of his tired eyes, and immediately there will come over his queer face such a look of roguery, so delicate an expression of invincible glee, that you have to smile vigorously to forestall an outburst of apparently meaningless laughter — an appalling thing in the quiet of a room where fifty clerks are sombrely crouched above their scratching pens. Wherever you meet him he will endanger your reputation for sanity. He sees life as a pageant of preposterous episodes, and his lean dry face assumes such subtly absurd expressions, and he emits such odd intonations, that he will victimize and reduce to maudlin mirth the gravest of men, and send him buoyantly upon his way.

Another of the fairy touch finds fun unceasing in the anxiety of his parents that he shall be thought seriously employed. No financial pressure makes it needful for him to be busy at money-getting, nor has he an inclination

toward any of the professions; and in the judgment of those who know him intimately he justifies idleness by extracting from it rare valuations. However, his parents have at last agreed that their son is a student, and though it is doubtful if he has read twenty books in the years since his university made him bachelor of arts, his room is referred to as 'the study.' Entering the house with a friend, he will announce in a loud and ironical voice that he wishes to undertake some important research work in the study, and will request his mother to see that the servants do not rattle pans in the kitchen or indulge in audible conversation. He will then go to his room, close the door with a snap, fling himself on a couch, and begin to relate a series of diabolical and unflinching anecdotes. Having effervesced in this fashion for a while, he will stop suddenly and begin to build wonderful word-pictures. Most of his days are spent in solitary rambles through buried corners of the earth, forgotten places like the islands off the west coast of Scotland, or the villages and fields of the Canadian habitant, but preferably the country of his ancestry and his youth, a land of dense woods, wide marshes, and broad tidal rivers. Here he wanders on foot, or drifts in a canoe down the winding inlets, or lingers with the tide-water people, a pretentious, droll, and lovable relic of earlier days. He talks of it all, slowly, precisely, gesturing deliberately as he utters what it means to him. He has an impressive feeling for the moods of great rivers, for the majesty of night and noon upon still forests, he knows the varying lights and shadows that lie upon the marshes from sunrise until twilight, he revels in rain, loves the roar of mighty winds battling with giant trees, and translates cloud-formations into speech. An hour with him leaves a live memory of

fantastic humor, and, far deeper than that, stirs the sense of human oneness with the splendor and mystery of the outer world.

A faculty found often in those of the elf blood is an altogether trustworthy instinct for decoration, coupled with an ability to bewitch their intimates into better taste without leaving a trace of soreness. One such, who in spite of his thinning hair seems an eternally juvenile sprite, will come into the house of a friend and, in the midst of cutting capers with the children, will remark of an unoccupied wall-space that it might be brightened by a bit of color; or he may make lacerating comments upon a portière, and the comments will be so deft that they will lacerate only the portière, never the proprietor thereof. And when next this fairy fellow comes, perhaps there will be a bundle under his arm, a curtain he has made of dull brown burlap and deep brown velvet a remarkably apt improvement on the portière of his censure. As for the barren wall-space, some day he will bring a little landscape that he has burned into wood and colored; simply a road running through green hills, but it is a road that leads to high noon of the heart, and the green hills lift up exceeding promise. Surely he has the fairy touch.

Yet all this summoning of gladness and gayety for others is too frequently a cloak to cover drab despair. It is as if the fairy touch were given in partial compensation, an inadequate relief from a depression never entirely evaded; for in the lives of these people come silent times when there is felt the presence of an utter disaster. It may be a fundamental doubt and pessimism, an overwhelming realization of the magnitude of human pain; and it may be mere weariness, for the fairy folk are apt to have been lonely only children, the hope of a father of great practical

vigor, or the last of a family for generations prominent and serviceable, and they are burdened by the consciousness of an inability to fulfill expectations, to carry on the tradition acceptably; and it may be an underlying dreary resentment of that attitude of amused contempt which is the judgment rendered on them by the great majority who measure a man solely by what he has done. Well, if the fairy folk were truly so measured, they

would rank high among men. Service for the state, law, finance, commerce, art—all these are converging endeavors toward a nobler and more joyous individual life, a more mellow and enlightened communal contact, man with man. And along this same road of betterment the people of the fairy touch irresistibly lure those they know, by the charm of personalities whose zest of appreciation belittles the unrest of desire.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PAYING FOR PLUSH

To serene-faced people whose placidity is due to the large waist-measure of their pocket-books this little article can but seem another variation on the dissonant and monotonous theme entitled 'The High Cost of Living'; and since people of that brand are not convinced or even discomposed by contradiction, I shall waste no words in attempting to convince them that I myself am not of the proletariat, and that my complaint is not against the high cost of the things I want to buy. The cause of my outcry is the idiocy of a world which professes to wish to sell me what I want, but which will only let me have it inextricably tied up with other things which I would not choose as a gift.

Observation among my acquaintances, and frequent discussions with them of this burning theme, convince me that I am one of a numerous class of would-be purchasers, and I intend this article to break the too-patient silence in which we have suffered, and

perhaps to reach the alert ear of the 'American Business-Man,' who, we are so often informed in admirably written advertisements, is one flame of fervent endeavor to supply the wants of his customers. Let him, therefore, after this general statement of my theme, listen to specific details.

The railroads claim to sell me comfortable transportation, but in order to buy this commodity I must pay for bevel-edged plate-glass mirrors, unsanitary carpets, contorted wood-carvings, and plush-covered seats which my hygienic soul abhors. I not only do not wish to pay money for these articles,—I would willingly pay to travel free from them; but they are united with a Siamese indissolubility to the act of proceeding from one city of my native country to another; they are all as costly as they are ugly and unsuitable, and I have studied enough political economy to be aware that nobody pays for them but my fellow travelers and myself.

Another thing I would like to buy is that indeterminate collection of

objects known picturesquely as 'dry goods.' Can I? No, along with my tape and shoe-string, towels and stockings, I must pay for a luxurious palace in which these articles are arranged; I must pay for expert shop-window decorators who spend their blood and brains in making 'tasty' combinations of undershirts, umbrellas, and neckties, and in evolving a weird and execrable art of 'window-display,' which I not only dislike personally, but which I deplore as a direct incentive to extravagance; I must pay for an auditorium where highly-paid singers perform to the accompaniment of music-machines; I must pay for tons of cotton-batting used in Christmas decorations, for miles of ribbon for Easter fêtes, for carloads of bunting for Fourth of July adornment. For well do I know that the shopkeeper is no misguided philanthropist, forcing these horrors upon me out of the benevolent bad taste of his heart. I pay for them — not he. And I do not want them.

To rouse to life another old complaint of mine, I have only to look through the huge plate-glass windows of an automobile show-room at the mirror-varnished, nickel-plated, leather-upholstered, padded machines, the real function of which is to convey people from one place to another. I cannot afford to own an automobile because nobody will make one reliable as to machinery and at the same time severely plain as to fittings. If I take this remark to manufacturers of motor-cars, they laugh at my ignorance of the psychology of my compatriots. 'Nobody would buy one if it did n't look as expensive and shiny as everybody else's,' they tell me inelegantly. I am convinced that they lie. That is what I am writing this article about. I *know* they lie.

When I take my family back to the city after a summer outdoors, I would

like to buy, along with my roof, some sunshine and clean air. These desirable commodities are to be had, but invariably connected, a study of apartment-houses proves, with pseudo-magnificent entrance-halls, with mock-onyx and imitation palms, as though I should wish to buy a bar of soap or a loaf of bread and be able to purchase it only on condition of buying also an assortment of pinchbeck jewelry. Worse, for at least I could throw the paste diamonds into the river, whereas I must not only pay for my imitation palms, but walk past them every day of my life. It is true that there are apartment-houses where the onyx is genuine and the palms rooted in real earth, but there the prices soar beyond any but Pittsburgian purses. Besides, the point is that I do not want to buy a gorgeous entrance-hall, real or imitation. I want sunshine and clean air.

And I am convinced — hence this plea — that I am not the only American who would like to buy the real essentials of life without paying for highly undesirable non-essentials — to be able to see a good play, for instance, without paying for a costly *foyer*, particularly since its costliness is apt to be due to an elaborate decoration, the rococo style of which scarcely solaces me for the drain on my finances.

The purveyors to the public evidently do not agree with me. A short time ago, when there was a great cry against high fares on a certain railway line, one of the directors said conclusively: 'Put on a plain car with rattan seats and no carpets, mark it, in letters three feet high, "SECOND CLASS," and we could afford to offer half-a-cent-a-mile rates on it. The only expense would be to run it empty for a while.'

I do not believe him. I think he and hundreds of business-men are over-estimating the vanity and childishness of the public to which they cater. I

cannot speak with certainty for all parts of the country, but I can answer for my own section that there would be such a rush for rattan seats and clean floors that the plush and carpets of the 'first class' would be left to the proverbial 'princes and fools' who monopolize those unsavory luxuries in Europe.

I am not stating an air-rooted orchid of a theory. It has been proved true in so many branches of industry that there is no doubt about it. People who buy lead-pipe or threshing-machines are not forced to pay for velvet curtains and silver fixtures. Why should I be? To my mind such things have no more legitimate connection with my purchases of clothes or transportation or food or sunshine or furniture.

I am not parsimonious; I am not poor — not being from Connecticut I have no more than the ordinary human reluctance to being done out of my money; but when I take a mental stand in the midst of our over-padded, over-mirrored, over-luxurious, overheated 'civilization,' and look about me, I am tempted to imitate the action of a shrewd business friend of mine — owner of a superb department-store — when he visited Monte Carlo. He entered the gorgeous golden *salons* of the Casino, and casting one lightning-like glance at the splendors about him, clapped his hands to his pockets and fled with the rapidity of panic fear.

He knew! He had turned that trick himself.

AN AVIAN DREAD

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has committed itself, through a contributor, to the statement that 'birds are, for the most part, detestable.' I shall not contest this declaration. To the writer of 'The Avian Superstition' birds may be detestable; to me they are formidable, terrible.

I am not a coward. I have removed mice from traps, I have dissected the slippery angleworm, I have handled the beautiful garter-snake. But of birds, whether lark or loon, titmouse or turkey, *I am afraid*. Almost all birds are beautiful: I cherish the memory of swallows circling farm-house chimneys, of the grosbeak flitting through snow-laden branches, with the recollection of the Bay of Naples, or of the purplish pink of England's moors. The notes of birds are beautiful; I like even the raucous call of the peacock, reminding me of the weary yet unwilling bedtimes of my childhood. But of the birds themselves, I am afraid.

When I was four years old, I started one day to cross my grandfather's barnyard. Suddenly, with a swoop, a gobble, a roar, a turkey-cock was upon me. Paralyzed, I fell prone upon the ground, where the dragon perched himself upon me, beating me with his wings, tearing at my clothes with claws and beak. Fortunately the hired man was at hand; he seized the beast by his hideous neck, and bravely hurled him clear across the yard.

It was not only the whole, live bird of which I was thenceforth afraid, — it was dead birds or birds' feathers, in feather-dusters, on hats, anywhere. I suppose it was because the gobbler's talons tore only my clothes that my family did not take my accident seriously. Other little girls, they assured me, had been flopped by turkeys, but none had ever died of it. My brothers delighted to tease: sometimes I drew my napkin from its ring to flirt a turkey feather into my face, sometimes my bare and shrinking arm met a mass of down in the sleeve of a dress. Well do I remember the night when they convinced me that there were feathers in pillows and I rose and slept on the floor!

Now, my family have ceased to tor-

ment, but they still laugh at me, reason with me. I must conquer this absurd obsession. Once my father came to me with a dead bird in his hand.

'My dear,' said he, 'see this beautiful flicker; see his red crest, see —'

I looked at my father, determined upon my good; I looked around the room. The bird was between me and the doors.

'Father,' I said, 'if you come a step nearer, I shall jump through this window.'

I should have done just that. I should have hated it, for glass makes ugly cuts; but I should have jumped none the less.

Twice have birds spoiled great experiences for me. One was my first walk with a young man. He was in college, he was admired by the town; an hour before the time, I was ready. The day was heavenly, no mortal was ever happier than I. Down the street we went, in sight of every one, — especially of Essie Little, who also admired him, and whom I disliked excessively, — and out on the country road to a beautiful woodland path.

Hardly had we set foot in it than we came upon a dead crow, whereupon I lost all sense of what I was saying. I had succeeded in stammering my way back into coherence, when we came upon another crow, and another. I was ashamed to confess my infirmity to my companion. I began to giggle hysterically. In this condition I continued until I reached my own door, having made a perfect idiot of myself, and having fixed my young man's affection firmly upon Essie Little.

The second time I committed myself to greater ignominy. I had become a student at a university, where I was invited one afternoon to tea with Miss K., an alumna of the university, who was regarded by us all with great awe.

'And now,' said she, when I had finished my third cup, 'I am going to show you my brother Louis's birds.'

The words strangely enough struck no terror to my heart. I knew 'Louis's' birds, wonderful colored plates in magazines and books. I had one of his pictures in my room, a group of flamingoes against a gray-green sky, which was to me more wonderful than the Mona Lisa. Overwhelmed with pleasant anticipation, I followed Miss K. But she did not lead me into the library, where I expected to examine volumes of drawings; she took me upstairs, to a room lined with deep-drawer cases and odorous with disinfectants, and there she closed the door. Sickeningly it dawned upon me that the birds were real, dead birds, and not pictures of birds.

I do not remember seeing my old friend the turkey that afternoon, nor yet an ostrich, but I saw all the other birds in the universe. I am not certain that I did not see a roc. I held a South American humming-bird in my hand while Miss K. showed me the under layers of white which made the outer crimson so brilliant; protective color was made clear to me on a partridge, *laid upon my lap!*

Finally, Miss K. brought from a deep drawer a whole armful of bird, a flamingo, rosy, pink, mounted with hinges in his joints. Him she stood upright near me, and called upon me to admire.

'Louis says —' she began; but what Louis said I did not hear.

For the thing winked at me, and I fell, sliding from my chair to the floor.

I remember nothing about my resuscitation, except that it was accomplished with tenderness and alarm, and that my hostess reproached herself for the close, odorous room. Not even to spare her pain did I confess. I felt as if I had committed an unpardonable

breach of manners, as if I had emptied my soup into my lap or eaten with my knife.

In the dormitory I sat myself down and reasoned with myself. I would cure myself or die. I firmly asserted the non-existence of fear, I called vanity to my aid, shame, ambition. I was certain that I was cured.

Until yesterday. Then, in the same barnyard, I came upon a turkey, in a wire-inclosed pen, and him I addressed with boasting, not seeing that the door of the pen was unlatched. In an instant he had thrust forth his incredible neck, had opened his terrible mouth.

I might have slammed the door upon him, I might have fronted him boldly. I did neither. I shrieked, I ran, I tore to the house, in the full view of a dozen relatives and friends, while he pursued me, roaring, snorting, gobbling his fiendish exultation.

So I am still obsessed. But perhaps I am partly cured. Perhaps I shall be able to endure sight of dead bird or wink of flamingo. Perhaps a turkey is not a bird, perhaps he is only a reincarnated dragon.

It must not be hoped from the above that I shall yield my Thanksgiving white meat to those who are braver or more sensible than I. For I do have sense enough to know that a dressed turkey, stuffed with good Maryland bread-filling, or with better Pennsylvania German potato-filling, bears no more relation to a live turkey than a *marron glacé* does to a chestnut bur.

ON BEING EAVES-DROPPED

THERE are gaps in every language. To be sure, we may boast that our own English is fairly complete, that its stock of terms, phrases, and idioms is large enough to cover almost every conceivable thought, concept, or situation

in the experience of life; yet unto him who is capable of detecting the subtler flavors and aromas of life's occasion, and who observes things with a deeper sympathy, there is frequently revealed the inadequacy of our language, in thoughts that are as yet unworded, and in situations that have thus far gone unlabeled. Such a man can testify that there are gaps even in the King's English.

For example, one could almost wish that the verb 'to eaves-drop,' were capable of a passive mood: 'to be eaves-dropped.' Such a term would meet a real deficiency in our vocabulary. Everybody knows what it is to eaves-drop, — willfully to overhear what is intended for other ears. And, alas, in these days of crowded street-and railway-cars, where men and women are brought into a contact with each other that is often undesirably close, every one can recognize the applicability of our verb in its passive mood: 'to be eaves-dropped,' to be forced by circumstances to overhear things which are not only intended for other ears, but to the exclusive possession of which other ears are very welcome. Surely it is a situation in which we all have been placed, one which is becoming common enough in modern experience to justify its proper label.

Of course it is a situation which finds its being not alone in the realm of hearing, but in the realm of all things sensuous. Not only are we obliged to hear things to which we would fain be deaf: we are obliged to see and feel and smell things of which we would choose to remain unconscious. We are not only eaves-dropped by the tyranny of circumstances: we are made unwilling participants in a vast assortment of trivial commerce in which we are conscious of being no better than interlopers; and the fact that we are rebel-

lious interlopers, seized by ruthless circumstance and thrust all expostulant into occasions whose privacy we have no desire to share, serves only to accentuate our intrusion.

Is it not reasonable to presume that much of our modern tragedy of overwrought nerves finds its origin in our 'being eaves-dropped'? The normal nervous system is capable of receiving and assimilating a certain number of sensuous excitations, and up to the saturation-point it is profited by the exercise. But an overfeeding of sensuous excitation inevitably engenders a certain spiritual dyspepsia, which by the way is a great deal worse than its physical counterpart, for the simple reason that it includes its physical counterpart as one of its many manifestations.

The trouble with us is that it is beyond our power to excuse ourselves from 'life's full board' when we have had enough. We must perforce sit and eat long after we are surfeited. The experience of 'being eaves-dropped' is but a small sample of our helplessness. We cannot, like a telephone, hang up a receiver and end the connection. The receivers of our nervous systems are always off the hooks; the connections are always open.

It may be that Nature, give her time enough, will ultimately evolve a physical organism that shall be equipped with some device akin to the electric switch, by pressing which its sensuous connection with things external can be terminated at will. Think how blithely such a creature would go through one of our nerve-shattering days! Behold him, in the early morning, issuing from his habitation, ruddy of countenance and bright of eye, full of vigor and zest after his perfect night's repose. He goes through his daily routine, picking and choosing the sensations that shall impinge upon his

receptivity. Is there a conversation conducted in his hearing, with strident tones and bad grammar, which he prefers not to hear? Does his path lead him beside some unsightly dumping-ground upon whose accumulations of filth he is fain not to gaze? Does an easterly breeze bring to his nostrils the wonderful fragrances of Moon Island? Does the motorman jog his car ahead through a crowded thoroughfare by means of those diabolical starts and pauses whereof we all wot? By an abrupt exercise of the will he has but to spring the metaphorical switch, and click! the connection is broken and the offended sense lies temporarily atrophied.

O Fortunatus! we sufferers, embodiments of an early and an unperfected physical organism, salute thee.

Who can tell? Perhaps Nature is even now at work, theorizing and experimenting, to produce this type of human being. Meanwhile, for us of this actual present, there would seem to be left but a temporary expedient. When Jack the Giant-killer was bidden to that ominous feast with the Ogre, at which he knew he should either have to devour all that was set before him or suffer sundry disastrous consequences, he prepared himself for the ordeal by buttoning under his jacket a capacious sack. Every properly educated youngster can tell us the story: how Jack at the feast, watching his chance, slipped most of his spoonfuls of food into the mouth of the sack, and filled his own mouth only when the Ogre's eye was upon him; and how by this ingenious trick he came triumphantly through the ordeal.

The present is an age of artificial devices. Rare indeed is the man — and rarer still the woman — in whose physical make-up there is not something false, either eyes or teeth or hair. Happy thought! Why should we not

have our nervous systems equipped with a false paunch, into which we may surreptitiously dump all superfluity of sensations, and save our own nervous capacity for those which we cannot escape because the Ogre Necessity has his eye on us!

It is not all fancy. Our welfare, so far as the humble observer of life can discover, consists in our ability to cultivate a certain insensibility to outward facts and influences. Of course there was a time when such an insensibility to external conditions was fatal. Back in the Stone and Iron ages, the acuteness and alertness of the senses was of prime survival value, and the more acute and alert they were, the more was their value enhanced. But verily, it would seem that the whirling of Time has made a complete revolution. That trait which was at one time our great safeguard would appear to have become our great handicap.

Nowadays, our health, our poise, our serenity, our length of life, are dependent, not so much upon the acuteness as upon the callousness of our senses; and one of the most valuable accomplishments which a modern man can cultivate is the power to exclude all undesirable or unnecessary sense-excitants by an effort of self-control.

THE PRIVILEGES OF AGE

I HAVE always longed for the privileges of age, — since the days when it seemed to me that the elderly people ate all the hearts out of the watermelons. Now it suddenly occurs to me that I am at last entitled to claim them. Surely the shadow on the dial has moved around it, the good time has come, and the accumulated interest of my years shall be mine to spend. Have you not had the same experience? For many years, as you may

have noticed, the majority of the inhabitants of the earth were old. Even those persons over whom we were nominally supposed to exercise a little brief authority were older than we, and we approached the dragons of our kitchen with a deprecating eye. But now the majority has moved behind us; most people, even some really quite distinguished people, are younger than we. No longer can we pretend that our lack of distinction is due to immaturity. No longer can we privately assure ourselves that some day we, too, shall do something, and that it is only the becoming modesty of youth which prevents our doing it at once.

One thing, willy-nilly, we have done, — or rather nature has done it for us. She is like von Moltke. 'Without haste, without rest,' is her motto, and knowing our tendency to dally, she quietly takes matters into her own hands. Suddenly, unconscious of the effort, we awake one morning and find ourselves old. If we can only succeed in being old enough, we shall also be famous, like old Parr, who never did anything, so far as I am aware, but live to the age of one hundred and forty-five.

In order properly to appreciate our present privileges, let us consider the days of old and the years that are past. It was in the time before motors, and we rode backwards in the carriage. We did not like to ride backwards. In traveling, we were always allotted the upper berths. There was no question about it. We could n't expect our venerable aunt, or our delicate cousin, or our dignified grandmother to swing up into an upper berth, could we? And in those days they cost just as much as lower ones and we paid our own traveling expenses. How expert we grew at swinging up and swinging down! Naturally the best rooms at the hotels went to the elder members of the party. In coaching, our place was always

between the two fattest! 'O Isabella is thin! she can sit there!'

And what did we ask in return for these many unnoticed renunciations? Only the privilege of getting up at five to go trout-fishing, or the delight of riding all morning cross-saddle to eat a crumby luncheon in a buggy forest at noon. We wondered what the others meant when they said that the beds were not comfortable, and we marvelled why the whole machinery of heaven and earth should be out of gear unless, at certain occult and punctually recurring hours, they had a cup of tea. And why was it necessary to make us unhappy if they did n't have a cup of tea?

Young people are supposed to be mannerly, at least they were in my day, but old people may be as rude as they please, and no one reproves them. If they do not like a thing, they promptly announce the fact. The privilege of self-expression they share with the very young. Which reminds me, I detest puddings. Henceforth I shall decline to eat them, even in the house of my friends. Mine is the prerogative no longer to dissemble, for hypocrisy is abhorrent to the members of the favored class to which I now belong. They are like a dear and honored servitor of mine who used, on occasion, to go about her duties with the countenance of a thunderstorm. 'Elizabeth,' said I, once, reprovingly, 'you should not look so cross.' 'But Miss Isabella,' she remarked with reason, 'if you don't *look* cross when you *are* cross, how is any one to know you are cross?'

Speaking of thunderstorms, I am afraid of them. I have always been afraid since the days when I used to hide under the nursery table when I felt one coming. But was I allowed to stay under the table? Certainly not. All these years have I maintained a

righteous and excruciating self-control. But old ladies are afraid and unashamed. I have heard of one who used to get into the middle of a feather-bed. I shall not insist on the feather-bed, but I shall close the shutters and turn on the lights and be as cowardly as I please.

The two ends of life, infancy and age, are indulged in their little fancies. For a baby, we get up in the night to heat bottles, and there are certain elderly clergymen whose womenkind always arise at four in the morning to make coffee for them. That is not being addicted to stimulants. But the middle span of life is like a cantilever bridge: if it can bear its own weight it is expected to bear anything that can possibly be put upon it. 'Old age deferred' has no attractions for me. I decline to be middle-aged. I much prefer to be old.

Youth is haunted by misgivings, by hesitations, by a persistent idea that, if only we dislike a thing enough, there must be some merit in our disliking it. Not so untrammelled age. From now on, I practice the philosophy of Montesquieu and pursue the general good by doing that which I like best. Absolutely and unequivocally, that which I like best. For there is no longer any doubt about it: I have arrived. I do not have to announce the fact. Others realize it. My friends' daughters give me the most comfortable chair. They surround me with charming, thoughtful, delicate little attentions. Mine is the best seat in the motor, mine the host's arm at the feast, mine the casting vote in any little discussion.

O rare Old Age! How hast thou been maligned! O blessed land of privilege! True paradise for the disciples of Nietzsche, where at last we dare appear as selfish as we are!

OREGON'S INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AGAIN

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC:—

Sir:—

So many times has it been said that our whole scheme of government is still an experiment, that the remark may be considered commonplace and trite. Less hackneyed, however, is the thought that these individual commonwealths may be looked upon as political experiment-stations, laboratories, where, one after another, different ideas in social, political, and economic domains are being tested to demonstrate their fitness.

One of the latest expositions of these political devices is the article by Senator Bourne of Oregon (in the *Atlantic* for January, 1912).¹ If any one might speak from experience as to these measures it surely ought to be the senior senator for the Beaver State. In considering his arguments, however, we must remember that the political weapons which he advocates are in the experimental stage; and, in order that the experience of the few may serve the many, the working defects as well as the actual advantages should be weighed. Regarding the point of view of the present writer I may add that he has passed all but the last year or two of his life in a commonwealth that may be called conservative, and that when he came to view the working of the 'Oregon System' at the time of the general

election of 1910, he found the experience interesting and enlightening, if not wholly convincing. Moreover, the fact that all Oregonians are not one in opinion on the subject of the System was brought home to him with particular emphasis.

Taking a few of Senator Bourne's points, in dealing with the Initiative and Referendum, it is possible to arrive at somewhat different conclusions, although agreeing with him that, as instruments, these two devices seem to have accomplished much. It is not unfair at the outset to emphasize this fact, that the Initiative, Referendum, Recall, 'Statement Number 1,' and the other features of the Oregon System, are but outward manifestations of the real change, which is essentially a political awakening of the electorate. These weapons seemed to be the best at hand, and they were used effectually; but it is possible that the same spirit, working through another medium, might have accomplished the same results.

This is speculation, but it is certain that if the use of the Initiative and Referendum is educative, their use demands, not only an educated, but a technically educated electorate, if ordinary legislation is to be accomplished by the direct method. The comparison between the legislature with its seven hundred odd bills and the electorate with thirty-two measures (1910) causes the Senator to conclude that each of the latter received such consideration as to allow intelligent choice.

¹ See also in the *Atlantic* for October, 1911, a paper on the same subject by Hon. S. W. McCall. — THE EDITORS.

It is true that a pamphlet with over two hundred pages was issued to all registered voters in time for each to read and ponder; but whether such consideration actually took place is another question. Conversation with voters of various types might lead one to think that a few large issues were considered and discussed long and earnestly. The figures of the vote on the various measures (see January *Atlantic*, page 144) bear out this surmise. Perhaps the most intense interest was in two constitutional amendments and a bill dealing with regulation of the liquor traffic. On each of these there was a heavy vote, probably nearly the full vote of the state. One amendment (which would have established statewide prohibition) drew a vote of 104,761; the bill which should have given legislative effect to this amendment called out 106,225 votes.

The second amendment (a modification of the local option law, and as offsets to which the two foregoing measures were directed) received 104,100 votes. Comparing these figures with the figures relating to other measures, it is fair to infer either that public interest was less widely aroused in other cases, or else that the measures were *local in purpose* and were considered more especially in those regions where they were of vital importance. On some of these measures the vote was less than 78,000.

A sidelight on the interest taken in the legislative and constitutional measures is given by an experience in one of the smaller incorporated municipalities. It was thought advisable to have a public discussion of certain of these measures, and two public meetings were arranged. At each meeting a few of the more important measures were explained by men who had some knowledge of the matters, and then a general discussion was to follow. At

the first meeting some forty men appeared, and at the second about twenty-five. Either the electorate of this community was above the average in understanding of public questions, or there was no widespread interest.

Before leaving this phase of the question, as to the ability and interest evinced by the electorate, it is probably not too much to say that no electorate is capable of grasping the details of legislation which involves more than a well-defined issue. In Oregon, even if the voter were in a position to acquaint himself with a detailed understanding of a bill, his interest is not apt to lead him to do so. Take, for instance, an example from the general election of 1910. Some years ago Oregon rejoiced in four Normal Schools, one State University, and one Agricultural College. The log-rolling which accompanied the passage of the appropriations for these institutions caused the suspension of all the Normal Schools, and for a time the training of teachers had to be accomplished in other institutions, if at all. In 1910 the feeling that there should be one school of this kind resulted in an initiative measure for the reestablishment of one which was situated in Monmouth. Two other localities, which had previously rejoiced in a State School of this kind, were not to be outdone, and two more initiative petitions were circulated, and the electorate had the choice of reestablishing all three or any portion thereof. It speaks well for the general intelligence of the Oregon electorate that only one of the schools was recreated. And yet the question may fairly be asked, what knowledge, on the part of the whole mass of voters, in regard to matters like this is to be expected? An examination of the figures of the vote shows that it was merely a matter of chance that provision for any school was made, and that the re-

establishment of all four schools was avoided.

It is Senator Bourne's opinion that the measures drawn under the initiative are more clear, and more carefully and intelligently framed, than those which pass the legislative body. He says, 'Knowing that the bill will be subjected to the closest scrutiny of all the people for four months, the framers of the bill, desiring its passage, naturally endeavor to remove every reasonable objection, to make all its provisions perfectly clear, and especially to remove every indication of bad faith. A bill to which there are many serious objections would stand little chance of adoption by a popular vote. When thus drawn and submitted, a bill is in the best possible form, and there is no possibility of its being made the instrument for the enactment of what are commonly called "jokers."'

This is a somewhat roseate view. In more than one instance the measures submitted in 1910 can scarcely be called so clear and obvious as this. Take, for instance, the amendment, which was passed, 'giving cities and towns exclusive power to regulate liquor traffic within their limits.' Here the Prohibition forces, which opposed its passage, claimed that they were unable to fathom the depths of its language, and it was held by more than one lawyer that just the effect which would result would not be known till tested by the courts. Even to-day the full significance of the amendment is in doubt.

Another amendment, also passed, permits 'people of each county to regulate taxation for county purposes,' and abolishes 'poll taxes.' That this amendment was to allow the various counties so to modify their systems of taxation as to introduce, through later legislation, some form of single tax, ought to have been understood by every voter, on account of the campaign of education

waged weeks in advance of the general election. And yet it was charged, before and after the ballot, that the clause in regard to the poll tax — which no longer existed — was inserted to draw votes, and that many a vote was cast blindly. To-day there is much doubt as to the exact meaning of this amendment and its relation to other parts of the constitution.

Another amendment, which drew a vote of 81,397, had a title which contained eleven distinct propositions (many of them excellent, by the way), and it was held that the Secretary of State, while having done his best, was unable to compress the whole of this wonderful measure into one title. Opponents of the measure claimed that this proposition alone, of the thirty-two, would practically establish a new constitution; and it is certainly not too much to say that fully to understand all the features of this amendment required that a voter should be not only a lawyer, but a student of political philosophy. Still another amendment not only permitted a 'three-fourths verdict in civil cases,' as Senator Bourne puts it in the list accompanying his article, but very distinctly modified the procedure in the courts, which organizations are still in process of adjusting themselves.

Answering Congressman McCall's charge that the Initiative and Referendum practically abolish the function of the legislature, Senator Bourne very properly shows that this is not the case. Alas! the making of bad or foolish laws is as prevalent in Oregon as in most of the other commonwealths. Nevertheless, it seems to me as if that which ought to be intended as a tremendous weapon, which the electorate holds in reserve, is rapidly becoming a popgun for the most insignificant of game. Consider again that list of measures submitted to the electorate

since the beginning of the System in 1902. In 1904 there were two propositions before the voters; in 1906, eleven; in 1908, nineteen; and in 1910, thirty-two. As the number has increased there has come a correspondingly numerous brood of local and technical matters. Is there not the danger here that in legislation, both constitutional and ordinary, Oregon is running away from the lines of reform which are being worked out through the Short Ballot? It is coming to be conceded that the ballot with a long list of officials to be voted for is tantamount to admitting that inefficiency and corruption are being not only tolerated, but encouraged. If the average voter votes more intelligently when he is able to concentrate on the choice of two or three men, instead of upon a list of from a dozen to forty, why is it not reasonable to conclude that he will use his intelligence to better purpose when he helps decide a few rather than many legislative propositions?

Again, granting that the direct interposition of the electorate appears to be one of the instruments whereby our political problems may take a step toward solution, acting always on broad lines and on clearly defined principles, we still have legislatures with us — necessary evils, perhaps, as they are so often called, but nevertheless absolutely necessary. What then is the proper relation between the electorate acting in a legislative capacity, and the representative legislature?

In Oregon one hears the charge that, since direct legislation has been introduced, the character of the legislature has deteriorated; that there has come a feeling of irresponsibility, a determination to let the electorate bear the onus of bad or inefficient legis-

lation. There are times when some legislators seem to take the attitude that, if voters do not like the measures enacted, they have the privilege of referring them to a general election and thus assuming the burden from which the legislators themselves have freed their souls. If this comes generally to be the case, and it is not unreasonable to suppose it may, there has been no gain in the long run.

The real value of these instruments of direct action on the part of the electorate is to use them as goads to spur the representative body to better action. With this end in view it would be wise to throw a few more difficulties about the employment of the Initiative and Referendum at the outset; but in the end the merit of the whole plan depends upon the education of the voters. If the electorate is capable of deciding questions of general interest, through the enactment of laws or through amendments to the constitution, surely it is not too much to ask that the same public intelligence shall insist upon securing legislatures of more commanding presence than we are accustomed ordinarily to see.

In Oregon the Initiative and Referendum, Recall, Direct Primaries, and the like, are new toys; and so long as the newness is not worn off the people will play with them. But the time approaches when we shall settle down to view them soberly, and to realize their possibilities for better political conditions and social advance. But that time cannot arrive until we have admitted that we are still experimenting, and that we occasionally do make mistakes which are a light unto the feet of others.

Yours respectfully,
LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE.